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WEAKNESS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT UNDER THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

IMPOSSIBLE as Congress found it, during the Revolutionary War, to fill the quotas of the army, the task of raising a revenue by requisitions upon the States was even more discouraging. Every State had its own war-debt, and several were applicants for foreign loans not easy to obtain, so that none could without the greatest difficulty raise a surplus to hand over to Congress. The Continental rag-money had ceased to circulate by the end of 1780, and our foreign credit was nearly ruined. The French government began to complain of the heavy demands which the Americans made upon its exchequer, and Vergennes, in sending over a new loan in the fall of 1782, warned Franklin that no more must be expected. To save American credit from destruction, it was at least necessary that the interest on the public debt should be paid. For this purpose Congress in 1781 asked permission to levy a five per cent. duty on imports. The modest request was the signal for a year of angry discussion. Donkeys fond of reasoning from analogy asked, If taxes could thus be levied by any power outside the State, why had we ever opposed the Stamp Act or the tea duties? After more than a year Massachusetts consented, by a bare majority of two in the House and one in the Senate, reserving to herself the right

of appointing the collectors. The bill was then vetoed by Hancock, though one day too late, and so it was saved. But Rhode Island flatly refused her consent, and so did Virginia, though Madison earnestly pleaded the cause of the public credit. For the current expenses of the government in that same year \$9,000,000 were needed. It was calculated that \$4,000,000 might be raised by a loan, and the other \$5,000,000 were demanded of the States. At the end of the year \$422,000 had been collected, not a cent of which came from Georgia, the Carolinas, or Delaware. Rhode Island, which paid \$38,000, did the best of all according to its resources. Of the Continental taxes assessed in 1783, only one fifth part had been paid by the middle of 1785. And the worst of it was that no one could point to a remedy for this state of things, or assign any probable end to it.

Under such circumstances the public credit sank at home as well as abroad. Foreign creditors — even France, who had been nothing if not generous with her loans — might be made to wait; but there were creditors at home who, should they prove ugly, could not be so easily put off. The disbandment of the army in the summer of 1783, before the British troops had evacuated New York, was hastened by the impossibility of

paying the soldiers and the dread of what they might do under such provocation. Though peace had been officially announced, Hamilton and Livingston urged that, for the sake of appearances if for no other reason, the army should be kept together so long as the British remained in New York, if not until they should have surrendered the western frontier posts. But Congress could not pay the army, and was afraid of it, — and not without some reason. Discouraged at the length of time which had passed since they had received any money, the soldiers had begun to fear lest, now that their services were no longer needed, their honest claims would be set aside. Among the officers, too, there was grave discontent. In the spring of 1778, after the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, several officers had thrown up their commissions, and others threatened to do likewise. To avert the danger, Washington had urged Congress to promise half-pay for life to such officers as should serve to the end of the war. It was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in obtaining a promise of half-pay for seven years, and even this raised an outcry throughout the country, which seemed to dread its natural defenders only less than its enemies. In the fall of 1780, however, in the general depression which followed upon the disasters at Charleston and Camden, the collapse of the paper money, and the discovery of Arnold's treason, there was serious danger that the army would fall to pieces. At this critical moment Washington had earnestly appealed to Congress, and against the strenuous opposition of Samuel Adams had at length extorted the promise of half-pay for life. In the spring of 1782, seeing the utter inability of Congress to discharge its pecuniary obligations, many officers began to doubt whether the promise would ever be kept. It had been made before the articles of confederation, which required the assent of nine States to any

such measure, had been finally ratified. It was well known that nine States had never been found to favor the measure, and it was now feared that it might be repealed or repudiated, so loud was the popular clamor against it. All this comes of republican government, said some of the officers; too many cooks spoil the broth; a dozen heads are as bad as no head; you do not know whose promises to trust; a monarchy, with a good king whom all men can trust, would extricate us from these difficulties. In this mood, Colonel Louis Nicola, of the Pennsylvania line, a foreigner by birth, addressed a long and well-argued letter to Washington, setting forth the troubles of the time, and urging him to come forward as a saviour of society, and accept the crown at the hands of his faithful soldiers. Nicola was an aged man, of excellent character, and in making this suggestion he seemed to be acting as spokesman of a certain clique or party among the officers, — how numerous is not known. Washington instantly replied that Nicola could not have found a person to whom such a scheme could be more odious, and he was at a loss to conceive what he had ever done to have it supposed that he could for one moment listen to a suggestion so fraught with mischief to his country. Lest the affair, becoming known, should enhance the popular distrust of the army, Washington said nothing about it. But as the year went by, and the outcry against half-pay continued, and Congress showed symptoms of a willingness to compromise the matter, the discontent of the army increased. Officers and soldiers brooded alike over their wrongs. "The army," said General Macdougall, "is verging to that state which, we are told, will make a wise man mad." The peril of the situation was increased by the well-meant but injudicious whisperings of other public creditors, who believed that if the army would only take a firm stand

and insist upon a grant of permanent funds to Congress for liquidating all public debts, the States could probably be prevailed upon to make such a grant. Robert Morris, the able secretary of finance, held this opinion, and did not believe that the States could be brought to terms in any other way. His namesake and assistant, Gouverneur Morris, held similar views, and gave expression to them in February, 1783, in a letter to General Greene, who was still commanding in South Carolina. When Greene received the letter, he urged upon the legislature of that State, in most guarded and moderate language, the paramount need of granting a revenue to Congress, and hinted that the army would not be satisfied with anything less. The assembly straightway flew into a rage. "No dictation by a Cromwell!" shouted the members. South Carolina had consented to the five per cent. impost, but now she revoked it, to show her independence, and Greene's eyes were opened at once to the danger of the slightest appearance of military intervention in civil affairs.

At the same time a violent outbreak in the army at Newburgh was barely prevented by the unflinching tact of Washington. A rumor went about the camp that it was generally expected the army would not disband until the question of pay should be settled, and that the public creditors looked to them to make some such demonstration as would overawe the delinquent States. General Gates had lately emerged from the retirement in which he had been fain to hide himself after Camden, and had rejoined the army where there was now such a field for intrigue. An odious aroma of impotent malice clings about his memory on this last occasion on which the historian needs to notice him. He plotted in secret with officers of the staff and others. One of his staff, Major Armstrong, wrote an anonymous appeal to the troops, and another, Col-

onel Barber, caused it to be circulated about the camp. It named the next day for a meeting to consider grievances. Its language was inflammatory. "My friends!" it said, "after seven long years your suffering courage has conducted the United States of America through a doubtful and bloody war; and peace returns to bless — whom? A country willing to redress your wrongs, cherish your worth, and reward your services? Or is it rather a country that tramples upon your rights, disdains your cries, and insults your distresses? . . . If such be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defense of America, what have you to expect when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars? If you have sense enough to discover and spirit to oppose tyranny, whatever garb it may assume, awake to your situation. If the present moment be lost, your threats hereafter will be as empty as your entreaties now. Appeal from the justice to the fears of government; and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance."

Better English has seldom been wasted in a worse cause. Washington, the man who was aimed at in the last sentence, got hold of the paper next day, just in time, as he said, "to arrest the feet that stood wavering on a precipice." The memory of the revolt of the Pennsylvania line, which had so alarmed the people in 1781, was still fresh in men's minds; and here was an invitation to more wholesale mutiny, which could hardly fail to end in bloodshed, and might precipitate the perplexed and embarrassed country into civil war. Washington issued a general order, recognizing the existence of the manifesto, but overruling it so far as to appoint the meeting for a later day, with the senior major-general, who happened to

be Gates, to preside. This order, which neither discipline nor courtesy could disregard, in a measure tied Gates's hands, while it gave Washington time to ascertain the extent of the disaffection. On the appointed day he suddenly came into the meeting, and amid profoundest silence broke forth in a most eloquent and touching speech. Sympathizing keenly with the sufferings of his hearers and fully admitting their claims, he appealed to their better feelings, and reminded them of the terrible difficulties under which Congress labored, and of the folly of putting themselves in the wrong. He still counseled forbearance as the greatest of victories, and with consummate skill he characterized the anonymous appeal as undoubtedly the work of some crafty emissary of the British, eager to disgrace the army which they had not been able to vanquish. All were hushed by that majestic presence and those solemn tones. The knowledge that he had refused all pay, while enduring more than any other man in the room, gave added weight to every word. In proof of the good faith of Congress he began reading a letter from one of the members, when, finding his sight dim, he paused and took from his pocket the new pair of spectacles which the astronomer David Rittenhouse had just sent him. He had never worn spectacles in public, and as he put them on he said, in his simple manner and with his pleasant smile, "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind." While all hearts were softened he went on reading the letter, and then withdrew, leaving the meeting to its deliberations. There was a sudden and mighty revulsion of feeling. A motion was reported declaring "unshaken confidence in the justice of Congress;" and it was added that "the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous proposals contained in a late anonymous address to them." The

crestfallen Gates, as chairman, had nothing to do but put the question and report it carried unanimously; for if any still remained obdurate they no longer dared to show it. Washington immediately set forth the urgency of the case in an earnest letter to Congress, and one week later the matter was settled by an act commuting half-pay for life into a gross sum equal to five years' full pay, to be discharged at once by certificates bearing interest at six per cent. Such poor paper was all that Congress had to pay with, but it was all ultimately redeemed; and while the commutation was advantageous to the government, it was at the same time greatly for the interest of the officers, while they were looking out for new means of livelihood, to have their claims adjusted at once, and to receive something which could do duty as a respectable sum of money.

Nothing, however, could prevent the story of the Newburgh affair from being published all over the country, and it greatly added to the distrust with which the army was regarded on general principles. What might have happened was forcibly suggested by a miserable occurrence in June, about two months after the disbanding of the army had begun. Some eighty soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, mutinous from discomfort and want of pay, broke from their camp at Lancaster and marched down to Philadelphia, led by a sergeant or two. They drew up in line before the State House, where Congress was assembled, and after passing the grog began throwing stones and pointing their muskets at the windows. They demanded pay, and threatened, if it were not forthcoming, to seize the members of Congress and hold them as hostages, or else to break into the bank where the federal deposits were kept. The executive council of Pennsylvania sat in the same building, and so the federal government appealed to the state government for protection. The appeal was fruitless.

President Dickinson had a few state militia at his disposal, but did not dare to summon them, for fear they should side with the rioters. The city government was equally listless, and the town-folk went their ways as if it were none of their business; and so Congress fled across the river and on to Princeton, where the college afforded it shelter. Thus in a city of thirty-two thousand inhabitants, the largest city in the country, the government of the United States, the body which had just completed a treaty browbeating England and France, was ignominiously turned out-of-doors by a handful of drunken mutineers. The affair was laughed at by many, but sensible men keenly felt the disgrace, and asked what would be thought in Europe of a government which could not even command the services of the police. The army became more unpopular than ever, and during the summer and fall many town-meetings were held in New England, condemning the commutation act. Are we not poor enough already, cried the farmers, that we must be taxed to support in idle luxury a riotous rabble of soldiery, or create an aristocracy of men with gold lace and epaulets, who will presently plot against our liberties? The Massachusetts legislature protested; the people of Connecticut meditated resistance. A convention was held at Middletown in December, at which two thirds of the towns in the State were represented, and the best method of overruling Congress was discussed. Much high-flown eloquence was wasted, but the convention broke up without deciding upon any course of action. The matter had become so serious that wise men changed their minds, and disapproved of proceedings calculated to throw Congress into contempt. Samuel Adams, who had almost violently opposed the grant of half-pay and had been dissatisfied with the commutation act, now came completely over to the other side. Whatever might be

thought of the policy of the measures, he said, Congress had an undoubted right to adopt them. The army had been necessary for the defense of our liberties, and the public faith had been pledged to the payment of the soldiers. States were as much bound as individuals to fulfill their engagements, and did not the sacred Scriptures say of an honest man that, though he sweareth to his own hurt, he changeth not? Such plain truths prevailed in the Boston town-meeting, which voted that "the commutation is wisely blended with the national debt." The agitation in New England presently came to an end, and in this matter the course of Congress was upheld.

In order fully to understand this extravagant distrust of the army, we have to take into account another incident of the summer of 1783, which gave rise to a discussion that sent its reverberation all over the civilized world. Men of the present generation who in childhood rummaged in their grandmother's cosy garrets cannot fail to have come across scores of musty and worm-eaten pamphlets, their yellow pages crowded with italics and exclamation points, inveighing in passionate language against the wicked and dangerous society of the Cincinnati. Just before the army was disbanded, the officers, at the suggestion of General Knox, formed themselves into a secret society, for the purpose of keeping up their friendly intercourse and cherishing the heroic memories of the struggle in which they had taken part. With the fondness for classical analogies which characterized that time, they likened themselves to Cincinnatus, who was taken from the plough to lead an army, and returned to his quiet farm so soon as his warlike duties were over. They were modern Cincinnati. A constitution and by-laws were established for the order, and Washington was unanimously chosen to be its president. Its branches in the several States were

to hold meetings each Fourth of July, and there was to be a general meeting of the whole society every year in the month of May. French officers who had taken part in the war were admitted to membership, and the order was to be perpetuated by descent through the eldest male representatives of the families of the members. It was further provided that a limited membership should from time to time be granted, as a distinguished honor, to able and worthy citizens, without regard to the memories of the war. A golden American eagle attached to a blue ribbon edged with white was the sacred badge of the order; and to this emblem especial favor was shown at the French court, where the insignia of foreign states were generally regarded with jealousy and disgust. No political purpose was to be subserved by this order of the Cincinnati, save in so far as the members pledged to one another their determination to promote and cherish the union between the States. In its main intent the society was to be a kind of masonic brotherhood, charged with the duty of aiding the widows and the orphan children of its members in time of need. Innocent as all this was, however, the news of the establishment of such a society was greeted with a howl of indignation all over the country. It was thought that its founders were inspired by a deep-laid political scheme for centralizing the government and setting up a hereditary aristocracy. The press teemed with invective and ridicule, and the feeling thus expressed by the penny-a-liners was shared by able men accustomed to weigh their words. Franklin dealt with it in a spirit of banter, and John Adams in a spirit of abhorrence; while Samuel Adams pointed out the dangers inherent in the principle of hereditary transmission of honors, and in the admission of foreigners into a secret association possessed of political influence in America. What! cried the men of Massachusetts.

Have we thrown overboard the effete institutions of Europe, only to have them straightway introduced among us again, after this plausible and surreptitious fashion? At Cambridge it was thought that the general sentiment of the university was in favor of suppressing the order by act of legislature. One of the members, who was a candidate for Senator in the spring of 1784, found it necessary to resign in order to save his chances for election. Rhode Island proposed to disfranchise such of her citizens as belonged to the order, albeit her most eminent citizen, Nathaniel Greene, was one of them. Ædanus Burke, a judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, wrote a violent pamphlet against the society of the Cincinnati under the pseudonym of Cassius, the slayer of tyrants; and this diatribe, translated and amplified by Mirabeau, awakened dull echoes among readers of Rousseau and haters of privilege in all parts of Europe. A swarm of brochures in rejoinder and rebutter issued from the press, and the nineteenth century had come in before the controversy was quite forgotten.

It is easy for us now to smile at this outcry against the Cincinnati as much ado about nothing, seeing as we do that in the absence of territorial jurisdiction or especial political privileges an order of nobility cannot be created by the mere inheritance of empty titles or badges. For example, since the great revolution which swept away the landlordship and fiscal exemptions of the French nobility, a marquisate or a dukedom in France is of scarcely more political importance than a doctorate of laws in a New England university. Men were nevertheless not to be blamed in 1783 for their hostility toward that ghost of the hereditary principle which the Cincinnati sought to introduce. In a free industrial society like that of America it had no proper place or meaning; and the attempt to set up such a form

might well have been cited in illustration of the partial reversion toward militancy which eight years of warfare had effected. The absurdity of the situation was quickly realized by Washington, and he prevailed upon the society, in its first annual meeting of May, 1784, to abandon the principle of hereditary membership. The agitation was thus allayed, and in the presence of graver questions the much-dreaded brotherhood gradually ceased to occupy popular attention.

The opposition to the Cincinnati is not fully explained unless we consider it in connection with Nicola's letter, the Newburgh address, and the flight of Congress to Princeton. The members of the Cincinnati were pledged to do whatever they could to promote the union between the States; the object of the Newburgh address was to enlist the army in behalf of the public creditors, and in some vaguely-imagined fashion to force a stronger government upon the country; the letter of Nicola shows that at least some of the officers had harbored the notion of a monarchy; and the weakness of Congress had been revealed in the most startling manner by its flight before a squad of mutineers. It is one of the lessons of history that, in the virtual absence of a central government for which a need is felt, the want is apt to be supplied by the strongest organization in the country, whatever that may happen to be. It was in this way that the French army, a few years later, got control of the government of France and made its general emperor. In 1783, if the impotence of Congress were to be as explicitly acknowledged as it was implicitly felt, the only federal organization left in the country was the army, and when this was disbanded it seemed nevertheless to prolong its life under a new and dangerous form in the secret brotherhood of the Cincinnati. The cession of Western lands to the confederacy was, moreover,

completed at about this time, and one of the uses to which the new territory was to be put was the payment of claims due to the soldiers. It was distinctly feared, as is shown in a letter from Samuel Adams to Elbridge Gerry, that the members of the Cincinnati would acquire large tracts of Western land under this arrangement, and, importing peasants from Germany, would grant farms to them on terms of military service and fealty, thus introducing into America the feudal system. In order to forestall any such movement, it was provided by Congress that in any new States formed out of the Western territory no person holding a hereditary title should be admitted to citizenship.

From the weakness of Congress as illustrated in its inability to raise money to pay the public debt and meet the current expenses of government, and from the popular dread of military usurpation which went along with the uneasy consciousness of that weakness, we have now to turn to another group of affairs in which the same point is still further illustrated and emphasized. We have seen how the commissioners of the United States in Paris had succeeded in making a treaty of peace with Great Britain on extremely favorable terms. So unpopular was the treaty in England, on account of the great concessions made to the Americans, that, as we have seen, the fall of Lord Shelburne's ministry was occasioned thereby. As an offset to these liberal concessions, of which the most considerable was the acknowledgment of the American claim to the northwestern territory, our confederate government was pledged to do all in its power to effect certain concessions which were demanded by England. That the American loyalists, whose property had been confiscated by various state governments, should be indemnified for their losses was a claim which, whatever Americans might think of it, England felt bound in honor to

urge. That private debts, due from American to British creditors, should be faithfully discharged was the plainest dictate of common honesty. Congress, as we have seen, was bound by the treaty to recommend to the several States to desist from the persecution of Tories, and to give them an opportunity of recovering their estates; and it had been further agreed that all private debts should be discharged at their full value in sterling money. It now turned out that Congress was powerless to carry out the provisions of the treaty upon either of these points. The recommendations concerning the Tories were greeted with a storm of popular indignation. Since the beginning of the war these unfortunate persons had been treated with severity both by the legislatures and by the people. Many had been banished; others had fled the country, and against these refugees various harsh laws had been enacted. Their estates had been confiscated and their return prohibited under penalty of imprisonment or death. Many others, who had remained in the country, were objects of suspicion and dislike in States where they had not, as in New York and the Carolinas, openly aided the enemy or taken part in Indian atrocities. Now, on the conclusion of peace, in utter disregard of Congress, fresh measures of vengeance were taken against these "fawning spaniels," as they were called, these "tools and minions of Britain." An article in the *Massachusetts Chronicle* expressed the common feeling: "As Hannibal swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear, by his abhorrence of slavery, by liberty and religion, by the shades of departed friends who have fallen in battle, by the ghosts of those of our brethren who have been destroyed on board of prison-ships and in loathsome dungeons, never to be at peace with those fiends the refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treasons have filled the cup of woe." Tons of

pamphlets, issued under the customary Latin pseudonyms, were filled with this truculent bombast; and like sentiments were thundered from the pulpit by men who had quite forgotten for the moment their duty of preaching reconciliation and forgiveness of injuries. Why should not these wretches, it was sarcastically asked, be driven at once from the country? Of course they could not desire to live under a free government which they had been at such pains to destroy. Let them go forthwith to his majesty's dominions, and live under the government they preferred. It would never do to let them stay here, to plot treason at their leisure; in a few years they would get control of all the States, and either hand them over to Great Britain again, or set up a Tory despotism on American soil. Such was the rubbish that passed current as argument with the majority of the people. A small party of moderate Whigs saw its absurdity, and urged that the Tories had much better remain at home, where they had lost all political influence, than go and found unfriendly colonies to the northward. The moderate Whigs were in favor of heeding the recommendation of Congress, and acting in accordance with the spirit of the treaty; and these humane and sensible views were shared by Gadsden and Marion in South Carolina, by Theodore Sedgwick in Massachusetts, and by Greene, Hamilton, and Jay. But any man who held such opinions, no matter how conspicuous his services had been, ran the risk of being accused of Tory sympathies. "Time-serving Whigs" and "trimmers" were the strangely inappropriate epithets hurled at men who, had they been in the slightest degree time-servers, would have shrunk from the thankless task of upholding good sense and humanity in the teeth of popular prejudice.

In none of the States did the loyalists receive severer treatment than in New York, and for obvious reasons. Through-

out the war the frontier had been the scene of atrocities such as no other State, save perhaps South Carolina, had witnessed. Cherry Valley and Minisink were names of horror not easily forgotten, and the fate of Lieutenant Boyd and countless other victims called loudly for vengeance. The sins of the Butlers and their bloodthirsty followers were visited in robbery and insult upon unoffending men, who were like them in nothing but in being labeled with the epithet "Tory." During the seven years that the city of New York had been occupied by the British army, many of these loyalists had found shelter there. The Whig citizens, on the other hand, had been driven off the island, to shift as best they might in New Jersey, while their comfortable homes were seized and assigned by military orders to these very Tories. For seven years the refugee Whigs from across the Hudson had looked upon New York with feelings like those with which the mediæval exile from Florence or Pisa was wont to regard his native city. They saw in it the home of enemies who had robbed them, the prison-house of gallant friends penned up to die of wanton ill-usage in foul ships' holds in the harbor. When at last the king's troops left the city, it was felt that a great day of reckoning had arrived. In September, 1783, two months before the evacuation, more than twelve thousand men, women, and children embarked for the Bahamas or for Nova Scotia, rather than stay and face the troubles that were coming. Many of these were refined and cultivated persons, and not all had been actively hostile to the American cause; many had simply accepted British protection. Against those who remained in the city the returning Whigs now proceeded with great severity. The violent party was dominant in the legislature, and George Clinton, the governor, put himself conspicuously at its head. A bill was passed disfranchising all such per-

sons as had voluntarily stayed in neighborhoods occupied by the British troops; their offense was called misprision of treason. But the council vetoed this bill as too wholesale in its operation, for it would have left some districts without voters enough to hold an election. An "iron-clad oath" was adopted instead, and no one was allowed to vote unless he could swear that he had never in any wise abetted the enemy. It was voted that no Tory who had left the State should be permitted to return; and a bill was passed, known as the Trespass Act, whereby all persons who had quit their homes by reason of the enemy's presence might recover damages in an action of trespass against such persons as had since taken possession of the premises. Defendants in such cases were expressly barred from pleading a military order in justification of their possession. As there was scarcely a building on the island of New York that had not thus changed hands during the British occupation, it was easy to foresee what confusion must ensue. Everybody whose house had ever been, for ever so few days, in the hands of a Tory now rushed into court with his action of trespass. Damages were rated at most exorbitant figures, and it became clear that the misdeeds of the enemy were about to be made the excuse for a carnival of spoliation, when all at once the test case of *Rutgers v. Waddington* brought upon the scene a sturdy defender of order, an advocate who was soon to become one of the foremost personages in American history.

In the course of the Revolutionary War our attention has now and then been called for a moment to Alexander Hamilton. The most precocious young man of that day, save perhaps William Pitt, he had already given promise of a great career before the breaking out of the war. He was born on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, in 1757. His father belonged to that famous

Scottish clan from which have come one of the most learned metaphysicians and one of the most original mathematicians of modern times. His mother was a French lady, of Huguenot descent, and biographers have been fond of tracing in his character the various qualities of his parents. To the shrewdness and persistence, the administrative ability, and the taste for abstract reasoning which we are wont to find associated in the highest type of Scottish mind he joined a truly French vivacity and grace. His earnestness, sincerity, and moral courage were characteristic alike of Puritan and of Huguenot. In the course of his short life he exhibited a remarkable many-sidedness. So great was his genius for organization that in many most essential respects the American government is moving to-day along the lines which he was the first to mark out. As an economist he shared to some extent in the shortcomings of the age which preceded Adam Smith, but in the special department of finance he has been equaled by no other American statesman save Albert Gallatin. He was a splendid orator and brilliant writer, an excellent lawyer, and a clear-headed and industrious student of political history. He was also eminent as a political leader, although he lacked faith in democratic government, and a generous impatience of temperament sometimes led him to prefer short and arbitrary by-paths toward desirable ends, which can never be securely reached save along the broad but steep and arduous road of popular conviction. But with all Hamilton's splendid qualities, nothing about him is so remarkable as the early age at which these were developed. At the age of fifteen a brilliant newspaper article brought him into such repute in the little island of Nevis that he was sent to New York to avail himself of the best advantages afforded by the King's College, now known as Columbia. He had at first no definite in-

tention of becoming an American citizen, but the thrilling events of the time appealed strongly to the earnest heart and powerful intelligence of this wonderful boy. At a gathering of the people of New York in July, 1774, his generous blood warmed, till a resistless impulse brought him on his feet to speak to the assembled multitude. It was no company of half-drunken idlers that thronged about him, but an assemblage of grave and responsible citizens, who looked with some astonishment upon this boy of seventeen years, short and slight in stature, yet erect and Cæsar-like in bearing, with firm set mouth and great, dark, earnest eyes. His eloquent speech, full of sense and without a syllable of bombast, held his hearers entranced, and from that day Alexander Hamilton was a marked man. He began publishing anonymous pamphlets, which at first were attributed by some to Jay, and by others to Livingston. When their authorship was discovered, the loyalist party tried in vain to buy off the formidable youth. He kept up the pamphlet-war, in the course of which he wofully defeated Dr. Cooper, the Tory president of the college; but shortly afterward he defended the doctor's house against an angry mob, until the unpopular old gentleman succeeded in making his escape to a British ship. Hamilton served in the army throughout the war, for the most part as aid and secretary to Washington; but in 1781 he was a colonel in the line, and stormed a redoubt at Yorktown with distinguished skill and bravery. He married a daughter of Philip Schuyler, began the practice of law, and in 1782, at the age of twenty-five, was chosen a delegate to Congress. In 1784, when the Trespass Act threw New York into confusion, Hamilton had come to be regarded as one of the most powerful advocates in the country. In the test case which now came before the courts he played a part of consummate boldness and hero-

ism. Elizabeth Rutgers was a widow, who had fled from New York after its capture by General Howe. Her confiscated estate had passed into the hands of Joshua Waddington, a rich Tory merchant, and she now brought suit under the Trespass Act for its recovery. It was a case in which popular sympathy was naturally and strongly enlisted in behalf of the poor widow. That she should have been turned out of house and home was one of the many gross instances of wickedness wrought by the war. On the other hand, the disturbance wrought by the enforcement of the Trespass Act was already creating fresh wrongs much faster than it was righting old ones; and it is for such reasons as this that both in the common law and in the law of nations the principle has been firmly established that "the fruits of immovables belong to the captor as long as he remains in actual possession of them." The Trespass Act contravened this principle, and it also contravened the treaty. It moreover placed the State of New York in an attitude of defiance toward Congress, which had made the treaty and expressly urged upon the States to suspend the legislation against the Tories. On large grounds of public policy, therefore, the Trespass Act deserved to be set aside by the courts, and when Hamilton was asked to serve as counsel for the defendant he accepted the odious task without hesitation. There can be no better proof of his forensic ability than his winning a verdict, in such a case as this, from a hostile court that was largely influenced by the popular excitement. The decision nullified the Trespass Act, and forthwith mass-meetings of the people and an extra session of the legislature condemned this action of the court. Hamilton was roundly abused, and his conduct was attributed to unworthy motives. But he faced the people as boldly as he had faced the court, and published a letter, under the signature of Pho-

cion, setting forth in the clearest light the injustice and impolicy of extreme measures against the Tories. The popular wrath and disgust at Hamilton's course found expression in a letter from one Isaac Ledyard, a hot-headed pot-house politician, who signed himself Mentor. A war of pamphlets ensued between Mentor and Phocion. It was genius pitted against dullness, reason against passion; and reason wielded by genius won the day. The more intelligent and respectable citizens reluctantly admitted that Hamilton's arguments were unanswerable. A club of boon companions, to which Ledyard belonged, made the same admission by the peculiar manner in which it proposed to silence him. It was gravely proposed that the members of the club should pledge themselves one after another to challenge Hamilton to mortal combat, until some one of them should have the good fortune to kill him! The scheme met with general favor, but was defeated by the exertions of Ledyard himself, whose zeal was not ardent enough to condone treachery and murder. The incident well illustrates the intense bitterness of political passion at the time, as Hamilton's conduct shows him in the light of a most courageous and powerful defender of the central government. For nothing was more significant in the verdict which he had obtained than its implicit assertion of the rights of the United States as against the legislature of a single State.

In spite of the efforts of such men as Hamilton, life was made very uncomfortable for the Tories. In some States they were subjected to mob violence. Instances of tarring and feathering were not uncommon. The legislature of South Carolina was honorably distinguished for the good faith with which it endeavored to enforce the recommendation of Congress; but the people, unable to forget the smoking ruins of plundered homes, were less lenient.

Notices were posted ordering prominent loyalists to leave the country; the newspapers teemed with savage warnings; and finally, of those who tarried beyond a certain time, many were shot or hanged to trees. This extremity of bitterness, however, did not long continue. The instances of physical violence were mostly confined to the first two or three years after the close of the war. In most of the States the confiscating acts were after a while repealed, and many of the loyalists were restored to their estates. But the emigration which took place between 1783 and 1785 was very large. It has been estimated that 100,000 persons, or nearly three per cent. of the total white population, quit the country. Those from the Southern States went mostly to the Bahamas and Florida; while those from the North laid the foundation of new British states in New Brunswick and Upper Canada. Many of these refugees appealed to the British government for indemnification for their losses, and their claims received prompt attention. A parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, and by the year 1790 some \$16,000,000 had been distributed among about 4000 sufferers, while many others received grants of crown-lands, or half-pay as military officers, or special annuities, or appointments in the civil service. On the whole, the compensation which the refugees received from Parliament seems to have been much more ample than that which the ragged soldiers of our revolutionary army ever received from Congress.

While the political passions resulting in this forced emigration of loyalists were such as naturally arise in the course of a civil war, the historian cannot but regret that the United States should have been deprived of the services of so many excellent citizens. In nearly all such cases of wholesale popular vengeance, it is the wrong individuals who suffer. We could well afford to dis-

pense with the border-ruffians who abetted the Indians in their carnival of burning and scalping, but the refugees of 1784 were for the most part peaceful and unoffending families, above the average in education and refinement. The vicarious suffering inflicted upon them set nothing right, but simply increased the mass of wrong, while to the general interests of the country the loss of such people was in every way damaging. The immediate political detriment wrought at the time, though it is that which here most nearly concerns us, was perhaps the least important. Since Congress was manifestly unable to carry out the treaty, an excuse was furnished to England for declining to fulfill some of its provisions. In regard to the loyalists, indeed, the treaty had recognized that Congress possessed but an advisory power; but in the other provision concerning the payment of private debts, which in the popular mind was very much mixed up with the question of justice to the loyalists, the faith of the United States was distinctly pledged. On this point also Congress was powerless to enforce the treaty. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina had all enacted laws obstructing the collection of British debts; and in flat defiance of the treaty these statutes remained in force until after the downfall of the confederation. The States were aware that such conduct needed an excuse, and one was soon forthcoming. Many negroes had left the country with the British fleet: some doubtless had sought their freedom; others, perhaps, had been kidnapped as booty, and sold to planters in the West Indies. The number of these black men carried away by the fleet had been magnified tenfold by popular rumor. Complaints had been made to Sir Guy Carleton, but he had replied that any negro who came within his lines was presumably a freeman, and he could not lend his aid in remanding such per-

sons to slavery. Jay, as one of the treaty commissioners, gave it as his opinion that Carleton was quite right in this, but he thought that where a loss of slaves could be proved, Great Britain was bound to make pecuniary compensation to the owners. The matter was wrangled over for several years, in the state legislatures, in town and county meetings, at dinner-tables, and in bar-rooms, with the ordinary issue that, until such compensation should be made, the statutes hindering the collection of debts would not be repealed. In retaliation for this, Great Britain refused to withdraw her garrisons from the western fortresses, which the treaty had surrendered to the United States. This measure was very keenly felt by the people. As an assertion of superior strength, it was peculiarly galling to our weak and divided confederacy, and it also wrought us direct practical injury. It encouraged the Indian tribes in their depredations on the frontier, and it de-

prived American merchants of an immensely lucrative trade in furs. In the spring of 1787 there were advertised for sale in London more than 360,000 skins, worth \$1,200,000 at the lowest estimate; and had the posts been surrendered according to the treaty, all this would have passed through the hands of American merchants. The London fur-traders were naturally loth to lose their control over this business, and in the language of modern politics they brought "pressure" to bear on the government to retain the fortresses as long as possible. The American refusal to pay British creditors furnished an excellent excuse, while the weakness of Congress made any kind of reprisal impossible; and it was not until Washington's second term as President, after our national credit had been restored and the strength of our new government made manifest, that England surrendered this chain of strongholds, commanding the woods and waters of our northwestern frontier.

John Fiske.

THE THRUSH.

THE thrush sings high on the topmost bough,—
Low, louder, low again; and now
He has changed his tree,—you know not how,
For you saw no fitting wing.

All the notes of the forest-throng,
Flute, reed, and string, are in his song;
Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,
Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast;
All weather that comes is to him the best,
While he sees his mate close on her nest,
And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know,—
He, too,—but 't is little he keeps of woe;
For a bird forgets in a year, and so
No wonder the thrush can sing.

MARSH ROSEMARY.

I.

ONE hot afternoon in August, a single moving figure might have been seen following a straight road that crossed the salt marshes of Walpole. Everybody else had either stayed at home, or crept into such shade as could be found near at hand. The thermometer marked at least ninety degrees. There was hardly a fishing-boat to be seen on the glistening sea, only far away on the hazy horizon two or three coasting schooners looked like ghostly flying Dutchmen, becalmed for once and motionless.

Ashore, the flaring light of the sun brought out the fine, clear colors of the level landscape. The marsh grasses were a more vivid green than usual, the brown tops of those that were beginning to go to seed looked almost red, and the soil at the edges of the tide inlets seemed to be melting into a black, pitchy substance like the dark pigments on a painter's palette. Where the land was higher the hot air flickered above it dizzily. This was not an afternoon that one would naturally choose for a long walk, yet Mr. Jerry Lane stepped briskly forward, and appeared to have more than usual energy. His big boots trod down the soft carpet of pussy-clover that bordered the dusty, whitish road. He struck at the stationary procession of thistles with a little stick, as he went by. Flight after flight of yellow butterflies fluttered up as he passed, and then settled down again to their thistle flowers, while on the shiny cambric back of Jerry's Sunday waistcoat basked at least eight large green-headed flies in complete security.

It was difficult to decide why the Sunday waistcoat should have been put on that Saturday afternoon. Jerry had not thought it important to wear his best boots or best trousers, and had left his

coat at home altogether. He smiled as he walked along, and once when he took off his hat, as a light breeze came that way, he waved it triumphantly before he put it on again. Evidently this was no common errand that led him due west, and made him forget the hot weather, and caused him to shade his eyes with his hand, as he looked eagerly at a clump of trees and the chimney of a small house a little way beyond the boundary of the marshes, where the higher ground began.

Miss Ann Floyd sat by her favorite window, sewing, twitching her thread less decidedly than usual, and casting a wistful glance now and then down the road or at the bees in her gay little garden outside. There was a grim expression overshadowing her firmly-set, angular face, and the frown that always appeared on her forehead when she sewed or read the newspaper was deeper and straighter than usual. She did not look as if she were conscious of the heat, though she had dressed herself in an old-fashioned skirt of sprigged lawn and a loose jacket of thin white dimity with out-of-date flowing sleeves. Her sandy hair was smoothly brushed; one lock betrayed a slight crinkle at its edge, but it owed nothing to any encouragement of Nancy Floyd's. A hard, honest, kindly face this was, of a woman whom everybody trusted, who might be expected to give of whatever she had to give, good measure, pressed down and running over. She was a lonely soul; she had no near relatives in the world. It seemed always as if nature had been mistaken in not planting her somewhere in a large and busy household.

The little square room, kitchen in winter and sitting-room in summer, was as clean and bare and thrifty as one

would expect the dwelling-place of such a woman to be. She sat in a straight-backed, splint-bottomed kitchen chair, and always put back her spool with a click on the very same spot on the window-sill. You would think she had done with youth and with love affairs, yet you might as well expect the ancient cherry-tree in the corner of her little yard to cease adventuring its white blossoms when the May sun shone! No woman in Walpole had more bravely and patiently borne the burden of loneliness and lack of love. Even now her outward behavior gave no hint of the new excitement and delight that filled her heart.

"Land sakes alive!" she says to herself presently, "there comes Jerry Lane. I expect, if he sees me settin' to the winder, he'll come in an' dawdle round till supper time!" But good Nancy Floyd smooths her hair hastily as she rises and drops her work, and steps back toward the middle of the room, watching the gate anxiously all the time. Now, Jerry, with a crestfallen look at the vacant window, makes believe that he is going by, and takes a loitering step or two onward, and then stops short; with a somewhat sheepish smile he leans over the neat picket fence and examines the blue and white and pink larkspur that covers most of the space in the little garden. He takes off his hat again to cool his forehead, and replaces it, without a grand gesture this time, and looks again at the window hopefully.

There is a pause. The woman knows that the man is sure she is there; a little blush colors her thin cheeks as she comes boldly to the wide-open front door.

"What do you think of this kind of weather?" asks Jerry Lane complacently, as he leans over the fence, and surrounds himself with an air of self-sacrifice.

"I call it hot," responds the Juliet

from her balcony, with deliberate assurance, "but the corn needs sun, everybody says. I should n't have wanted to toil up from the shore under such a glare, if I had been you. Better come in and set a while, and cool off," she added, without any apparent enthusiasm. Jerry was sure to come, any way. She would rather make the suggestion than have him.

Mr. Lane sauntered in, and seated himself opposite his hostess, beside the other small window, and watched her admiringly as she took up her sewing and worked at it with great spirit and purpose. He clasped his hands together and leaned forward a little. The shaded kitchen was very comfortable, after the glaring light outside, and the clean orderliness of the few chairs and the braided rugs and the table under the clock, with some larkspur and asparagus in a china vase for decoration, seemed to please him unexpectedly. "Now just see what ways you women folks have of fixing things up pretty!" he ventured gallantly.

Nancy's countenance did not forbid further compliment; she looked at the flowers herself, quickly, and explained that she had gathered them a while ago to send to the minister's sister, who kept house for him. "I saw him going by, and expected he'd be back this same road. Mis' Elton's be'n havin' another o' her dyin' spells this noon, and the deacon went by after him hot foot. I'd souse her well with stone-cold water. She never sent for me to set up with her; she knows better. Poor man, 't was likely he was right into the middle of to-morrow's sermon. 'T ain't considerate of the deacon, and when he knows he's got a fool for a wife, he need n't go round persuading other folks she's so suffering as she makes out. They ain't got no larkspur this year to the parsonage, and I was going to let the minister take this over to Amandy; but I see his wagon over on the other road, going

towards the village, about an hour after he went by here."

It seemed to be a relief to tell somebody all these things after such a season of forced repression, and Jerry listened with gratifying interest. "How you do see through folks!" he exclaimed in a mild voice. Jerry could be very soft spoken if he thought best. "Mis' Elton's a die-away lookin' creatur'. I heard of her saying last Sunday, comin' out o' meetin', that she made an effort to git there once more, but she expected 't would be the last time. Looks as if she eat well, don't she?" he concluded, in a meditative tone.

"Eat!" exclaimed the hostess, with snapping eyes. "There ain't no woman in town, sick or well, can lay aside the food that she does. 'T ain't to the table afore folks, but she goes seeking round in the cupboards half a dozen times a day. An' I've heard her remark 't was the last time she ever expected to visit the sanctuary as much as a dozen times within five years."

"Some places I've sailed to they'd have hit her over the head with a club long ago," said Jerry, with an utter lack of sympathy that was startling. "Well, I must be gettin' back again. Talkin' of eatin' makes us think o' supper time. Must be past five, ain't it? I thought I'd just step up to see if there wa'n't anything I could lend a hand about, this hot day."

Sensible Ann Floyd folded her hands over her sewing, as it lay in her lap, and looked straight before her without seeing the pleading face of the guest. This moment was a great crisis in her life. She was conscious of it, and knew well enough that upon her next words would depend the course of future events. The man who waited to hear what she had to say was indeed many years younger than she, was shiftless and vacillating. He had drifted to Walpole from nobody knew where, and possessed many qualities which she had

openly rebuked and despised in other men. True enough, he was good-looking, but that did not atone for the lacks of his character and reputation. Yet she knew herself to be the better man of the two, and since she had surmounted many obstacles already she was confident that, with a push here and a pull there to steady him, she could keep him in good trim. The winters were so long and lonely; her life was in many ways hungry and desolate in spite of its thrift and conformity. She had laughed scornfully when he stopped, one day in the spring, and offered to help her weed her garden; she had even joked with one of the neighbors about it. Jerry had been growing more and more friendly and pleasant ever since. His ease-loving careless nature was like a comfortable cushion for hers, with its angles, its melancholy anticipations and self-questionings. But Jerry liked her, and if she liked him and married him, and took him home, it was nobody's business; and in that moment of surrender to Jerry's cause she arrayed herself at his right hand against the rest of the world, ready for warfare with any and all of its opinions.

She was suddenly aware of the sun-burnt face and light, curling hair of her undeclared lover, at the other end of the painted table with its folded leaf. She smiled at him vacantly across the larkspur; then she gave a little start, and was afraid that her thoughts had wandered longer than was seemly. The kitchen clock was ticking faster than usual, as if it were trying to attract attention.

"I guess I'll be getting home," repeated the visitor ruefully, and rose from his chair, but hesitated again at an unfamiliar expression upon his companion's face.

"I don't know as I've got anything extra for supper, but you stop," she said, "an' take what there is. I would n't go back across them marshes right in this heat."

Jerry Lane had a lively sense of humor, and a queer feeling of merriment stole over him now, as he watched the mistress of the house. She had risen, too; she looked so simple and so frankly sentimental, there was such an incongruous coyness added to her usually straightforward, angular appearance, that his instinctive laughter nearly got the better of him, and might have lost him the prize for which he had been waiting these many months. But Jerry behaved like a man: he stepped forward and kissed Ann Floyd; he held her fast with one arm as he stood beside her, and kissed her again and again. She was a dear good woman. She had a fresh young heart, in spite of the straight wrinkle in her forehead and her work-worn hands. She had waited all her days for this joy of having a lover.

II.

Even Mrs. Elton revived for a day or two under the tonic of such a piece of news. That was what Jerry Lane had hung round all summer for, everybody knew at last. Now he would strike work and live at his ease, the men grumbled to each other; but all the women of Walpole deplored most the weakness and foolishness of the elderly bride. Ann Floyd was comfortably off, and had something laid by for a rainy day; she would have done vastly better to deny herself such an expensive and utterly worthless luxury as the kind of husband Jerry Lane would make. He had idled away his life. He earned a little money now and then in seafaring pursuits, but was too lazy, in the shore parlance, to tend lobster-pots. What was energetic Ann Floyd going to do with him? She was always at work, always equal to emergencies, and entirely opposed to dullness and idleness and even placidity. She liked people who had some snap to them, she often

avowed scornfully, and now she had chosen for a husband the laziest man in Walpole. "Dear sakes," one woman said to another, as they heard the news, "there's no fool like an old fool!"

The days went quickly by, while Miss Ann made her plain wedding clothes. If people expected her to put on airs of youth they were disappointed. Her wedding bonnet was the same sort of bonnet she had worn for a dozen years, and one disappointed critic deplored the fact that she had spruced up so little, and kept on dressing old enough to look like Jerry Lane's mother. As her acquaintances met her they looked at her with close scrutiny, expecting to see some outward trace of such a silly, uncharacteristic departure from good sense and discretion. But Miss Floyd while she was still Miss Floyd displayed no silliness and behaved with dignity, while on the Sunday after a quiet marriage at the parsonage she and Jerry Lane walked up the aisle to their pew, the picture of middle-aged sobriety and respectability. Their fellow parishioners, having recovered from their first astonishment and amusement, settled down to the belief that the newly married pair understood their own business best, and that if anybody could make the best of Jerry and get any work out of him, it was his capable wife.

"And if she undertakes to drive him too hard he can step off to sea, and they'll be rid of each other," commented one of Jerry's 'longshore companions, as if it were only reasonable that some refuge should be afforded to those who make mistakes in matrimony.

There did not seem to be any mistake at first, or for a good many months afterward. The husband liked the comfort that came from such good house-keeping, and enjoyed a deep sense of having made a good anchorage in a well-sheltered harbor, after many years of thriftless improvidence and drifting to

and fro. There were some hindrances to perfect happiness: he had to forego long seasons of gossip with his particular friends, and the out-door work which was expected of him, though by no means heavy for a person of his strength, fettered his freedom not a little. To chop wood, and take care of a cow, and bring a pail of water now and then, did not weary him so much as it made him practically understand the truth of weakly Sister Elton's remark that life was a constant chore. And when poor Jerry, for lack of other interest, fancied that his health was giving way mysteriously, and brought home a bottle of strong liquor to be used in case of sickness, and placed it conveniently in the shed, Mrs. Lane locked it up in the small chimney cupboard where she kept her camphor bottle and the opodeldoc and the other family medicines. She was not harsh with her husband. She cherished him tenderly, and worked diligently at her trade of tailoress, singing her hymns gayly in summer weather; for she never had been so happy as now, when there was somebody to please beside herself, to cook for and sew for, and to live with and love. But Jerry complained more and more in his inmost heart that his wife expected too much of him. Presently he resumed an old habit of resorting to the least respected of the two country stores in that neighborhood, and sat in the row of loafers on the outer steps. "Sakes alive," said a shrewd observer one day, "the fools set there and talk and talk about what they went through when they follered the sea, till when the women-folks comes tradin' they are obleeged to climb right over 'em."

But things grew worse and worse, until one day Jerry Lane came home a little late to dinner, and found his wife unusually grim-faced and impatient. He took his seat with an amiable smile, and showed in every way his determination not to lose his temper because somebody else had. It was one of the days when

he looked almost boyish and entirely irresponsible. His hair was handsome and curly from the dampness of the east wind, and his wife was forced to remember how, in the days of their courtship, she used to wish she could pull one of the curling locks straight, for the pleasure of seeing it fly back. She felt old and tired, and was hurt in her very soul by the contrast between herself and her husband. "No wonder I am aging, having to lug everything on my shoulders," she thought. Jerry had forgotten to do whatever she had asked him for a day or two. He had started out that morning to go lobstering, but he had returned from the direction of the village.

"Nancy," he said pleasantly, after he had begun his dinner, a silent and solitary meal, while his wife stitched busily by the window, and refused to look at him, — "Nancy, I've been thinking a good deal about a project."

"I hope it ain't going to cost so much and bring in so little as your other notions have, then," she responded, quickly; though somehow a memory of the hot day when Jerry came and stood outside the fence, and kissed her when it was settled he should stay to supper, — a memory of that day would keep fading and brightening in her mind.

"Yes," said Jerry, humbly, "I ain't done right, Nancy. I ain't done my part for our livin'. I've let it sag right on to you, most ever since we was married. There was that spell when I was kind of weakly, and had a pain acrost me. I tell you what it is: I never was good for nothin' ashore, but now I've got my strength up I'm going to show ye what I can do. I'm promised to ship with Cap'n Low's brother, Skipper Nathan, that sails out o' Eastport in the coasting trade, lumber and so on. I shall get good wages, and you shall have everything, 'cept what I need for clothes."

"You need n't be so plaintive," said Ann, in a sharp voice. "You can go

if you want to. I have always been able to take care of myself, but when it comes to maintainin' two, 't ain't so easy. When be you goin'?"

"I expected you would be sorry," mourned Jerry, his face falling at this outbreak. "Nancy, you need n't be so quick. 'Tain't as if I had n't always set everything by ye, if I be wuthless."

Nancy's eyes flashed fire as she turned hastily away. Hardly knowing where she went, she passed through the open doorway, and crossed the clean green turf of the narrow side yard, and leaned over the garden fence. The young cabbages and cucumbers were nearly buried in weeds, and the currant bushes were fast being turned into skeletons by the ravaging worms. Jerry had forgotten to sprinkle them with hellebore, after all, though she had put the watering-pot into his very hand the evening before. She did not like to have the whole town laugh at her for hiring a man to do his work; she was busy from early morning until late night, but she could not do everything herself. She had been a fool to marry this man, she told herself at last, and a sullen discontent and rage that had been of slow but certain growth made her long to free herself from this unprofitable hindrance for a time, at any rate. Go to sea? Yes, that was the best thing that could happen. Perhaps when he had worked hard a while on schooner fare, he would come home and be good for something!

Jerry finished his dinner in the course of time, and then sought his wife. It was not like her to go away in this silent fashion. Of late her gift of speech had been proved sufficiently formidable, and yet she had never looked so resolutely angry as to-day.

"Nancy," he began, — "Nancy, girl! I ain't goin' off to leave you, if your heart's set against it. I'll spudge up and take right holt."

But the wife turned slowly from the

fence and faced him. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying. "You need n't stay on my account," she said. "I'll go right to work an' fit ye out. I'm sick of your meachin' talk, and I don't want to hear no more of it. Ef I was a man" —

Jerry Lane looked crestfallen for a minute or two; but when his stern partner in life had disappeared within the house, he slunk away among the apple-trees of the little orchard, and sat down on the grass in a shady spot. It was getting to be warm weather, but he would go round and hoe the old girl's garden stuff by and by. There would be something goin' on aboard the schooner, and with delicious anticipation of future pleasure this delinquent Jerry struck his knee with his hand, as if he were clapping a crony on the shoulder. He also winked several times at the same fancied companion. Then, with a comfortable chuckle, he laid himself down, and pulled his old hat over his eyes, and went to sleep, while the weeds grew at their own sweet will, and the currant worms went looping and devouring from twig to twig.

III.

Summer went by, and winter began, and Mr. Jerry Lane did not reappear. He had promised to return in September, when he parted from his wife early in June, for Nancy had relented a little at the last, and sorrowed at the prospect of so long a separation. She had already learned the vacillations and uncertainties of her husband's character; but though she accepted the truth that her marriage had been in every way a piece of foolishness, she still clung affectionately to his assumed fondness for her. She could not believe that his marriage was only one of his makeshifts, and that as soon as he was tired of the constraint he was ready to throw the

benefits of respectable home life to the four winds. A little sentimental speech-making and a few kisses the morning he went away, and the gratitude he might well have shown for her generous care-taking and provision for his voyage won her soft heart back again, and made poor, elderly, simple-hearted Nancy watch him cross the marshes with tears and foreboding. If she could have called him back that day, she would have done so and been thankful. And all summer and winter, whenever the wind blew and thrashed the drooping elm boughs against the low roof over her head, she was as full of fears and anxieties as if Jerry were her only son and making his first voyage at sea. The neighbors pitied her for her disappointment. They liked Nancy; but they could not help saying, "I told you so." It would have been impossible not to respect the brave way in which she met the world's eye, and carried herself with innocent unconsciousness of having committed so laughable and unrewarding a folly. The loafers on the store steps had been unwontedly diverted one day, when Jerry, who was their chief wit and spokesman, rose slowly from his place, and said in pious tones, "Boys, I must go this minute. Grandma will keep dinner waiting." Mrs. Ann Lane did not show in her aging face how young her heart was, and after the schooner Susan Barnes had departed she seemed to pass swiftly from middle life and an almost youthful vigor to early age and a look of spent strength and dissatisfaction. "I suppose he did find it dull," she assured herself, with wistful yearning for his rough words of praise, when she sat down alone to her dinner, or looked up sadly from her work, and missed the amusing though unedifying conversation he was wont to offer occasionally on stormy winter nights. How much of his adventuring was true she never cared to ask. He had come and gone, and she forgave him his shortcomings,

and longed for his society with a heavy heart.

One spring day there was news in the Boston paper of the loss of the schooner Susan Barnes with all on board, and Nancy Lane's best friends shook their sage heads, and declared that as far as regarded Jerry Lane, that idle vagabond, it was all for the best. Nobody was interested in any other member of the crew, so the misfortune of the Susan Barnes seemed of but slight consequence in Walpole, she having passed out of her former owners' hands the autumn before. Jerry had stuck by the ship; at least, so he had sent word then to his wife by Skipper Nathan Low. The Susan Barnes was to sail regularly between Shediac and Newfoundland, and Jerry sent five dollars to Nancy, and promised to pay her a visit soon. "Tell her I'm layin' up somethin' handsome," he told the skipper with a grin, "and I've got some folks in Newfoundland I'll visit with on this voyage, and then I'll come ashore for good and farm it."

Mrs. Lane took the five dollars from the skipper as proudly as if Jerry had done the same thing so many times before that she hardly noticed it. The skipper gave the messages from Jerry, and felt that he had done the proper thing. When the news came long afterward that the schooner was lost, that was the next thing that Nancy knew about her wandering mate; and after the minister had come solemnly to inform her of her bereavement, and had gone away again, and she sat down and looked her widowhood in the face, there was not a sadder nor a lonelier woman in the town of Walpole.

All the neighbors came to condole with our heroine, and, though nobody was aware of it, from that time she was really happier and better satisfied with life than she had ever been before. Now she had an ideal Jerry Lane to mourn over and think about, to cherish and admire; she was day by day slowly

forgetting the trouble he had been and the bitter shame of him, and exalting his memory to something near saintliness. "He meant well," she told herself again and again. She thought nobody could tell so good a story; she felt that with her own bustling, capable ways he had no chance to do much that he might have done. She had been too quick with him, and alas, alas! how much better she would know how to treat him if she only could see him again! A sense of relief at his absence made her continually assure herself of her great loss, and, false even to herself, she mourned her sometime lover diligently, and tried to think herself a broken-hearted woman. It was thought among those who knew Nancy Lane best that she would recover her spirits in time, but Jerry's wildest anticipations of a proper respect to his memory were more than realized in the first two years after the schooner *Susan Barnes* went to the bottom of the sea. She mourned for the man he ought to have been, not for the real Jerry, but she had loved him in the beginning enough to make her own love a precious possession for all time to come. It did not matter much, after all, what manner of man he was; she had found in him something on which to spend her hoarded affection.

IV.

Nancy Lane was a peaceable woman and a good neighbor, but she never had been able to get on with one fellow townswoman, and that was Mrs. Deacon Elton. They managed to keep each other provoked and teased from one year's end to the other, and each good soul felt herself under a moral microscope, and understood that she was judged by a not very lenient criticism and discussion. Mrs. Lane clad herself in simple black after the news came of her husband's timely death, and Mrs.

Elton made one of her farewell pilgrimages to church to see the new-made widow walk up the aisle.

"She need n't tell me she lays that affliction so much to heart," the deacon's wife sniffed faintly, after her exhaustion had been met by proper treatment of camphor and a glass of currant wine, at the parsonage, where she rested a while after service. "Nancy Floyd knows she's well over with such a piece of nonsense. If I had had my health, I should have spoken with her and urged her not to take the step in the first place. She has n't spoken six beholden words to me since that vagabond come to Walpole. I dare say she may have heard something I said at the time she married. I declare for 't, I never was so outdone as I was when the deacon came home and told me Nancy Floyd was going to be married. She let herself down too low to ever hold the place again that she used to have in folks' minds. And it's my opinion," said the sharp-eyed little woman, "she ain't got through with her pay yet."

But Mrs. Elton did not know with what unconscious prophecy her words were freighted.

The months passed by: summer and winter came and went, and even those few persons who were misled by Nancy Lane's stern visage and forbidding exterior into forgetting her kind heart were at last won over to friendliness by her renewed devotion to the sick and old people of the rural community. She was so tender to little children that they all loved her dearly. She was ready to go to any household that needed help, and in spite of her ceaseless industry with her needle she found many a chance to do good, and help her neighbors to lift and carry the burdens of their lives. She blossomed out suddenly into a lovely, painstaking eagerness to be of use; it seemed as if her affectionate heart, once made generous, must go on spending its

wealth wherever it could find an excuse. Even Mrs. Elton herself was touched by her old enemy's evident wish to be friends, and said nothing more about poor Nancy's looking as savage as a hawk. The only thing to admit was the truth that her affliction had proved a blessing to her. And it was in a truly kind and compassionate spirit that, after hearing an awful piece of news, the deacon's hysterical wife forbore to spread it far and wide through the town first, and went down to the Widow Lane's one September afternoon. Nancy was stitching busily upon the deacon's new coat, and looked up with a friendly smile as her guest came in, in spite of an instinctive shrug as she had seen her coming up the yard. The dislike of the poor souls for each other was deeper than their philosophy could reach.

Mrs. Elton spent some minutes in the unnecessary endeavor to regain her breath, and to her surprise found she must make a real effort before she could tell her unwelcome news. She had been so full of it all the way from home that she had rehearsed the whole interview; now she hardly knew how to begin. Nancy looked serenely than usual, but there was something wistful about her face as she glanced across the room, presently, as if to understand the reason of the long pause. The clock ticked loudly; the kitten clattered a spool against the table-leg, and had begun to snarl the thread around her busy paws, and Nancy looked down and saw her; then the instant consciousness of there being some unhappy reason for Mrs. Elton's call made her forget the creature's mischief, and anxiously lay down her work to listen.

"Skipper Nathan Low was to our house to dinner," the guest began. "He's bargaining with the deacon about some hay. He's got a new schooner, Skipper Nathan has, and is going to build up a regular business of freighting hay to Boston by sea. There's no

market to speak of about here, unless you haul it way over to Downer, and you can't make but one turn a day."

"'T would be a good thing," replied Nancy, trying to think that this was all, and perhaps the deacon wanted to hire her own field another year. He had underpaid her once, and they had not been on particularly good terms ever since. She would make her own bargains with Skipper Nathan, she thanked him and his wife!

"He's been down to the provinces these two or three years back, you know," the whining voice went on, and straightforward Ann Lane felt the old animosity rising within her. "At dinner time I was n't able to eat much of anything, and so I was talking with Cap'n Nathan, and asking him some questions about them parts; and I spoke something about the mercy 't was his life should ha' been spared when that schooner, the Susan Barnes, was lost so quick after he sold out his part of her. And I put in a word, bein' 's we were neighbors, about how edifyin' your course had be'n under affliction. I noticed then he'd looked sort o' queer whilst I was talkin', but there was all the folks to the table, and you know he's a very cautious man, so he spoke of somethin' else. 'T wa'n't half an hour after dinner, I was comin' in with some plates and cups, tryin' to help what my stren'th would let me, and says he, 'Step out a little ways into the piece with me, Mis' Elton. I want to have a word with ye.' I went, too, spite o' my neuralgy, for I saw he'd got somethin' on his mind. 'Look here,' says he, 'I gathered from the way you spoke that Jerry Lane's wife expects he's dead.' Certain, says I, his name was in the list o' the Susan Barnes's crew, and we read it in the paper. 'No,' says he to me, 'he ran away the day they sailed; he was n't aboard, and he's livin' with another woman down to Shediak.' Them was his very words."

Nancy Lane sank back in her chair, and covered her horror-stricken eyes with her hands. "T ain't pleasant news to have to tell," Sister Elton went on mildly, yet with evident relish and full command of the occasion. "He said he seen Jerry the morning he came away. I thought you ought to know it. I'll tell you one thing, Nancy: I told the skipper to keep still about it, and now I've told you, I won't spread it no further to set folks a-talking. I'll keep it secret till you say the word. There ain't much trafficking betwixt here and there, and he's dead to you, certain, as much as if he laid up here in the burying-ground."

Nancy had bowed her head upon the table; the thin, sandy hair was streaked with gray. She did not answer one word; this was the hardest blow of all.

"I'm much obliged to you for being so friendly," she said after a few minutes, looking straight before her now in a dazed sort of way, and lifting the new coat from the floor, where it had fallen. "Yes, he's dead to me, — worse than dead, a good deal," and her lip quivered. "I can't seem to bring my thoughts to bear. I've got so used to thinkin' — No, don't you say nothin' to the folks, yet. I'd do as much for you," and Mrs. Elton knew that the smitten fellow-creature before her spoke the truth, and forbore.

Two or three days came and went, and with every hour the quiet, simple-hearted woman felt more grieved and unsteady in mind and body. Such a shattering thunderbolt of news rarely falls into a human life. She could not sleep; she wandered to and fro in the little house, and cried until she could cry no longer. Then a great rage spurred and excited her. She would go to Shediak, and call Jerry Lane to account. She would accuse him face to face; and the woman whom he was deceiving, as perhaps he had deceived her, should

know the baseness and cowardice of this miserable man. So, dressed in her respectable Sunday clothes, in the gray bonnet and shawl that never had known any journeys except to meeting, or to a country funeral or quiet holiday-making, Nancy Lane trusted herself for the first time to the bewildering railway, to the temptations and dangers of the wide world outside the bounds of Walpole.

Two or three days later still, the quaint thin figure familiar in Walpole highways flitted down the street of a provincial town. In the most primitive region of China this woman could hardly have felt a greater sense of foreign life and strangeness. At another time her native good sense and shrewd observation would have delighted in the experiences of this first week of travel, but she was too sternly angry and aggrieved, too deeply plunged in a survey of her own calamity, to take much notice of what was going on about her. Later she condemned the unworthy folly of the whole errand, but in these days the impulse to seek the culprit and confront him was irresistible.

The innkeeper's wife, a kindly creature, had urged this puzzling guest to wait and rest and eat some supper, but Nancy refused, and without asking her way left the brightly lighted, flaring little public room, where curious eyes already offended her, and went out into the damp twilight. The voices of the street boys sounded outlandish, and she felt more and more lonely. She longed for Jerry to appear for protection's sake; she forgot why she sought him, and was eager to shelter herself behind the flimsy bulwark of his manhood. She rebuked herself presently with terrible bitterness for a womanish wonder whether he would say, "Why, Nancy, girl!" and be glad to see her. Poor woman, it was a work-laden, serious girlhood that had been hers, at any rate. The power of giving her whole self in unselfish, enthusiastic, patient devotion

had not belonged to her youth only ; it had sprung fresh and blossoming in her heart as every new year came and went.

One might have seen her stealing through the shadows, skirting the edge of a lumber-yard, stepping among the refuse of the harbor side, asking a question timidly now and then of some passer-by. Yes, they knew Jerry Lane, — his house was only a little way off ; and one curious and compassionate Scotchman, divining by some inner sense the exciting nature of the errand, turned back, and offered fruitlessly to go with the stranger. "You know the man?" he asked. "He is his own enemy, but doing better now he is married. He minds his work, I know that well ; but he's taken a good wife." Nancy's heart beat faster with honest pride for a moment, until the shadow of the ugly truth and reality made it sink back to heaviness, and the fire of her smouldering rage was again kindled. She would speak to Jerry face to face before she slept, and a horrible contempt and scorn were ready for him, as with a glance either way along the road she entered the narrow yard, and went noiselessly toward the window of a low, poor-looking house, from whence a bright light was shining out into the night.

Yes, there was Jerry, and it seemed as if she must faint and fall at the sight of him. How young he looked still ! The thought smote her like a blow. They never were mates for each other, Jerry and she. Her own life was waning ; she was an old woman.

He never had been so thrifty and respectable before ; the other woman ought to know the savage truth about him, for all that ! But at that moment the other woman stooped beside the supper table, and lifted a baby from its cradle, and put the dear, live little thing into its father's arms. The baby was wide awake, and laughed at Jerry, who laughed back again, and it reached up to catch at a

handful of the curly hair which had been poor Nancy's delight.

The other woman stood there looking at them, full of pride and love. She was young, and trig, and neat. She looked like a brisk, efficient little creature. Perhaps Jerry would make something of himself now ; he always had it in him. The tears were running down Nancy's cheeks ; the rain, too, had begun to fall. She stood there watching the little household sit down to supper, and noticed with eager envy how well cooked the food was, and how hungrily the master of the house ate what was put before him. All thoughts of ending the new wife's sin and folly vanished away. She could not enter in and break another heart ; hers was broken already, and it would not matter. And Nancy Lane, a widow indeed, crept away again as silently as she had come, to think what was best to be done, to find alternate woe and comfort in the memory of the sight she had seen.

The little house at the edge of the Walpole marshes seemed full of blessed shelter and comfort the evening that its forsaken mistress came back to it. Her strength was spent ; she felt much more desolate now that she had seen with her own eyes that Jerry Lane was alive than when he was counted among the dead. An uncharacteristic disregard of the laws of the land filled this good woman's mind. Jerry had his life to live, and she wished him no harm. She wondered often how the baby grew. She fancied sometimes the changes and conditions of the far-away household. Alas ! she knew only too well the weakness of the man, and once, in a grim outburst of impatience, she exclaimed, "I'd rather she should have to cope with him than me !"

But that evening, when she came back from Shediack, and sat in the dark for a long time lest Mrs. Elton should see the light and risk her life in the

evening air to bring unwelcome sympathy, — that evening, I say, came the hardest moment of all, when the Ann Floyd, tailoress, of so many virtuous, self-respecting years, whose idol had turned to clay, who was shamed, disgraced, and wronged, sat down alone to supper in the little kitchen.

She had put one cup and saucer on the table; she looked at them through bitter tears. Somehow a consciousness of her solitary age, her uncompanioned future, rushed through her mind; this

failure of her best earthly hope was enough to break a stronger woman's heart.

Who can laugh at my Marsh Rosemary, or who can cry, for that matter? The gray primness of the plant is made up of a hundred colors, if you look close enough to find them. This same Marsh Rosemary stands in her own place, and holds her dry leaves and tiny blossoms steadily toward the same sun that the pink lotus blooms for, and the white rose.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

MEMORIES OF LONDON.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, like many a wiser moth before and after me, I set my face for London. What I knew of it was what any American boy of English descent knows: "London cries," Dick Whittington, something of the town's history and as much of its geography, and the young Queen, — she seemed young always, because as a child I remember hearing of the Princess Victoria and her coronation. But to me there was a more potent attraction than even old London. I had been reading and re-reading with enthusiasm that first volume of *Modern Painters*. I had in a weak and blind way begun the study of art in a country town, where there was no instruction and very little help, and the glowing eulogies of Turner, the splendid fallacies and witching rhetoric of the Graduate of Oxford, had woven a spell around me which left me with one overruling purpose in life, — to go to London, see the pictures of Turner, and learn the great secret of my art.

Dick Whittington was scarcely more naive, if more fortunate. I had sold a picture for thirty dollars, and decided to go to London and stay as long as it lasted! I had never been away from home. I

knew little more than a child of the value of money, had never paid for a lodging or a dinner, and thirty dollars, I calculated, would keep me six weeks. I had all the unquestioning faith of utter ignorance of the highways or byways of the world. I would follow the sun when he was visible, and the moon when he was not, and determined, without taking counsel of any one, what was to be done. The question of a passage troubled me no more than it did the Israelites fleeing from Pharaoh. I felt that I should get across, and the proverbial New York merchant was my *deus ex machina*. Thomas Tileston offered me a passage on one of his liners to Liverpool, and the old Garrick, splendid sailing ship of eight hundred tons, Captain Asa Eldridge, wafted me across. The captain took kindly to me, and eased my obligations to the hotel-keeper in Liverpool, so that I got to London with half of my thirty dollars in my pocket.

I had left New York at the end of December; the Hudson was filled with floating ice, the Jersey hills were covered with snow. I found the shores of England green, and the fields like ours in early spring. I arrived at Euston

Square late in the afternoon of a mild and smoky day of January, a third-class passenger, with my luggage, a tiny leather valise, under my arm, which, with a Spanish cloak, was all my impedimenta; and fearful of further expense and of pillaging landlords if I trusted my three sovereigns to their sheltering roofs, I bought a two-penny loaf and walked the streets all night. I had a letter of introduction from G. P. Putnam, the publisher, to his correspondent Thomas Delf, and, inquiring my way across London to his office in Paternoster Row, I was sitting by his doorway on my valise when he came in the morning. He directed me to a quiet lodging-house in Bouverie Street, kept by an honest landlady, and I installed myself in a bedroom, which was also to be my studio, at six shillings a week, including the cooking of my breakfast.

In the years which have since passed I have many times returned to London, and am as familiar with it as a Londoner born, so that to find a new thing in it would indeed surprise me; but there come now and then days, or rather moments, in the winter, when the smoke settles down and fills the streets with its dusky veil and shadowless mystery, when the yellow sky even at noon of a quiet day hardly allows a red sun to be seen at odd moments, and when both unite with the pungent odors of the coal smoke to recall this first visit, and I cannot describe the witchery and delight of that dreamy and weird recollection, which is like that of a past existence, formless, indefinable, but a part of my very life.

I write from a new home in a quarter of the great city which at the time in question was the country. We speak of the rapid changes in our American cities, but nothing like the changes of London can exist with us. Growth is not a change of this kind. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show such metamorphoses as London. But on the

whole, Paris, as I saw it at this first visit to the Old World, was more like the Paris one sees now than was London of 1850 like the London of to-day. The mere question of growth is a minor matter. London was not the metropolis of the world in 1850, and now it is. Then it was only a huge provincial town. The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and nobody came to London for anything but hardware, good walking-boots, saddles, etc.; now it is the *entrepôt* of the civilized world. The World's Fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolite industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare at the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were, inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.

Sitting by my coal fire, which flames ruddily and flickeringly, and fills the room with the smoky aroma all know who have once been in any English city, the meditation my subject provokes runs to melancholy and a regret, sentimental certainly, but pathetic, for the days when this veiled sunshine and pungent atmosphere first became familiar to me. I shut my senses close to go back, as only old men can, when the new fact fades and the first impression comes out like an old picture over which some bungler has badly painted a new one.

Between my quarter, which was then a straggling hamlet and is now a continuous part of London, and London itself there was then a wide stretch of green fields and kitchen gardens. The whole quarter of South Kensington, Earl's Court, Baron's Court, and Raven's Court has grown up and continued London to

Hammersmith; but there was a green expanse with hawthorn hedges, where one heard the lark and rook, and saw far away the faint blue of the hills of Norwood, Clapham, and Wandsworth, where now, as far as the towers of the Crystal Palace, is an almost unbroken mass of houses. With very few exceptions the men I then knew are gone; and when I walk out, as I used to, by the road that runs still from Brompton to Hammersmith, the stately houses that line the streets are little more than tombstones to me.

Amongst the very few letters I had to people in London was one from Mr. Putnam to S. C. Hall, then editor of the Art Journal, who gave me another to a now dead and forgotten landscape painter, J. B. Pyne, one of the most consummate of his craft that England has produced, and who lived within a pistol shot of the site of my present residence, on what was a country road; and every Sunday afternoon I walked from my lodgings to his house, measuring the distance by the milestones as I went along, — six miles, of which half were amongst the fields. He used to keep in baronial style a place at his dinner-table for every comer, and there one met a society wholly devoted to art. Pyne was an admirable talker, and few men whom I have met had larger ideas of his art, or greater generosity in imparting his instruction to learners. As an artist he was never popular: his art was far too refined and averse from the qualities that catch the uneducated eye. He had not great genius, but a talent which came near it, and he was surpassed in general power by no one of his contemporaries except Turner, of whom he was an ardent admirer and to a certain extent a follower. There was in his art a certain dash of the artificial, and a limitation in method of treatment which is invariably the concomitant of talent when unaccompanied by genius. Talent alone, be it great or little, runs in grooves, be-

trays its identity in every movement, is always recognizable. Talent with imagination — that is, real creative power, the capacity to make new things and find new paths — is genius. Though Pyne's talent ran always in a groove, it was a large and noble one, and it is safe, I think, to predict that his pictures will, when another century is half gone, rank amongst the very best his generation has left. He was too much led by theory, but this is a common defect of talent when coupled with intellect only, which makes overmuch account of the instruction that cost it so great labor; while genius, aware that the best in what it does is a gift of its peculiar inspiration, does not plume itself on the lower excellences. Pyne had caught from Turner the greater landscape motives, the appreciation of light and space, which, with a subtle feeling for the harmony and play of color and grace in his composition, allied him more closely in style to the great master than to any other contemporary, and to careless observers caused him to be esteemed a mere imitator of Turner, which he was very far from being. His executive power was very great, and, being proud of it, he was sometimes ostentatious of it; but he never, like some of his most successful contemporaries, descended to tricks of execution or vulgar *bravura*. He sometimes painted imitations of the great landscape masters, partly as studies and partly as *tours de force*, and, being accustomed to travel in his own groove, he proceeded very well in any other painter's when once he got into it. I have no doubt that some of Pyne's recollections of Turner's pictures, which were never copies but emulations, will sell for original Turners when their centennial comes round; and as he was more careful in the method of painting and painted with fewer alterations than Turner, it is possible that these imitations will then be so much better preserved that they will be taken for the best ex-

amples of the great painter's manner. Pyne told me of his having painted a picture in the manner of Ruysdael which, though sold as an imitation, was finally established as by the master himself; and one day, having received an invitation from one of the leading dealers to see a new Ruysdael, he was not a little surprised to find his own work. He at once undeceived the dealer by only removing a little paint in one corner and discovering his signature, which he had concealed there for this contingency. Notwithstanding the disclosure, the picture was sold as a Ruysdael, but to whom Pyne could not learn.

Of all the English landscape painters whose work I have known, except Turner, Pyne was the most productive. His extraordinary facility and certainty of execution, having no *repentirs* and no labor lost, enabled him, as he used to express it, to keep a picture manufactory. Yet nothing was ever slighted. Pictures were often in hand for two or three years; and so studious was he of their permanence that he made careful account of the effect of time on his pigments, although in their finished state they might have a raw look which age, he said, would cure. He used to say that the men who wanted their pictures to appear at their best when they were first seen had to pay the penalty in their future estimation, but he preferred that his should be at their best for future times. With all his methodical way of picture-making, he never fell off in his sincerity and conscientious care for the quality of his pictures. In a letter from him from the Italian lakes, written in 1852, I find a passage which betrays something both of the good and evil of his manner of studying nature, which he commonly did with great painstaking and exactitude:—

“Perhaps you may not think it too much twaddle if I state to you my present method of procedure. First of all, then, I am vastly assisted in my present

undertaking by having with me my wife and two friends. One of them, a gentleman of six feet, and not weighing more than eleven stone, is the best hunter-down of the picturesque in landscape of any one I ever knew. The other assists in devoting himself to outline details and close studies of any portion that may be worth the time. This, you can readily imagine, enables me to make an untrammelled but elaborate colored drawing of the subject under effect, as, should I lose anything of locality or character in selecting a treatment which, to a great extent, may preclude both the one and the other, I am enabled in any future work to fall back upon my friend's outlines, which are superb for fidelity and character, and the colored studies. This, you will say, is an expensive way for a private artist to attack a country, but I see no other mode equally efficient, and fancy that it will be productive of results.”

At the time I am writing of, Ruskin's influence on public taste was almost supreme, and the men whose works he praised had an undue share of popularity. Pyne was never in favor with him; probably, to a great extent, because he never would waste time in elaborating foregrounds, though for delicacy of painting in his distances, and for absolute fidelity in actual views, nobody in England has ever approached him, and, with very few exceptions, he has never been equaled in the making up of his picture, which, without being imaginative, was always agreeable. Other reasons for Ruskin's not liking him were, perhaps, his emulation of Turner's most characteristic qualities, which would not be grateful to one who insisted that Turner was the only artist who had them, and the animosity between Pyne and Harding, who was Ruskin's drawing-master, and very largely influenced his opinions in his earlier phases. Ruskin always observed the most contemptuous silence with regard to Pyne's work, and this,

with the hostility of the Royal Academy, kept the appreciation of his art within a small circle; but there he was held at his full value, which is, in my own opinion, that of one of the greatest of landscape painters. What is most singular in regard to his work is that no pictures of their epoch come so rarely to the hammer.

To the hospitality of Mr. Hall I owe nearly all my earliest knowledge of London art and artists. He gave me a letter to Harding, a burly, solid, and typical Englishman, full of common sense, and utterly destitute of imagination or poetic feeling. He had a surprising facility of execution, whether in oil or water-color, a thorough feeling for the pictorial in nature; and his work was, on the whole, as prosaic and antipathetical as painting could be. As one of the leaders in the movement towards naturalism, which destroyed the last life of the old English poetical school of landscape painting, and ushered in that of realism more or less complete, he holds his place. To Mr. Hall I owe also the acquaintance of Creswick, facile painter of glade and grove, of brook and hedge-row; too facile, indeed, and flimsy, with a pretty perception of the poetry of sun and shade, yet too fond of tricks of the brush and the suggestive result of little labor. He, too, was a genuine Englishman, hospitable, cordial. His work had much of the charm of free nature to me then; it is now so many years since I saw the marks of his brush that I am disposed to wonder how much of the old admiration I should feel in seeing it again.

Hall introduced me to many of the lesser magnates of the palette also, and I owe to him many pleasant memories of old London. I think the last time I saw him was at the private view of one of the exhibitions, with his critic preparing the annual dose of praise or blame, and heard him call his penman to "scourge this fellow well" for him.

But critics of that calibre were then of small account when Ruskin spoke.

To Leslie — our American painter we thought him — I had a letter from Durand, then president of our Academy. A thoughtful, refined, gentlemanly personage, distinguished and reserved in a quite English way, was Leslie. I saw him in his studio, and, ceremony done, he gave me, on leaving, a card to see Mr. Holford's collection of old masters, and there our acquaintance ended. I imagine that American patriotic admiration had wearied him. To Holford's I went with Glass, a hearty, friendly compatriot, always glad to be of any use to Americans. He was then painting his celebrated picture of the Duke of Wellington going to the Horse-Guards, the last portrait of the Iron Duke, which proved a little fortune to him, bringing him, with ephemeral fame, many commissions. To him I owe a glimpse of Wellington, a thing to remember. Kind-hearted fellow, but for him how many lonely days had been mine in my six months in London; for my slender remnant of the scanty provision of pounds sterling had been increased by fifty more, sent me by a brother when he found with what a little purse I had provoked fortune. And with this I held on until high summer, and went home in August.

One of the kindest of my London friends was Wehnert, an Englishman of German descent, pupil of Paul Delaroche, and an illustrator of extraordinary facility, whose illustrations of Grimm's household tales may survive in the memory of many; and his Prisoner of Gisors, engraved by the Art Union of London, a powerful romantic work, will be known to more as one of the most notable works of that epoch. In those days, when we had no great luminary in popular art like Millais, and sensations for the great public were rare, the Prisoner of Gisors was a great success. It was painted entirely in two days. Wehnert was a rapid illustrator, and was accustomed, after

his day's work was over, to take a block home with him, and complete a design in the evening. His brain could not support the demands he made on it, and he paid in an early death, his intellect as well as his physical strength all gone, the penalty for his mental excesses; an instance of how the world often gets the least result from its best material. Wehnert had technical powers of a very high order which the public never called for, and which his narrow circumstances left him no leisure to apply gratuitously, as he would gladly have done. He was but one of the many examples which acquaintance with the inner life of the artist race uncovers to us, of genius buried under daily wants. In his general knowledge of art in its highest forms I have never known an English artist his equal. His life hid a sad romance, the story of which he carried to his grave.

In pursuit of the principal object of my journey, I spent most of my time in quest of Turner's work, which, though not in nature what Ruskin's encomiums had led me to anticipate, had, especially the water-colors of the middle period, a powerful fascination for me. I hunted them out in every collection or dealers' stock in which they appeared; the most constantly visited amongst them being the gallery of Mr. Griffiths, Turner's own dealer, to whom he sent all the pictures which he wished to sell, reserving for his gallery in Queen Anne Street the major part, which even then he intended for the nation, and which, with others, are now in the National Gallery. Griffiths was a worshiper of Turner's art, and seeing my enthusiasm he made me welcome always, and told me of anything of Turner's momentarily visible; so that in my residence in London I probably saw more of the artist's work than the generality of his English admirers had seen. His delight in any genuine appreciation of the master was charming, and it seemed as if he regard-

ed himself as born to be Turner's business man. He had made a considerable fortune, and he attributed his success to Turner's patronage and advice never to buy a picture to sell again, but to make it an invariable rule to sell on commission, and only really good pictures. He used to tell me with great reserve and a diplomatic manner, as if Turner were only to be spoken of by stealth, many anecdotes of his life. James Lenox, of New York, had, he related, a great desire to purchase the *Old Téméraire*, and offered Turner for it £5000, which the artist refused, when Lenox offered him a blank check, which he as decidedly pushed back. Several of his countrymen, who had subscribed a sum of £5000 to purchase several of the pictures in his own gallery for the national collection, he as decisively refused, adding, however, "But the nation shall have them, all the same." Griffiths said to me that he would not hesitate to offer, if it were not futile, £100,000 for the pictures which Turner then retained. Yet he was considered avaricious; and Wehnert, who had once lived in a house adjoining his, told me that he sometimes came home with a single herring for his dinner, and cooked it himself. Of course I was desirous to meet the great man face to face, and speak to him, but even Griffiths did not venture to give me an introduction. Turner's nominal residence was in Queen Anne Street, where he was never to be found except by appointment on business, his real residence being an obscure and dingy house in Chelsea, which only his most intimate associates knew, and where he would not be visited. Where and when he painted his pictures at that time no one seemed to know, but they were so far completed on the varnishing days of the Academy that they were said to come in only sketched out, and were often entirely changed on those days. His rapidity of execution was something unequalled in the records of

modern art, and few of the old masters, even, could have surpassed him. His quickness of perception was extraordinary, and Creswick told me a very characteristic case of it. Creswick had sent to the Academy exhibition a sea-side picture—a waste of sandy shore, the surf coming in with a sea-wind and rain, and, amidst the sedge, a horse. Something was wrong with the horse, but no one at the moment could tell, and it was finally decided to ask Turner to come in and criticise it. Creswick found him in one of the galleries at work on his picture. He had only passed through the room where the Creswick hung, and apparently without looking at anything in it; but when Creswick asked him to come and tell him what was the matter with his picture, he replied, “Turn him round,” which was the solution of the puzzle; for the painter had never noticed that a horse always stands with his tail to a rainstorm.

As I was overlooking some drawings by Turner at Griffiths, one day, a tall, spare, blonde gentleman entered, examined the pictures in a leisurely and studious way, and after a little conversation with Griffiths, came over, and began to talk of them to me in a manner that showed his great familiarity with them and Turner’s work in general. When he left I asked Griffiths who he was, and he replied, with a look of great glee at the surprise in store for me, “Ah! that’s the Oxford Graduate.” I was surprised, for the Boanerges pungency of the Modern Painters had given me a very different ideal of Ruskin, whose manner was as quiet and undogmatic as that of a well-bred woman. Nothing could be less like the savage and withering criticisms I had read in his book than the gentle, questioning manner of discussion which was the man’s real habit. This was the beginning of a long friendship, which lasted, with not infrequent correspondence, for twenty years. I received an invitation

to visit him in his charming home at Denmark Hill, where from the drawing-room windows one could then look out on the Surrey downs, and where I spent many hours looking over his superb collection of Turner drawings. He is still, and may he long be, of the living and here, “*di lo non ragionam.*”

One day I got a long note from Griffiths, saying that Turner was coming to the gallery on business the next morning, and that if I could arrive some time before the hour appointed for his visit I might stay in and see him; but he was very much annoyed at having people come there when he did. I was there, of course, early, and as it was understood that when Turner was expected no one should be admitted just previously, I was alone in the gallery with Griffiths, when the porter ushered in a very little man, with an old-fashioned black coat and tall hat, slightly corpulent, carrying himself curiously erect, as if he were determined not to lose a fraction of an inch of his diminutive stature, with his brows thrown forward, a clear, bright eye, and a snappish gleam in it which reminded me, with his slightly aquiline nose, of an eagle. He was not in good humor, evidently, and Griffiths saw it, but he had determined to give me a pleasure I had longed for even at the risk of disturbing Turner’s temper. So he bearded the lion, calling me up and introducing me as a young American artist who had come to England to study his pictures, and would be glad, before leaving, to take him by the hand. I naturally stepped forward and put out my hand, at which Turner, with a malicious air, put his hand behind him, looking me squarely in the eyes. Confused and entirely disconcerted at the rudeness, I turned away, and went back to the pictures, paying no more attention to Turner. When I looked at him again he held out his hand, smiling, and with a hearty hand-shake we made acquaintance, talking of his pictures, and

especially of those of a period of which Mr. Lenox had bought a fine example. "Ah," said he, to conclude that subject, "I wish they were all put in a blunderbuss and fired away." He would say nothing of painting or of his preferences amongst his works, and on the whole his manner was one of extreme modesty in speaking of himself or them. Finally Griffiths, and not Turner, reminded me that "Mr. Turner had business to transact," whereupon the artist gave me another cordial hand-shake and good-by, and begged me, if I came to England again, to come and see him. But his manner of discourse was so laconic that I had some hesitation in so interpreting his words, which, literally as I can transcribe them, were thus: (*nod*, looking me pleasantly in the face) "Well — come to England again" (*nod*, *nod*, another hand-shake, *nod*).

When I saw Griffiths, next day, he seemed overjoyed at my reception by the master. He had never, he said, known him to treat but one man so cordially as he had me, that other being George Catmole. He saw that Turner, when he came in, was in a furious temper, and fully expected him to insult me, and was immensely surprised and delighted at the turn things took. I was to leave London in a few days for America. If the interview and invitation had but been earlier I might have seen the old painter where few men have seen him, at home. He was dead before I came back to England again. The year I was in London was the last in which his works were in the Academy exhibition, and I saw them fresh from the retouching of varnishing day, vague, luminous, splendid in color, space, and air. I have seen them since, mere wrecks, the lights gone black, the shadows chilled, the transparent color grown opaque and dead, and in the whaling subjects, the composition scarcely recognizable. He refused to sell them even from the exhibition, though offered \$6000 for the four small can-

vases. Pictures which had left the Academy unsold he declined to sell afterward. When a buyer made him an offer for the Old Téméraire, he replied, "You might have bought it from the Academy for £250, and would n't, and you can't have it now." One is not surprised that the public was indifferent to such pictures as Caligula's Bridge, and others of its class, for even Ruskin never understood their merits, and called them "nonsense pictures;" but that the superb Crossing the Brook and Old Téméraire should have gone out of the exhibition unsold is stupefying, and would be incredible were it not that Watts's pictures, the only work of the day in England worthy the same regard as Turner's, are treated as Turner's were fifty years ago, — revered by the wise and sympathetic few, and absolutely ignored by the picture buyers, even by the dealers, just as his great contemporary, Millet, was in France. As for Turner's most advanced pictures they could not have been appreciated by any considerable public, and it is improbable that they ever will be, for the most of them are fast disappearing. The Apollo Seizing the Python, the grandest, *me judice*, of all his compositions, though of his middle period, is blackened, cracked, and more obscured than a picture of the fifteenth century. Most of the oil pictures are injured, some quite ruined, while the water-colors are rarely much changed except for a certain character of age which comes to water-color. But Turner was a water-color painter; he never learned properly to use oils. He was forever experimenting, and it is only by chance that a picture was painted in so solid a manner as to have preserved its best qualities to our time; so that the best of the oil pictures do not, and probably when finished did not, suffice to give a complete estimate of the art of Turner. Of his intellectual power and imaginative intensity we can only get an adequate idea by

the Apollo, the Hesperides, and the compositions of that class, and of these not one remains so little changed as to give us as good a notion of the original perfections as we can get even of the pictures of Titian; while the full knowledge of his power as a colorist can even now only be obtained from his water-colors of about 1840 to 1850, — for his art made continual progress while his faculties were unimpaired.

Turner was certainly one of the most remarkable examples of the contradictions of human nature on record. Not only do his parsimony and munificence, his outrageous bearishness and the attachment he inspired in some of his friends, stand in strong contrast, but the intellectual elevation and extraordinary sense of beauty and refinement in his works is in inexplicable antagonism with the gross and almost incredible sensuality and brutality of the man. The reconciliation of his life and works will be an eternal puzzle for the philosopher and student of æsthetics. If there were any relation between art and life, certainly in the case of Turner, whose artistic powers were the most lofty and intense as well as the most individual the history of art can point to, we might hope to see the reflex of the personal character in the art. Of the private history of the man we have, unfortunately, almost no data. The only considerable correspondence he ever had was with the person known as Mrs. Booth, who was his housekeeper and mistress, and the letters were lost to us by the stupid and unfortunate threat of one of the artist's executors to take them from her by process of law, if she did not give them up, on which she at once threw them into the fire.

Turner appeared so strong and clear-eyed when I saw him, there was such a vivacity in his movements, his eye flashed so as he looked from Griffiths to me when I was introduced, like an eagle at two assailants, that death seemed years

removed. Certainly the vigor of his execution in his last pictures, the curious audacity with which he turned accidents of the material into details, was not inferior, in the power shown, to any kind of his work. But in the year following he died — like Titian, not too soon to show us what he could do at his best, nor so early as to leave us to lament the cessation of an unique art before it had done its best and begun to show symptoms of decay. Not his eye nor his hand, but his purpose, had come to its decline, and his latest work shows a want of serious intention which is not visible in the work of 1840. I am glad to have seen the old man and touched the most magic-working hand of my time, if not of all time. *Virgilium vidi tantum*, but even that glimpse was something to cherish in my memories of old London.

The Londoner of that day was in general a rude and ill-mannered cub, of whichever sex. The Englishman of breeding and travel was then, as now, the first of his kind, the most courteous and chivalric of Aryans; but the average John Bull and his wife and children had seen little of foreigners and thought every departure from English ways and appurtenances a violation of the mutual obligations of a related humanity. It was prior to the Crimean war and the World's Fair, and the English homestayer had no knowledge of the manners or apparel of the stranger, and hardly admitted him within his gates. My Spanish cloak, shelter in many a winter's storm at home, was the signal when I went out in London for a running fire of jeers and gibes, and, with a blue cloth cap in place of the imperative stove-pipe hat of those days in England, made me sufficiently conscious that I was a stranger in the land. "Hi, Bill!" sings out one of the younger roughs, "here goes King Edward!" at which Bill was in the habit of responding, "Hi! hi!" with a derisory yell from all the accompanying em-

bryo ruffians. Various and numerous were the salutations of this unkempt world as I came and went; and as I had a custom of dining in Whitechapel Saturday and Fulham Sunday, I saw the longest dimension of London every week, and tried the temper of the citizen in his various wards with frequency. Justice impels me to say that the further east one went the further one got from anything resembling sweetness and light. There were sections where I dared not venture, for the swarming insolence of the juvenility on the sidewalk brought up the windows of the densely populated alleys, and this led to demonstrations which may have been jocular, but were more likely to become larcenous, and which quickly ended my explorations. I asked a policeman one day which was the most dangerous quarter of London, and he replied, "Oh, for a policeman Leman Street," and he mentioned in particular a narrow street, the name of which I have forgotten, and which has now disappeared. I tried it on a bright spring day, but beat a retreat in less time than I had expected, even with the policeman's warning. The vixenish and ruffianly faces that saluted me from the windows, and some of which followed their gibes into the street so quickly as to indicate the intention of putting acts in the forefront, led me to prefer the more spacious Leman Street, whence I had come. The trivial missiles of the playful youth did me no harm, and their guying was quite as innocuous; but the sudden emergence of various indurated-looking individuals where no man was before visible, and the jocular salutations they made me, such as, "Hi, Frenchy!" and "I say, guv'ner, can't ye give us a shillin'?" or, 'I'd like to drink yer 'ealth, sir," said in a very confident and familiar way, with similar bits of information, proved to me that there was no wisdom to be got there that would not cost more than it was worth to me.

The old Seven Dials was a den of filth and drunkenness, and in some of the narrow streets which radiated from it or crossed the main avenues, like a huge spider web, it was uncomfortable as well as unsafe to go at midday, unless accompanied by a policeman; indeed, the whole region between there and Soho was grewsome to pass through. And not always was chaff merely vocal: throwing mud at an outsider was a favorite amusement of the population, and woe to the curious man who went staring about and betraying a newness to the place.

Great cities quicken the wits of their denizens, and of the lower classes the lower wits. They twig the foreigner or the provincial by the wag of his head, even if he speak not, and recognize the unhabituated by his curious look at the windows as he passes by. The saying of the Yorkshire man, when seeing a stranger pass through his village, — "A stranger! 'eave 'arf a brick at him," — has become a standing joke, but it is probably only a survival of the manner in which the eighteenth-century Briton regarded all foreigners, and which is still seen in the contempt of the lower classes for everything foreign, and the overweening sense which even some of the better classes entertain of a definite and demonstrable superiority to all the world beside. Now they are used to beards and mustaches and foreign fashions of dress, but at the time which I am describing it was quite common to hear disparaging and insulting remarks from people of the middle classes when a person appeared invested with a noticeable peculiarity; and these things were said as one would make comments on the cattle or horses that passed by, as if the speakers could not possibly entertain the idea that they could be offensive to the objects of them. The lady whose family I visited at Whitechapel had some occasional knowledge of Americans, and one day, offering to introduce an Eng-

lish friend who was going out to America to an American lady who was to be a passenger on the same ship, was surprised at the offer being declined. When she persisted in urging it, the English emigrant lady replied, "But you know it is useless, as I cannot speak a word of American."

The great Exhibition broke down this Chinese wall, and to a certain degree made the English people understand that a foreigner did not come into the country merely to be insulted and to make fun for the superior nation. To say that they know much now of the foreigner would be to go too far. I remember a story of secession times which was told me by a Western bishop of the American Episcopal Church, who came on a mission, *Seward regnante*, to endeavor to influence the public opinion in England through churchmen, and accordingly urged all the well-known considerations on one of his fellow bishops of the English Church, who, after hearing them all, replied, "But, my dear brother, Providence evidently intended you to be different nations, for it put the Isthmus of Darien between you;" and this was after the war had been for some time occupying the eager attention of England.

I was frequently asked where I had learned English, and whether there were many people in America as white as I was; and the post-office refused point blank to send my letters to San Francisco via New York, as the San Francisco mails went by way of South America at double the American postage. A well-known landscape painter, still living, was discoursing of the Thames, and said, as if to astonish me, "Would you believe that the Thames is from mouth to source above one hundred and fifty miles long?" "Why, my dear fellow," I replied, "we have rivers in America long enough to wind round the whole of England and leave enough to tie a good big bowknot." He looked

at me in silent stupefaction for a moment, and then said, "Well, I know you to be a truth-telling man, Stillman, or I should pronounce that what we call 'an American.'"

When I left they were just beginning the construction of the World's Fair building, the preparation and cause of a new era for England. Now it is hard to find a familiar object which has not been converted at least to some new use. The underground railway has undermined the city, and the "American railways" with their horse-cars, so vehemently abused and refused by London for years, traverse all the suburbs. The picturesque river-side London, so full of suggestions of subjects for painters, and the Thames Embankment have changed the entire aspect of the river, and every year new green fields are buried in bricks and mortar, and the London fog grows denser and the winter more grim.

I have been many times in London since that first visit, and every time I return I recall the strangeness of the life to me as I walked down Holborn, carrying my little leather valise, and how, as I passed through St. Paul's churchyard, a cockney fellow, going the opposite way with two girls, his friends, and seeing that I was a foreigner, thought to make game of me, English fashion. So, begging me pompously to give him the honor of carrying my valise, and dancing around me in buffoonish entreaty, the girls and he laughed in excruciating merriment, until, I making no reply, but waiting to see the end, they tired. Leaving his hold of my valise the fellow turned to go his way, all the people round laughing too, when, as he committed his back fairly to me, I took a quick step after him, and succeeded in somewhat accelerating his leisurely pace. Never turning his head again, the bystanders laughing, and he not, this time, he went straight through the churchyard into Cheapside. I might now walk Cheapside itself in Mohawk costume,

and be only wondered at as an advertisement.

Yesterday I walked along a splendid avenue cut through the old dense mass of dingy and crowded tenements of Soho and Seven Dials, one of two crossing in this section. The entire bank of the Thames is changed, but the little penny steamers still run up and down as they used to, the same primitive barges with engines; the captain still stands on the bridge and calls to the boy at the scuttle, and he again down to the engineer, "Ease her, stop her, back her," and "Go ahead," again, as if no call were known.

It is curious, this obstinate resistance to all change not forced on the Englishman by competition. The Thames penny boats are the property of a company which holds a monopoly of carrying passengers on the river, and till that monopoly is broken we shall go up and down Father Thames, as in 1850, on a boat without a shelter for passengers when it rains, and which would not be used in New York harbor for a tug. One must have been here an entire generation to measure conservative England's progress. *Eppur si muove* — the ice has broken up, and all England is in motion.

W. J. Stillman.

THE HEART'S CALL.

He rides away at early light,
Amid the tingling frost,
And in the mist that sweeps her sight
His form is quickly lost.

He crosses now the silent stream,
Now skirts the forest drear,
Whose thickets cast a silver gleam
From leafage thin and sear.

Long falls the shadow at his back
(The morning springs before);
His thoughts fly down the shadowed track,
And haunt his cottage door.

Miles gone, upon a hilltop bare,
He draws a sudden rein:
His name, her voice, rings on the air,
Then all is still again!

She sits at home, she speaks no word,
But deeply calls her heart;
And this it is that he has heard,
Though they are miles apart.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE GENESIS OF BIRD-SONG.

BIRD-SONG is one of the most charming mysteries in nature; it has no counterpart in art. I have at times fancied there was some analogy between it and the art of poetry, but there is none, in fact. The genesis of poetry is intellectual and psychal; the genesis of bird-song is purely physical. Even the human voice, in song, oratory, and histrionic declamation, borrows much of its best value from the character, mental and psychal, of the individual vocalizer.

The song apparatus of the bird is, perhaps, no more a machine than that of the man; but the controlling force, the motor, of the former is mechanical, whilst that of the latter is intellectual to a large degree. Of course I do not mean to say that birds sing involuntarily or without emotion of a certain sort, nor would I be understood as representing the song organ of any oscine to be absolutely unadjustable, which would be contrary to the first law of evolution, — the natural impulse of progression from lower to higher expression. It would seem that conscious effort to improve, such as man is capable of, works both evil and good in the way of developing the vocal organs, whilst the unconscious practice indulged by the birds never injures the voice, and if it improves it, the result comes about by the slow process of hereditary accumulation. Thus, no doubt, the wonderful voice power of our song-birds is the result of a long, steady evolutionary growth.

The theory that birds have descended from a remote reptilian ancestry has so many facts to support it that, until some convincing discoveries in palæontology shall be made to the contrary tending, we must accept it as probably true. Unfortunately, the study of comparative anatomy is both infinitely complicated and immeasurably dry to the layman, as

contradistinguished from the scientist. wherefore much the greater number of even cultured people will probably always rest in ignorance of the startling details pertaining to evolution in nature. Few of us, indeed, have the time and the necessary self-devotion, even if the scarce and precious material furnished by nature were always at hand, to make the investigations necessary to a high knowledge of natural science. Large museums are far apart, scientific books are expensive, and the field of each science is as wide as the whole range of nature: consequently, none but the favored — or the self-devoted — few can afford the luxury of following, as Darwin and Huxley and Milne-Edwards and Owen and Marsh have done, the flitting spirit which beckons us back and back, over the silent, desolate grave-yards of the ages, to the beginnings of things. Still, we may all catch a light breath, so to speak, of the air from the oldest, or rather the youngest, period of organic life. Any one of us may choose a slight, narrow, but far-reaching current of inquiry, and float down it, from time to time, until at last the end is reached, away back in the chaos upon which moved the Spirit of Creation at the dawn of day.

Some years ago I was tramping and sketching in the beautiful hilly region of Western Florida. During the spring-time, especially, I spent a great deal of my leisure studying the song and habits of the mocking-bird. One morning, while a fine *moquer*, as the Creoles call our king of song-birds, was charming me with his wonderful vocalization, the question arose in my mind: When did a mocking-bird first sing? Of course the inquiry could not be answered; but it suggested a broad field of special research. Why not ask of Nature the

general question, When did birds first sing? or: What is the genesis of bird-song? I lay in the shade of a wide-topped live-oak and brooded over the fascinating problem, while a sweet breeze from the Gulf stirred the sprays overhead, and rippled the silvery bosom of a little lake that lapped the sand at my feet. Gradually enough I formulated a plan of investigation which I have followed, as far as my ability to profit by my own discoveries and those of others has permitted.

At first thought it may seem trivial to propose an inquiry into the origin of bird-song; but a little reflection upon the subject will be sufficient to enlist the interest of almost any mind. All things have had a beginning, and so there was a time when no music of "swelling throats" filled the air of spring. Somewhere the first cat-bird sang in a brier-tangle, the first brown thrush flooded a thicket with its melody, the first mocking-bird filled the day and the night with incomparable rhapsody; at least one imagines as much; and then the Garden of Eden appears in the distance, some six or seven thousand years away. There it was that birds and bird-song had their beginning, just in time to welcome Adam and give Eve a brilliant wedding serenade.

Now I believe that, when they are read aright, science and revelation, so far as they pertain to material things, are mathematically equivalent to each other; they coincide in meaning, if not in form. They might be exactly superposable, were science reduced to the simplicity of revelation, that is to simple truth; but unfortunately we cannot begin at the beginning or go to the end of science. Revelation states a fact, whilst science merely collects evidence tending to establish a fact. Revelation emits simple truth; science strives to reach this same elementary verity by a process of reconstruction.

The inspired record declares that man

was given dominion, which would imply that the earth and all things upon it and in it were made for his benefit. Science may profit by this view of creation, and take the serving of man's physical and mental needs as the end of evolution. In other words, we may assume that if the object of creation was to make a sphere for man's dominion while in the human state, then all the lines of creature development have been drawn towards a culmination, have been led to their highest point, in the age of man's creation; that the Creator perfected the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms before he made man. But what has all this to do with the genesis of bird-song? you will ask. Perhaps much, perhaps little. Let us see.

Without resorting to the language of technical scientific literature, where it can be avoided, I will briefly review the records of geology touching the origin of birds, and by this means we may get a clue to the origin of bird-song.

The first traces in the palæozoic rocks of anything resembling bird life are well-defined footprints; these, however, have been attributed to certain ancient reptiles having feet approaching those of some aquatic fowls in form. Next come organic remains — fragmentary skeletons, for the most part, of strange saurians and bat-like flying animals, having membranous wings and the beak of a toothed bird. No sign of a feather was observable, however, among all the fossil records, up to the discovery of an imperfect skeleton and partial cast of a strange creature named *Archæopteryx*, half bird, half reptile, in the lithographic slate of Solenhofen, Bavaria. A transition state between the bat-like, bird-billed reptiles above noted and our present ornithic forms could not be better expressed than by *Archæopteryx*, so far as anatomy and exterior structural points are concerned. This initial bird, so to call it, appears to have possessed a very oddly arranged suit of feathers, consist-

ing of retrices (arranged regularly on the sides of a very long, twenty-jointed tail) and wing-feathers, its body having no plumage, probably, or at best mere rudimentary, down-like feathers. As to whether this rude bird had a voice, it is useless to inquire, since the head and sternum are wanting; but I think we may safely doubt the existence of more than the obscurest development of vocal organs in birds having toothed reptile jaws and bi-concave vertebræ, as in the case of some of the *Odontornithes*, so ably studied and arranged by Professor Marsh. The fish-eating birds of our own time have not much voice, as a rule, — a guttural squawk, or a metallic clanging scream, being the extent of their performance. Taking the skeleton of *Hesperornis regalis*, as restored by Marsh, we shall see at once, considering the toothed jaws and reptilian throat, that its vocal organs were probably far inferior to those of existing loons and grebes, if it had a voice at all.

Returning to *Archæopteryx*, we shall become more and more convinced, the more we study its remains in the light of all that is known of comparative anatomy, that it was scarcely more ornithic than our common bat, as regards similarity to the birds of to-day, notwithstanding its feathers. Indeed, it had a sort of bat claw at the end of the wing, and its wing feathers and retrices were a very little remove from the leathery, bat vans of the flying reptiles in so far as efficiency was concerned; but its impression in the rocks registers a definite effort of nature in the direction of evolving a true bird. Thenceforward we may look for *feathered* forms gradually growing toward the high type of to-day. The reptile prototype has somehow exchanged his scales for feathers; the generation of the true bird has begun with *Archæopteryx*. A long, dreary blank here appears in the record of the rocks, after which we find the toothed birds of Professor Marsh, probably full-fledged,

in the sense of being coated with feathers. It is to be doubted whether any of these were good flyers, — some of them certainly could not fly at all, — though they were mostly excellent swimmers, and possibly capable of living a long time under water, if not really amphibious. What Professor Marsh says of the anatomy of *Archæopteryx* may be applied generally to the toothed birds: "The bones of the reptile are indeed there, but they have already received the stamp of the bird;" and I may add that, as regards *Odontornithes* collectively, the feathers are indeed there, and the stamp of the bird, but the old reptile character is still present, scarcely more than dominated by the ornithic features. I have said that it may be doubted whether any of the *Odontornithes* were *good* flyers. By good flyers I mean not merely strong flyers (like the teals), nor sailers (like the hawks and buzzards), but flyers whose movements in the air are almost instantaneous, like the highest type of oscines, say the mocking-bird, or the cardinal grosbeak, a facility of flight absolutely necessary to arboreal life, where so many thorns, spikes, branches, twigs, vines, and sprays have to be suddenly avoided in the midst of the swiftest motion. Some of the toothed birds of Marsh's smaller group may have been as good flyers as our gulls, strong and tireless; but they could not dodge a dozen twigs in a second, as I have seen a sparrow do in full flight.

The discovery of *Palæospiza bella*, a well-preserved, almost complete skeleton of a sparrow-like bird in the insectivorous shale of Colorado, has given us the nearest approach to a song-bird yet found in the old rocks; but the bill is lacking. Most probably *Palæospiza* was an oscine, in the ornithological sense, but I think we may well doubt whether it could sing, in the true meaning of the word. Its position in the insect-bearing shale further favors our classing it as insectivorous, another characteristic of

the true song-birds; but this would not give it a song, for many of the existing oscines have no song to sing, chirp and pipe and squeak as they may.

From this slight sketch of what the old rocks tell about birds, we see that, so far as fossil remains teach anything, they teach us that the oscine *form* was the last to appear in the succession of structural changes in the bird's general physique. This is as far as we can go in the direction of mere development of *form*, by the light of anatomy, considering fossil skeletons merely as such.

Let us turn now and take a quick glance over the evidence of voice development discoverable in the kinship between birds and reptiles.

Professor Huxley, in one of the most admirable of his great contributions to scientific taxonomy, has classed the birds and the reptiles together, or rather grouped them under one head, as constituting a primary division of the vertebrates. He has based this classification on many points in which, on one hand, birds and reptiles agree anatomically and physiologically, and on their variance from mammals in as many points on the other hand. Indeed, the kinship between birds and reptiles is still very strong, even after the immense development of the bird form and the comparatively slight modification of most reptile forms which have come about since the time of *Archæopteryx* and the dinosaurian animals of the triassic rocks.

We may assume, then, that the development of the vocal organs in birds has been, in some measure, apace with or dependent upon the departure of the bird form from that of the reptile.

Our present existing reptiles are almost devoid of voice proper. Some of them can make certain dismal, guttural groans or croaks, others can utter shrill, discordant sounds; but at best the reptilian vocal apparatus is rudimentary in the extreme. Hence in those days when the bird was just struggling away

from the clumsiest and worst hindering characteristics of the reptile, it certainly possessed no vocal organs of any great power. It would appear doubtful whether it had any at all, since so few birds, even now, have a singing voice, and since, after all these ages of development, the reptile's voice is scarcely a voice at best. It is a curious fact that frogs and toads, amphibians, have the best developed vocal organs of all the reptiles, and that they are not properly scale-bearing; and yet it is from the scale-bearing reptiles that our birds have sprung. Perhaps the common toad comes nearer than any known reptile to the possession of a singing voice, though the tree-frogs have a peculiar chirp or squeak not unlike certain notes of the woodpeckers. One might stop here and indulge the pretty impression that the toad in the summer grass and the tree-frog among the green branches register the highest possibilities of reptilian song genius, whilst the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, and the nightingale assert the triumph of the race which long ago departed from the groove of that lower estate, by changing scales to feathers, legs to wings, and that rudimentary vocal apparatus into the syrinx, with which to charm the poets of all time!

The crocodiles, including our alligator, have the tongue attached all round in the mouth, so that it cannot be much used, and it is at this point, so far as the power of vocalization is concerned, that song-birds have departed farthest from the scale-bearing reptiles; for the tongues of our musical oscines are thoroughly liberated, and do good service in the complicated gymnastics of song production. The tongue of the frog is, as a rule, attached at the front of the mouth and free behind, so that, in catching insects, this organ is "curled over itself," and thrust out rear end foremost. Curiously enough, the "singing" tree-frogs are the males, the females not possessing the vocal power to any great

degree; thus resembling our oscines, whose males are the music-makers. Moreover, the frog, as a fossil, dates back to the time when the birds were fairly beginning to separate themselves from reptile life. Add to this the fact that there is a flying tree-frog in Borneo, and it will be seen that here is a strange, belated effort of nature to urge the scaleless reptiles up to arboreal, aerial, and song-singing life, by the side of their more fortunate avian kinsmen, who early chose a better method of development!

Turning now to rapidly sketch the really wonderful vocal organs of our oscine birds, I need not enter into any technical anatomical discussion, but, taking the mocking-bird as the highest type of singer, it will be sufficient, for the purposes of this paper, to explain the salient features of the song-producing throat in birds. First, then, all bird-song is generated in a lower larynx called the syrinx, a complicated little machine situated, in fact, at the lower end of the trachea, where it divides into two bronchial tubes, and consisting in chief of an enlargement and rearrangement of the compound lower ring of the windpipe, a bony cross-bar, or *pessulus*, and a membranous plate which forms a partition between the tubes, and whose upper margin is one of the vibrating vocal cords, the other cord being a membrane developed on the inside of the bronchial rings, or rather half-rings, opposite the *septum* or partition above mentioned. Thus a column of air passing from the lungs to escape through the trachea sets these membranes to vibrating, whilst by means of five or six pairs of delicately adjusted muscles the air space is changed with wonderful facility, the column shortened or lengthened, as is done by the flute-player, and indeed the whole lower throat becomes a generator of sweet sounds, which, passing up to the bird's mouth, are broken into melodious bits, so to speak, and scattered to the winds; for the highest vocaliza-

tion, although generated in the syrinx, is made into song, in a large degree, by the bird's tongue, its posterior mouth walls, and the upper extremity of the trachea, all of which taken together constitute a complicated and perfectly adjusted governor of the quantity, the accent, and, in a measure, the quality of the notes.

Every observer has remarked that nearly all the superior songsters among birds have rather long and slender bills, whilst the talkers have short, stout ones. I have tried to discover, and think I have discovered, the relation that width, length, and curvature of bill have to the quality or style of voice. It is sufficient to remark here that birds having extremely short, thick beaks, like that of the cardinal grosbeak or that of the blue-jay, have not the power, apparently, of trilling, shaking, or quavering the voice (which is the distinguishing gift of the thrush and many other slender-billed birds), though the grosbeak and the jay have excellent vocal powers. Reduced to a rule, the comparison will be, The short-bills twitter and whistle, the long-bills sing. The blue-jay is the most melodious of the whistlers, whilst the quail (bob-white) and the cardinal grosbeak are the most powerful whistlers of all our birds.

It has been somewhat taken for granted by our ornithologists that all the birds belonging to the subdivision named oscines, or singers, have the vocal organs necessary to song. Even Dr. Coues remarks that the rook, though "a corvine croaker," has a "syrinx in good order, though he has never learned to play" on it. Now, I have never had the opportunity of dissecting a rook's vocal organs; but I am able to say that such corvine croakers as I have examined are not possessed of a song-making apparatus to be at all compared with that of the cat-bird, the brown thrush, or the mocking-bird. McGillivray's figures will have to be greatly modified when applied

to the best of our American songsters. Professor Müller's researches in the comparative anatomy of vocal organs in birds, and Professor Huxley's admirably clear description, have failed fully to recognize the office of the tongue and posterior walls of the mouth in differentiating and modifying the notes of a bird's song. It appears to me that the oversight, or partial oversight, has arisen from taking it for granted that the bronchi-tracheal syrinx is the absolute and sole song organ in birds, instead of being merely the voice generator in song-birds. For example, the parrot has no septum in his syrinx, and but three pairs of intrinsic muscles, and yet his voice is a wonder of flexibility and elasticity. Melody is lacking, because one of the vocal cords (the septum with its membrane) is gone; but high vocal performance is possible, because the lower mouth space and the tongue are singularly adapted to modifying and breaking up the voice into fragments surprisingly articulate, though the voice itself is inferior in *timbre* and range.

Long before I began my dissections, I had noted that the sweetest of the flute notes uttered by the mocking-bird and the blue-jay appeared to be blown out through a rigidly distended throat, whilst the delicately quavered passages of the mocking-bird's song were, seemingly, manufactured at the root of the tongue. To get evidence of this, carefully watch your caged mocker when he is delivering a labored *staccato* combination, and you will see the convulsive shake of the mouth muscles and the peculiar management of the lower mouth space, by which he differentiates the notes. On the other hand, he will whistle, and when he has ended you can scarcely say whether or not he opened or moved his mouth at all during the performance.

There is an interesting ventriloquial effect produced by the purely syringeal or laryngeal notes of a bird's voice.

This is very pronounced in the call of the quail, and especially in the piping of young wild turkeys; but it is most noteworthy in some of the night-cries of the mocking-bird. True song, however, has nothing of this peculiarity in it; even the careless shadow lay of the indigo-bird has its definite expression of place and distance, no matter how sketchy its outline.

From all we can gather it appears most probable that in its present form our song-bird proper — our bird with a song to sing — is not much older than man; that he found his song just in time to gladden the ears of God's last and greatest creation; that he struggled through countless ages and awful changes in order to fit himself for our entertainment. Think what the avian race has endured since first Archaeopteryx felt the feathers begin to bud in his arms! What a long, slow, hesitating, faltering current of development, from a scaly amphibian of the palæozoic time, up, up, to the glorious state of the nightingale and the mocking-bird! I never see a brown thrush flashing his brilliant song from the highest spray of a tree without letting a thought go back over the way he has come to us, and I always feel that to protect and defend the song-bird is one of man's clearest duties. Indeed, nothing is better indicated by the records of the ages than that beautiful colors, rich fragrance, and bird-song were made especially for us. There were no flowers, properly so called, in palæozoic times. Amidst all the luxuriant vegetation of the coal measures, not a fossil blossom is found, nor do the rocks give up a single butterfly or other insect which was probably highly or delicately colored. The ancient birds (reasoning from analogy) were not gay-feathered, and, as I have shown, were not able to sing. But when man appeared the world was ready for him; the hills and the valleys and the broad plains were covered with verdure

and bloom, and the air was rich with perfume and resonant with bird-song. He might have looked around scarcely able to know whether the butterflies were winged flowers, or the flowers vegetable butterflies. All this great, *riant*, blooming, perfumed, music-filled world was for him and his beautiful companion. Well might it be said that they were in a garden, an Eden. Well might the gush of song from a myriad swelling throats, around, above, everywhere, suggest that the very stars of morning were singing together.

I am inclined to the belief, from my own observation, that many of our birds are still in a transition state as regards the development of their vocal organs. Take the woodpeckers, a very unmusical family, and we shall find the golden-wing giving some evidence of acquiring a song, apace with his departure from the true woodpecker habit. The wood-thrush appears to lack a million years or so of practice and hereditary development to make him sing as well as the mocking-bird, though his voice is as sweet as a silver bell. The meadow-lark is very nearly a singer, so is the blue-bird, whilst the blue-jay does at rare intervals render a low, mellow, incomparably pure flute passage, as if whistling a snatch from a future score of its own. The tufted tit-mouse stops just short of what one fancies would be a fine, clear lay, and the cardinal gros-beak puts on all the airs of an accomplished musician, without being quite able to find a tune.

Comparative anatomy bears out these suggestions, showing that development of voice in birds runs quite along with the development of the syrinx, whilst development of song power keeps well up with and is dependent on the correlative efficiency of the syrinx and mouth arrangement. No crow, or black-bird (American), or other songless oscine is capable of learning to sing, nor can it be, until a change shall have taken place, not in its larynx or syrinx, but in the shape of the posterior part of its mouth with relation to its tongue and the opening of the trachea. In every case where a bird approaches the margin of song-making it will be found to possess a mouth arrangement superior to that of birds which have no tendency toward song. Even the mouth and tongue of the golden-winged woodpecker are verging in the direction of the true development; its bill is growing slender and weak, is taking on the song-bird curve, and the posterior part of the tongue is being modified. Indeed, *Colaptes auratus* is much nearer the true singing bird's estate than any rook, no matter how beautifully developed its syrinx, but it is not nearer the possession of the greatest vocal power, the power of articulate expression.

Such is a hasty glimpse of the genesis of bird-song, a subject which might well have a volume devoted to it; for so long as Keats's ode to a nightingale and Shelley's to a sky-lark shall exist, no one dare say that bird-song is not worthy of the highest attention.

Maurice Thompson.

THE SECRET OUT.

"ONLY the *manner* avails!" daintily urged Dilettante.

"Nay, the *matter* is all!" Philosopher curtly replied.

Then came Genius, and wrought in masterful fashion a marvel:

"Lo! *my* wisdom is proved!" each of the disputants cried.

Paul Hermes.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

I.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE IS RAISED ALOFT.

THERE were many theories about the disastrous collision at the Chipewewa Street bridge; but not a word was spoken against that eminent citizen, David Lane.

The place of the event was Keewaydin, a high northern city, on the shores of Lake Michigan, that superb inland sea, which stretches a long arm downward from the general chain of the American Great Lakes. Keewaydin — named for the Northwest Wind — had a population of somewhat more than one hundred thousand souls. It was of a prosperous, comely aspect, and solidly built of an indigenous, yellow-toned brick, the cool warmth of which seemed, somehow, in keeping with the northerly latitude. Through its midst flowed a smooth, canal-like river, which, with tributaries, and basins dredged out in certain marshes, afforded some twenty miles of wharfage for shipping. This river was spanned, at the foot of nearly every other street, by a draw-bridge, — now opening to the bustling traffic by water, now forming again a junction with the solid land, to accommodate the desultory cavalcade of foot-passengers and teams.

The large propeller, *Pride of the West*, had struck one of these bridges, and two lives had been almost instantly lost.

The story might have been heard exhaustively told at that favorite resort of vessel men and marine gossips, the Johannisberger House, an old, high-ported edifice by the river-side, which had once been a family mansion of some note.

"As I understand it," said an engi-

neer of the Owl Line steam-tugs, summing up the part of it that related to David Lane, — "as I understand it, David Lane, he was on the bridge at the time" —

"On the draw," growled the captain of a tug of the rival Diamond Jim Line.

"On the draw, of course. Where *could* he ha' been?" retorted the other, as though only a person very near an idiot could have insisted upon so fine a distinction. "He was on the draw, and the propeller was a-comin' through. All to once, he see Zelinsky, the bridge-tender, drop in a kind o' fit. Lane rushes forrard, to lend a hand; but what could he do? It was this here paytent new-fangled turnin' apparaytus" —

"They never had n't ought to be used on the bridges, nohow; or else they'd ought to have more men to 'em," interpolated a schooner's captain.

"She struck, and he was most killed, himself, for his trouble. And now he's lyin' on his back with half his bones broken, and no tellin' when he'll be round again," concluded the Owl Line engineer.

"He's a man that ain't never been afraid to lend a hand in most any way," said the schooner's captain, with hearty emphasis. "He's a whole-souled feller, free with his time and free with his money, — one of the kind that ought to have money, I've always said; and I'm glad he's got a pile of it. I s'pose he could buy and sell 'most any one else in Keewaydin."

"Pretty free with his temper, too, eh?" put in a skeptical lake steward, temporarily out of employment.

"Well, what if he is? What does it amount to? All of us has to blow off a little steam sometimes; I do myself." It was the gruff skipper of the Diamond Jim Line, who spoke again.

"Nobody gets over it quicker than him, and nobody's quicker to make it up to a man, afterwards, if he's ben wrong," said the schooner's captain. "I've worked for him, gents, and I claim to know. Now, gents, what shall it be?"

And the talk was moistened once more, after the fashion at the Johannisberger House, with beverages served by the hands of mine host, Christian Idak, in person.

Such was the account that obtained final acceptance, and such was the excellent repute enjoyed by David Lane. The most censorious, seeking for flaws in his conduct, could find nothing to urge against him save a trivial over-hastiness of temper. But let us look a little into the real circumstances of the case.

David Lane strode forth, that day, from the office of the Northwestern Navigation Company, in a towering rage. He may have hidden it, to some extent, in the office of the company itself, but, once more on West Water Street, without, he gave it full headway. He arrived at the Chippewa Street bridge, by which he was to cross to his own side of town, in a mood that ill beseemed so respectable-looking a gentleman. Nevertheless, he considered himself to have ample justification for it.

He had just heard, from the mouth of plausible Mr. Shadwell, its president, the final refusal of the company to grant him such terms for the carrying of an amount of material from his iron mills as would have enabled him to compete with Eastern rivals for a large and desirable building contract. Why this concession was refused need not here be entered into. Such favors are sometimes done one another by the paladins of trade and finance in a place like Keewaydin, but then again they are denied; jealousies, rivalries, long-standing grudges, waiting an opportunity to strike, are all to be considered. If any one had been waiting to strike at David Lane,

perhaps this was rather a favorable time. The fact is that this capitalist was staggering under some unusually heavy financial burdens, and could ill afford any diminution of either profit or prestige. Wounded pride, self-interest, and local patriotism — for he would have been glad, in the ambitious Western way, that the town should have had the credit, apart from his personal gain — combined to make up his present state of mind. Added to the rest, he had suffered of late a malarious attack, and had slept but little now for several nights past.

He set foot upon the draw just as it had begun to swing, and went round as its only passenger, on its brief excursion. Something aroused him from the bitter preoccupation in which he at first stood plunged, and he became somehow aware that it was an incoming craft of the hostile company for which the draw was turning. Hardly had the reflection passed through his mind, when the bridge-tender uttered a painful, choking cry. "Help!" he called, and again "Help!" and fell prone beneath his capstan bar. He might have been overcome by heart disease or apoplexy, or was, perhaps, only drunk.

The first thought of Lane was to complete the turning of the bridge; that was the thing of pressing importance, — the man could be looked to afterwards. He rushed to the spot and laid hold upon the capstan. But in this very moment he was seized by a new impulse, so wild and incredible as to resemble madness, — an impulse of veritable frenzy, which remained as much a mystery to himself as it could ever have been to any of those who knew him.

With all his might he dragged back upon the lever instead of expediting its movement forward, thus narrowing instead of enlarging the passage.

The Pride of the West was returning to her dock from one of her usual voyages. Bulky, massive, standing high

out of water, she forged ahead with the momentum of her ample size. With a carelessness born of long safety, she had left herself just margin enough to pass if all went well, and not an inch more; and it was now too late to stop.

"Take that!" muttered David Lane, through his set teeth, as if addressing an actual person, and not the mere inanimate hulk of the vessel.

Crash! crash!

Jets of escaping steam, whirling wreaths of smoke, splinters, dust, and over all, upon the ear, the sickening sound of the rending and crunching of precious human handiwork, never meant for such ruinous ordeal.

The bridge was overthrown from its base of glib-moving wheels, and tilted upward at an awkward angle. From beneath two of its heavy trusses, which had fallen, were taken out, when assistance arrived, Stanislaus Zelinsky (bridge-tender) dead, and David Lane seriously injured.

The propeller was penetrated by a timber, which, like a lance held in rest, cruelly impaled a passenger, who had gone down to his cabin to throw his few traps together, preparatory to going ashore, and left him mangled and dead against the further wall. He was one Christopher Barclay, of the city of New York, a visitor, who had come out to look after property purchased in these regions many years before.

This was the story told David Lane when he had first recovered consciousness after the shock of his injuries. He had even known this passenger, this Christopher Barclay,—known, at least, of the prominent standing and high consideration enjoyed by him in the world. He knew that this victim was cut off, in the prime of life, from a career of usefulness and honor, and had left behind him a family, dependent upon him, if not for support, at least for the proper direction of their careers.

"Merciful Father in heaven!" he

breathed, in an agony of mind yet sharper than his physical pains, "have I done this? Oh, no, I will not believe it! Have I, henceforth, the guilt of the blood of two of my fellow-creatures upon my soul? It cannot be; I will not have it so. It is a greater punishment than I can bear."

His purpose flew straight towards confession.

"It was I," he began. "It was I. I turned"—

The attendants thought he raved, distracted by his hurts.

"Yes, yes," they said, soothingly, "it was all seen from the vessel's deck." (But the fact was it had not been accurately seen from anywhere.) "You were not to blame; you did all you could. The surgeons think you had better not talk now. You had better try to compose yourself, and lie as quiet as you can."

This repression but hastened the fever it was intended to avert; the patient fell off into a raging delirium, and hovered between life and death for three months. In this state he seemed to himself to declare his crime, and to suffer almost every conceivable form of expiation for it.

When he became rational again, the thought of confession resumed its sway. As he lay convalescing he even meditated the form of words which his avowal ought to take. But by this date the disaster at the Chippewa Street bridge was long of the past; so many other things had happened in the meantime that it would have required a certain effort of the public imagination to go back to it.

There, too, by his bedside, stood his cherished wife, his beloved daughter. Must he bring disgrace upon them? Must he tell them the kind of husband and father he had been to them? Was it required of him, now that the harm was irreparable, and disclosure could be of no possible avail?

It was this daughter, Florence Lane, who proved the strongest of his deterring motives. She was the dearest being in the world to him. She was tall, slender, and willowy, almost a woman now; she promised to be beautiful, as she was good and clever. She was one who should have a happy and brilliant future before her. Was he to mar it by his infamy? Oh, no, he could not do it.

Hers was the first figure upon which his eyes rested when they recovered their calmer vision. She bent down and kissed him, with a tender solicitude, lest even this unwonted excitement might be to his detriment.

"It is delightful to see you almost well again, papa," she said, in the most tuneful of young voices, marked by the inflections of her fondness.

They had always been the best of friends. The daughter had brought to her father all her troubles, all her childish and girlish interests. Nothing could have been warmer, more complete, and pleasanter to see than the devotion subsisting between the two.

"Why are you here?" demanded the invalid, feebly.

"I came home to be with you. I could not bear to be far away when you were so ill. I am studying again with Mrs. Miltimore, now," she replied.

The time passed. David Lane at first vacillated, then postponed his avowal, then wholly abandoned it, and adopted the settled policy of concealment. He set out from home, and traveled widely, for the restoration of his impaired health and vigor. When he came back, he was graver, gentler, quieter, than ever before. This change in character was laid to the physical effects of the accident, from which, it was supposed, he had never fully recovered.

Among the first duties which he took upon himself was that of the support of the family of the deceased bridegroom. He tried to persuade himself

that this death, at least, did not lie at his door, but that the man had succumbed to some fatal malady. Nevertheless, the doubt existed, and it was always upon this doubt that he acted. His proceeding was looked upon as a pure piece of benevolence, and it was called for the more since a prejudice had arisen against Zelinsky, as having been intoxicated and responsible for the disaster, so that others might not have been so willing to extend their help. The family consisted of but two members, a wife and infant daughter. The wife did not long survive. The Polish child, prettily named "Stanislava," after the "Stanislaus" of her father, was then taken charge of by some humble German relatives, with whom she lived, supported by a modest allowance from David Lane.

He next found means to more than make up both to the city and the Northwestern Navigation Company the damage they had sustained at his hands. He took surreptitious steps to advance the interests of the heirs of Christopher Barclay's estate. By docking and dredging in its vicinity, in the Menomée Marsh, he gave a particular value, for instance, to a waste bit of ground, which came to be known as Barclay's Island, and to be the site of several flourishing industries. He founded, at about this date, the Lane Public Library, the Lane system of Industrial Schools, and the Lane Free Hospital, and gave as well to every private charity that made demands upon his purse.

He had been well liked before, and he now became the object of an enthusiastic public favor. He was made mayor, and then, for several terms, governor of the State. He accepted these offices, proposing to himself to find in them, also, by an assiduous devotion to the public good, such as is rarely seen, a certain means of atonement.

In the midst of all this he was pursued by insatiate terrors of remorse.

He flouted, at times, in the bitterest scorn, all of his own devices.

"So, too, the robber barons of the Middle Ages," he would say, "endeavored to buy immunity for their crimes by indulgence in petty charities."

It was a harrowing thought with him that the very measures he intended for reparation but added to his own prosperity. Never had he been so flourishing in all his affairs, never so prominent before the world, as now. What a whited sepulchre, what a wolf in sheep's clothing! he called himself. He lived esteemed and admired of his fellow-men when he should have had only their chastisement and contempt. He turned back again towards formal religion, which, after a fashion not so uncommon with men of bustling and active affairs, he had long neglected. He had the Rev. Edward Brockston, of St. Jude's, a clergyman of a serious and ascetic vein, one who preached ecclesiastical celibacy and the like, to dine with him, made him the almoner of many private bounties, and gave him a new tower to his church. He thought at one time of laying the whole case before this good man, and offering to abide by his counsel; but, in the last resort, he could by no means bring himself to the point. The very height to which he had risen was an added obstacle. The distance which he had to fall had but become the greater.

Still he felt upon him the resistless pressure towards confession; the mystery of the destruction of two innocent human lives seemed imperiously to demand accounting for. He was under the spell of something like that powerful urgency from which the saying has arisen that "murder will out." He even meditated the woful resource of suicide, and contemplated it with a certain calmness in many of its forms.

At last, however, David Lane found a method of relief, of a *bizarre* sort, which perhaps none but he, and he only

in the most morbidly eccentric of his moods, would ever have hit upon.

At about this time Keewaydin was going to place a figure of Justice on the dome of its city hall, a mammoth, expensive edifice, which had dragged its slow length along for many years, and was now at last completed. The statue was to be its final touch of ornament. It was of plates of beaten zinc, handsomely gilded, well stayed from within, and, like the famed Athena Parthenos, it was about "six times the height of a man."

It was the proposition of some ingenious spirit in the board of aldermen that the figure should be made a place of deposit for certain papers, like a corner-stone. The idea was said to be borrowed from the case of the most exemplary meeting-house in town, the gilt ball of which — so rumor ran — contained whiskey and playing-cards, deposited there by graceless wags at the time of its construction. However this may have been, the plan was now utilized most unobjectionably. David Lane, a distinguished townsman, who had had to do with the erection of the building, and was at the time governor of the State, was asked to honor the occasion and deliver the dedicatory address, and he consented to do so.

The civic pile, become that day the centre of public interest, stood in a little green park, near the business heart of the place, but sufficiently removed from its bustle. The square was flanked on three sides by private dwellings, standing comfortably back in their own door-yards, and on the fourth by a cathedral with schools, having a tall clock-tower, from which pleasantly chimed the half and quarter hours. The court-house was of an imposing Renaissance design, built in the main of good red sandstone from the Lake Superior quarries, but this was supplemented, in the great porticoes and elsewhere, after a cheap American way, with iron work, to which imitative painting and sanding gave a far-off semblance

of the more solid material. It would never make even a passable ruin, supposing others, like Martinus Scriblerus, to design their buildings, not for present use, but their aspect in decay. Only that which has been substantial and honest in life can be fairly impressive in death.

Before it, at full length, on the grass, lay the Golden Justice. Trammelled up in her hoisting tackle, and surrounded by the curious spectators, she was like the captive Gulliver in Lilliput, or that great statue of Diana at Ephesus, "which fell down from Jupiter," or some palladium of the liberties of Keewaydin temporarily overthrown. She was of fair, serene, and noble aspect, well worthy of her destination. Her eyes were not blindfolded, in the usual way. Her brows were deeply shaded by a martial helmet, resting upon loosely-bound tresses that rippled away on either side; on her thigh was a long, straight-hilted sword, and in her hand, gathered close with the drapery, was the conventional pair of scales. There was something connected with her which, had he noted it, might perhaps have stayed the curious project of David Lane, even in the moment of its execution. But he was too full of his agitated thoughts to spare the golden goddess the requisite scrutiny.

In his address to-day he surpassed himself. He spoke with a genuine eloquence that was a surprise to all who knew him. His words were of a moving force, and his views of the austere purity. He had almost the look of some stoic sage cast in the antique mould.

"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!" he thundered; and then, again, for the benefit of the inerudite vulgar, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

With this his oration was over, and the moment had come to deposit the papers. He dropped into the receptacle the various public documents pre-

pared for it. Then, with cruelly shaking hand and a heart that at first stood still, and next beat so loudly it seemed almost a wonder the by-standers did not hear it, he dropped in with the rest a paper strangely different, indeed, from all the others.

It was a written confession, in full, of his crime.

"If it be required, in the eternal fitness of things, that this be known," he breathed forth above it, "let the paper come down. If it do not come down, by that testimony I shall know that I am absolved before men, at least, and it will remain for me to meet my punishment hereafter. I commit myself to the eternal justice. In the hands of justice I leave my fate."

The band struck up, shrill cheers rent the air, and salutes of guns were fired. The great statue was hoisted to her feet, tottered a little in the air, — in which attitude she might almost seem to have a certain recognition of the responsibility of her situation, — was slid along the roofs, and finally set in her place on the high central dome.

And there, far aloft, a shining mark and conspicuous signalment before the eyes of all men, rested the Golden Justice, keeping the secret of David Lane.

This was in his first term as governor. In his final term, having enjoyed, meantime, the acquaintance and intimacy of the President, and being of the material of which such dignitaries are made, he was sent as minister to one of the most important of the foreign courts. His wife died, and a sister of his took charge of his household. His daughter, Florence Lane, arrived at woman's estate, and made a foreign marriage, much talked of in its day. He prolonged his stay abroad many years, and at times almost forgot all that had happened behind him; but there, far back across the sea, in the place of his abode, was his secret, always awaiting him, in the keeping of the Golden Justice.

II.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

One day, some ten years after the raising aloft of the *Golden Justice*, the Chippewa Street draw was again on the swing.

The new bridge-tender in charge was a short, stout person, with florid complexion, little, round, protruding gray eyes, and big, coarse fists. He evidently had a very good idea of his own importance. Ludwig Trapschuh laid claim, in fact, to an exhaustive acquaintance with people and things in the vicinity of his bridge. Not exactly of the solid land, nor yet altogether of the water, he belonged in part to both elements, and prided himself on this amphibious character and a sort of sovereignty over the double domain. Added to this, he had a number of outside irons in the fire, small ventures, which were generally unsuccessful, and kept him in straits for money, but never abated his willingness to engage in others of the same sort.

Ludwig Trapschuh had just now slipped one arm into a sleeve of his coat, and was about to go off his post on some private affairs. He was leaving final instructions with his assistant, a denizen of the Milesian Third Ward, newly appointed, and stopped also to intermingle with these a quantity of gossip. The assistant seemed impressed by his seniority and overbearing disposition, and inclined to yield ample reverence to all he said.

"You must not let no more as fifteen cattle go over at once," directed Trapschuh; "and you must not let them teams crowd ahead with themselves too much, one by the other. The draw cannot be open more as ten minyutes. Then must you show the red signal, — or, if it was night, the red lantern, — and no more vessels can pass. You understand?"

"I believe you, I do."

"Sometimes she go round so easy as nothing at all; and sometimes she jump like she was crazy," pursued Ludwig Trapschuh, explaining the traits of his bridge. "You look out for her."

"Never fear!"

"Well, now, I got to go and see a couple o' South Side aldermen. Some o' them aldermen do júst what I tell 'em, every time, so quick like rollin' round a log."

"It's great political *influence* you have, entirely."

"Well," responded the other complacently, "I guess I was a pretty smart feller for my age. I live 'mong them Polanders, and got plenty *influenz* with them, anyhow. If some managers want them, they know they got to get me, eh? I bet you no one understand them Polanders better as what I do."

"The Polacks is different agin to the regular Dutch, I believe?" said the assistant, in ethnologic speculation.

"They was worse as Mecklenbergers; not good for much except saw wood and work on railroads. I bin a Pomeranian myself, but my sister, she got married with Zelinsky, though — He was a kind o' smart man, what got killed on this bridge."

"Well, now! well now!"

"They build their houses round me, and when my brother-of-law die I have my niece-of-law, Stanislava Zelinsky, to live by me, and we get kind o' used and stay with them," said Trapschuh, explaining how it was that he had his abode in the large Polish settlement of the South Side.

There now came by, driving a shabby express-wagon, one of those rowdy young fellows, a type of a certain kind of foreigners of the second generation, who have acquired most of the American vices, without the virtues, and added them to the stock already possessed from abroad. He spoke English perfectly well, or rather perfectly ill, in the

slangy way. This was "Barney" Trapschuh, a hopeful son of the bridge-tender.

"The South Side Belle's comin' down the river," said this person, pointing a thumb backward over his shoulder.

"Where you seen her?"

"Oh, up there along the docks."

With this he drove on, and his father turned his attention to a rusty-looking small sloop that soon made her appearance at the draw.

"Bah, the South Side Belle!" he exclaimed in contempt. "Billy Alfsen's goin' across again after another load o' peaches. I wish he sink himself to the bottom in that leaky old tub."

A well-built young Scandinavian, William Alfsen himself, stood on the deck of the sloop with a defiant air, as if conscious of the unfriendly scrutiny to which he was subjected. The sole remaining crew consisted of a tow-headed boy of fifteen.

"That last load of peaches what he bring was all spoiled; the fruit inspector had to throw 'em out," grumbled Trapschuh. "He makes nothing since he give up his place at the Stamp-Ware Works, — and he got to take care of his old father, besides. He own not even that old sloop; some ones hold mortgage on it."

"Is that so?"

"He's no good. What he mean by South Side's Belle, any way? He mean my niece-of-law, Stanislava, I guess. He hang around that girl all what he can. But I don't let it, — see?"

"I do," answered the listener, with continued admiration, though it is not unlikely he had heard the story before, and even more than once, in his short term of service.

"She got no hurry to bin married, nohow, but when she get ready she must get married with some feller with a few dollars in his pocket, — see?"

He would now at last have taken his departure, when the *Pride of the West*

was seen coming up the stream. He chose to profess a peculiar nervousness about this boat, to which he owed his situation, — for David Lane had undoubtedly got it for him on account of his relationship to the slain Zelinsky, — and he stayed to see her through, himself. The bridges below were seen opening and closing for her, like concerted parts of some glib-working machinery. She signaled twice, by the customary whistle. As she drew near, Trapschuh, out of his boasted large acquaintance, identified a little knot of persons standing on her forward deck, by the rail.

"That is Jim DeBow," said he, — "he's a big feller on 'Change. And that's Mrs. DeBow; and that stylish young lady is his daughter, Miss DeBow. I see it in the papers that they bin in Chicago. But that young feller, with them good clothes and such a fine kind o' look, — I guess I don't know him; I guess he bin a stranger round here."

Then a bit of vivid excitement occurred that quite took away his interest in further gossip. When it was over, he looked at his assistant in a morose way, as if an effort had somehow been made to remove him, Trapschuh, from his post at a peculiarly critical moment, and he knew not what would have happened if he had gone. Making a general law of two occurrences, separated by at least fifteen years, he exclaimed, —

"That boat is *always* doin' *something*, at this bridge."

The group at the rail had been correctly mentioned, so far as the description went. It was the DeBow family, with a chance acquaintance they had made on the boat, returning from Chicago.

This stranger was a man of somewhat more than thirty, but appearing younger. He was considerably above the middle height, of robust frame, closely buttoned up in a well-fitting suit of Scotch tweeds,

and he stood squarely on his feet, looking with evident interest at all around him. His skin, browned by healthy exposure, contributed to give him a foreign and traveled air. His expression seemed to convey a latent geniality, combined with dignity, experience of the world, and a certain importance in it, while his slightly reserved bearing was free from any shade of pretense. He was called, as his companions had learned, Paul Barclay.

He had conversed chiefly with Miss Justine DeBow. He had been tacitly left to her by the elders, who followed a provincial tradition that the young, as a matter of course, belong to each other, and can be expected to interest themselves little outside their own ranks. The girl was young and pretty, and not far past the school-going age. She had a very symmetrical figure, and an almost purely classic profile, with proudly curling lip. She was on an unusually diminutive scale, to atone for which she affected a certain stateliness of manner, at times of somewhat amusing incongruity. She had a formal, precise little way of speaking, taking care to use the Boston, or English, broad *a*. She had not been brought up to it, but had acquired it at the Keewaydin Female College, of which institution she had been valedictorian, as she let fall, and where she had been known as a smart, ambitious, spirited little person.

This Paul Barclay had impressed her from the first as very different from the ordinary run of new-comers to Keewaydin. He had let fall chance expressions which opened to her vistas into an ample experience. She said to herself that he was the nearest realization she had yet seen of "a man of the world;" and a man of the world was at present Miss Justine DeBow's ideal of all that was superlatively admirable. She had tired already, as is not so uncommon at a certain date with maidens of her years, of the callow youth of her acquaintance;

she sighed for one who had seen all, could do all, and might take her away to form part of a more complete and splendid society than any she had ever known.

He had spoken to her admiringly of the view of the town from the water, as they came into the harbor, and of the two long breakwater piers with their light-houses. With the common enough ignorance of one to the manner born, she knew even less of many things about her home than he. It was he who had had to tell her that the Great Lakes were "a step-mother to ships," offering no natural refuge in all their thousands of miles of coast, and that the harbors were formed by utilizing the mouths of the small rivers that make into them. He asked her to point out to him Barclay's Island, and gazed at certain factory buildings upon it, clustered around a mammoth brick chimney, with a good deal of attention.

"Have you relatives here?" inquired his comely young cicerone, attracted by the coincidence of names.

"Yes, the Thornbrooks."

The Thornbrooks were an excellent old couple, living in a large square house near the centre of the town, who — their children now all married off — were passing their declining years by themselves in placid comfort.

This led up to nothing in particular, though even this, had her memory gone somewhat further back, or had she applied to her father for information, might have given her certain interesting clues.

DeBow himself took some share in the talk. It was no derogation to him to be called "Jim" DeBow. The name was used alike by those who knew and those who did not know him, and was a complimentary adoption of him by the general public, such as often happens to local magnates of his sort. Though so "big a fellow on 'Change," after the description of Trapschuh, he was small

of stature,—in this respect his daughter took after him. He showed a jovial tendency, and had a large, expansive way of talking, of the kind that is called peculiarly Western. His rhetoric took wings, and he followed it by rising upon his heels. He spoke of the commerce of Keewaydin, claiming that more actual tonnage came to that port than to Boston, Baltimore, or Philadelphia.

"We are the American Odessa," he went on. "Wheat is our great staple; we beat the world on wheat. This wonderful great northwestern country stretching back of us gives a hard, firm grade of cereal that makes men of brain and men of muscle.

"And you naturally eat a good deal of it, at home?"

"Oh, yes, ha, ha,—very good! We eat it at home,—lots of it; you'd better believe we eat it."

"Is it your first visit to our section?" he asked presently.

"My first visit."

"I shall take great pleasure in showing you 'round on 'Change, or anywhere else, if you will give me a call."

"I shall be glad to accept your polite offer, should my engagements permit."

As to Mrs. DeBow, a faded-looking lady, she appeared to be one of those American mothers, of a certain class, who are left behind by the too rapid movement of the world, and can make no effort to keep up with the development of new and brilliant ideas by their juniors. She seemed to efface herself with an even more than common humility, but Barclay took care to address her some trifling attentions, from which a student of character might have inferred in him a natural kindness of heart, together with a habit of prompt and comprehensive courtesy. The good lady replied to him, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in a sort of fluttered deference.

"Mamma is a great invalid," said Justine, managing to draw him away

from her at the earliest moment. There were things in both her parents she did not approve of. She might have explained, had she been willing to, that she was driven to her own hauteur of manner as a reaction and protest.

The coffee-colored river was full of animation, at this favorable season for traffic, the last months before the annual close of navigation. All the marine flock that roamed the wide water pastures were coming and going on the peaceful river lane.

The huge steamer for the extreme end of Superior cut across the bows of that for Mackinaw and the lakes eastward. The Owl vied in speed with the Diamond Jim, and the Little Moses with the Ajax and the Excalibur. A wrecking-tug was going out to look after a bark ashore at Whitefish Bay; a steam-barge, laden with flour, tangled itself up with the steam-dredge Vulcan, poking along the channel in its customary morose way. Their agile turnings whirled the water into seething eddies. Schooners, sloops, barks, and brigantines lay alongside the great wheat elevators, and these structures, bulky and imposing as basilicas of some Titanic race, poured into their holds, through wooden troughs, streams of grain as golden as the sands of the Pactolus. Warehouses of yellow brick, reflected in its depths, rose along the margins of the river. The merchant on the water streets had his ship at his rear door and drays at the front. The mellow haze of autumn, boldly broken now and then by a black hull, a red smoke-stack, a bright pennant, and the clustering spars, brooded over the whole, which, though so American in kind, had almost the picturesque interest of a canal of Rotterdam.

The revenue cutter appointed to look after the government's interests in these waters passed our travelers, going the same way. The officer in command of her glanced up, when alongside, and

sought, with evident anxiety, the recognition of Miss DeBow.

That young lady murmured to herself presently, "Florence Lane."

Her companion, whose attention had been for the moment elsewhere, turned, and repeated, with a sharp tone of inquiry, "Florence Lane? Florence Lane?"

She had simply been reading the name, as he could now do for himself, on the stern-post of the receding cutter.

"Oh, I knew a person of that name once," he thought good to state, in explanation. "I recollect that she was from this place. It is natural enough that it should be preserved here, where she was born and brought up. The family was a very prominent one, I believe."

"Oh, did *you* know Mrs. Varemberg, Florence Lane that was?" asked his companion, hailing with pleasure this fresh note in a conversation that was beginning to flag. "Abroad, I suppose?"

"Yes, I met them abroad."

"Yes, indeed, hers has always been a prominent family here. The boat was called after her by some friend of her father's while he was governor. Ah, *she* was a remarkable woman," with envious admiration; "accomplished, beautiful, one of the greatest of belles. And yet not exactly a *belles*, either: I mean that it always seemed more that she could have been than that she wanted to be. Florence Lane was always one of my ideals; I used to look up at her, when a child, with an ecstatic adoration."

She dropped naively, in her impulsiveness, to the more natural manner of her age, and even forgot more than once to pronounce the Boston broad *a*.

"But tell me how she seemed to you," she went on.

"The first I ever saw of her was, at the entertainment of a high functionary, in Paris," replied Paul Barclay, with

a certain air of constraint, and yet willingness, after all, to furnish this reminiscence of a traveler. "I arrived at an official palace in the Rue de Varennes, where two statue-like cuirassiers sat on horseback in the court-yard. At the foot of a grand staircase a chamberlain in black velvet, with a ribbon and medal about his neck, waved you up to another, who announced you in the reception-rooms. I remarked a lady of a grace and distinction far beyond all others present. 'There,' said I, 'is surely the true type of a Montmorency or La Rochejaquelein; there is the *vielle roche*, the very flower of patrician loveliness.' I was still in my first days abroad, and full of romantic notions. I asked who she was, and they told me, 'The daughter of the American minister.'"

"Then, of course, you knew all about her wedding, too, and were probably present at it? The society papers were full of it at the time. They gave long lists of guests of rank and distinction. There were even presents from crowned heads, — on account of her father's position, I suppose. Let me see: it was a Belgian she married, I think?"

"Yes, Varemberg was a Belgian."

"He was not titled himself, but had grand connections, and was very rich?"

"Varemberg was supposed to be a person of fortune. He was an accomplished, entertaining fellow. I recollect he professed an especial liking for Americans."

"It was called a very brilliant affair. What a pity it turned out so badly!"

She sighed, as if in pity that it ever had to be said that brilliant things turned out badly.

Barclay looked at her with a glance of rising curiosity.

"She is so changed now one would scarcely know her," went on the informant. "She is not the same person at all, since her return."

"Her return? She has been here, then, on some visit?"

"No, indeed, she has been *living* here, with her father, for a year past. She returned not very long after he was recalled from his post."

"Mrs. Varemberg is *here*?"

"To be sure she is, though one scarcely ever sees her. She keeps in close seclusion. It is partly on account of her troubles, I suppose, and then she is a good deal of an invalid."

"And her husband?"

"She has left him."

The recipient of this intelligence showed a disturbance of manner over it that would hardly have been occasioned by an ordinary piece of gossip.

"What seemed to be the trouble?" he asked.

"People do not know exactly what happened; it has all been kept very quiet."

By way of withdrawing attention from any unusual agitation he may have exhibited, the young man, upon this, affected an unusual interest in things on the river. Justine DeBow was dying to know if he were likely to stay, and if she should meet him in the society of the place. She ventured to ask him.

"I am here only on a brief business errand," he responded.

The Chippewa Street bridge was at hand, and Ludwig Trapschuh was making his observations. A tug, puffing near the bow of the *Pride of the West*, put on an extra pressure of steam to drag out a heavy flour-scow it had in tow. The strain proved too much for a defective portion of the machinery. Bang! With a sharp explosion, off blew a cylinder head; her smoke-stack and part of her cabin roof came flying against the propeller's side as if shot from a catapult, and carried away some stanchions of the rail, close by our couple. It was over in an instant, and no serious harm was done, but Justine was affected by a nervous panic, and Barclay was obliged to reassure her till her parents came up and her own better sense prevailed.

He himself showed no signs of fear, but seemed strangely thrilled by another cause. He exclaimed, —

"History repeats itself! My father was killed at this place."

It was all in the papers of the same afternoon, and particularly in that very enterprising sheet the *Keewaydin Index*. This paper "interviewed" James DeBow, and endeavored to do as much for Paul Barclay, but could not find him. It put also at the head of its column the motto, "History repeats itself." Then, following a smart journalistic practice of printing everything apropos of the occasion, it rehearsed the whole history of the tragedy at the Chippewa Street bridge, of years before, with full notes of the inquests and sketches of the principal participants.

However it was with others, the papers of that day were extremely interesting reading for ex-Mayor, ex-Governor, and ex-Minister David Lane, in his handsome mansion on the bluff, by the lake shore.

Paul Barclay landed, and was driven to the principal hotel, the Telson House, the trim façade and spacious corridors of which were the especial pride of Keewaydin. He left the hotel again for the office of a law firm known as Mackintosh and Rand, in Keewaydin Block. Mackintosh was dead, it appeared, but he was received by the surviving partner, a man of gaunt, bony figure and not too prepossessing countenance. He was led through an anteroom, where a pallid clerk was writing at a desk, and a stout, middle-aged gentleman was seated with an air of wearily dancing attendance.

"I have been expecting you, Mr. Barclay," said Rand. "The death of our Mr. Mackintosh, who had your matters particularly in charge, embarrassed me a little, of course, but I have caught up, and you'll find everything ready for your inspection, whenever you please to go over it."

"If quite convenient, then, I should like to do so at once. I am on my way to New York, and anxious to be off again as soon as possible."

"So I judged by your letter from San Francisco. Sit down. I'll be with you immediately."

The lawyer went out to the ante-room, and returned with a tin box, labeled with a list of its contents. These were spread upon a large table, and the two men sat down to their examination.

It was a question of timber lands in Eau Claire County, mineral deposits near Escanaba, a water privilege and saw-mills on the Chippewa River, a large tract in Marathon County, — on which there was a proposition to establish a colony of Danes, — and some city blocks and the like in Keewaydin. This was property left by the original Barclay, and his son had now for the first time, at the request of his family, stopped to look into it.

"By the way," said he, "they have also forwarded another letter, which was sent to me in their care."

He drew from his pocket a bulky communication, which proved to be a pathetic appeal, from a Keewaydin correspondent, to be saved from impending bankruptcy. The attorney glanced at it with a shrug.

"Oh, yes," said he, "it is Maxwell, again, about his Barclay's Island property and the Stamped-Ware Works. So he gets at you, too? He has all but talked me to death with his plea for an extension, but I don't see that we can do anything for him."

"Tell me about the affair and this Maxwell. What is he like? Is he honest?"

"Oh, honest enough, I dare say, as far as that goes," with a clear implication that there are much more important things in the world than honesty. "He is over-sanguine, a poor calculator, and weighed down by a large family, too,

and has been making a losing fight of it all the time."

"And what are the merits of the case?"

"Why, just this: the factory is in excellent condition, and if we foreclose now we make a good thing of it; while if we wait, and let him run along, everything will go to rack, and will hardly be worth taking. He has put too much money into improvements, and we get the whole for a song."

"Are such things done?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"My dear sir, very few of us are so well off in this world's goods as to be able to afford to actually throw money away, and that is what it is doing to neglect a chance like this. I speak as one business man to another. You would hardly wish me to be less devoted to your interests than my own."

"My business experience has been of rather limited extent up to this time."

"Naturally, naturally, and you do well. Why should a young gentleman of your fortune and position bother his head about such matters?"

"It is your judgment, then, that the mortgage should be foreclosed?"

"Certainly it is. Maxwell has nobody to blame but himself; he would tell you so frankly. He is outside there now, I see; his time is up to-morrow, and I suppose he has come in for some sort of final palaver."

With this he appeared satisfied that he had laid any trifling scruples there might be in the mind of his patron entirely at rest.

"I will see Maxwell," said Barclay, impassively.

The attorney touched a bell, and the pallid clerk ushered in the dejected-looking gentleman from the anteroom. Maxwell went over his story again, in person. Once only, yielding to a touch of his natural hopefulness, he said, —

"With a little more money, that fac-

tory could be made one of the best paying properties in the world."

The lawyer sent toward his principal, at the man's expense, shrewd smiles of commiseration, or, again, glances, as who should say, "Shall I cut him short? Have we had enough of this nonsense?" So sure was he of the upshot that he even took upon himself to save his patron the trouble of replying.

"It won't do, Maxwell," said he. "You have no new considerations of any business kind to offer. Mr. Barclay has been kind enough to hear you himself, and now you ought to be satisfied, but you see as well as I do things have got to take their course."

The manufacturer turned in a broken way to depart. He seemed from the first to have expected little else.

"Hold on!" cried Paul Barclay, suddenly throwing off his impassiveness. "I will extend the mortgage."

Maxwell dropped into a chair, and like Rand stared at him at first in open-mouthed astonishment.

"But I thought — we had agreed" — began Rand, in expostulation.

"I do not wish to make money in any such detestable way," said Barclay, with indignation. "And for the future," he added, "I beg to take the management of my affairs into my own hands."

He was apparently a person not afraid to make enemies, at least in a good cause, a quality already somewhat rare in our too enervating civilization. The change of management he proposed, it may be told, would reduce the income of his property, but it would add to the comfort of many persons, for everybody on the Barclay estate had long been having a very hard time of it.

When all was concluded he went out with Maxwell.

Tears of emotion filled the eyes of the grateful manufacturer, if, indeed, they did not quite well over.

"It seems too good to be true!" he exclaimed. "I was all ready to be ruined; my family were waiting to be turned into the street."

"By the bye," said Barclay, in parting with him, "let me have some figures about the factory in writing. If it be as you say, a little further capital may perhaps be found for it."

He went next to find his relatives, the Thornbrooks, and then spent some time in musing on the Chippewa Street bridge.

In the evening he left his hotel once more, and drove to see the Mrs. Varemberg of the conversation on the steamer, at the house of her father, David Lane.

William Henry Bishop.

THE ARYAN HOMESTEAD.

PERHAPS no conclusion of comparative philology has received such unanimous indorsement and been regarded as so incontestable as that which designates the tablelands of Central Asia as the cradle of the Aryan race. Indeed, this theory has acquired an almost axiomatic validity; already it forms a part of the treasured and traditional learning of the encyclopædias, whence it perco-

lates into the popular lecture and newspaper editorial, and now passes unchallenged into elementary text-books of geography, history, ethnology, and literature. Thus it is impressed upon the mind of every schoolboy, who is taught to accept it as unreservedly as the statement that the Pilgrim Fathers came from England and landed on Plymouth Rock.

Even after the Hebrew story of the origin of the earth and of man had ceased to be recognized by science as adequate cosmology and ethnology, there still remained a strong prepossession in favor of Asia as the birthplace of the human race. Vague traditions of an Oriental descent, current among many European nations, seemed to confirm this opinion. Of special significance was the saga of the wanderings of Odin, who, with the twelve Asen, came from Asia and founded the sacred Asgard. The Saxons, according to their earliest chronicler, were descended from the Macedonian warriors, who subverted the Persian empire, and carried the victorious standards of Alexander to the banks of the Indus; the Franks boasted of their Trojan lineage; the Bavarians cherished reminiscences of Armenia, where their forefathers had seen the remains of Noah's ark on Mount Ararat, and beyond which a residue of German-speaking kinsmen was still supposed to dwell; and the Suabians never forgot that their ancestors came over the sea from the region of the rising sun. But all these notions are only the fusty inventions of mediæval monks, forming a curious and incongruous medley of biblical and classical legends, out of which it is impossible to winnow the smallest grain of historical truth, or win the slightest kernel of ancient and really popular tradition.

"Asia," says Adelung, in his *Mithridates*, "has been regarded from time immemorial as that part of the world in which the human race originated and was first educated, and whence it diffused itself over the rest of the earth." "Europe," he adds, "is only a promontory of Asia, and is indebted to the latter for its population." Kâshmir he held to have been the seat of Paradise. Doubtless, the oldest civilizations and the earliest empires were Asiatic; doubtless, too, Europe has borrowed from the East many elements of social refinement

and intellectual culture: but these facts furnish no ground whatever for the inference that the European nations are of Oriental origin.

In the infancy of comparative philology, when Sanskrit was assumed to be the mother of all Aryan languages, the question of the origin of the peoples speaking these languages was easily and satisfactorily settled. Nothing could be more natural or more legitimate than to suppose that the children came from the land in which the parent was still living. This is one of the considerations which led Mr. Curzon to conclude that the Indo-Aryans are autochthones, and that from India, as a centre, an Aryan population was gradually distributed over all Europe. Very soon, however, the maternal claims of Sanskrit were set aside, and she was made to take her proper place as an elder sister. Also, the Indo-Aryans were no longer regarded as aborigines of the country they now inhabit and are known to have inhabited as early as the Vedic age, but their ancestors were seen through the philologist's telescope (an instrument which does for events in time what ordinary optic tubes do for objects in space), long before the dawn of history, migrating over the passes and across the snow-fields of the Himâlaya, descending into the sunny plains, subduing the inferior natives, and settling in the fertile valleys of the seven rivers.

In view of the positiveness with which the fact of such a great prehistoric movement is affirmed, and the topographical precision with which it has been traced, it is strange that the materials of the people whose ancestors are supposed to have effected it should not furnish the faintest evidence that any event of this kind ever occurred. Neither in the poetry, nor mythology, nor traditions, nor sacred legends, of the Indo-Aryans do we find a single reminiscence of a trans-Himalayan origin, or any distinct allusion to a former resi-

dence outside of India. They believed themselves to be indigenous to the region drained by the Indus and its tributaries, and coextensive with the Panjâb. The five mesopotamias, or interfluvial districts, formed by these streams were occupied by independent Aryan tribes, and it is highly probable that the five nations or settlements of which the authors of the Vedic hymns often make mention, and the scholiasts are unable to give any consistent or satisfactory explanation, refer to such communities or clans. Brahmanical commentators, naturally enough, interpreted these five tribal divisions as denoting the four castes and the pariahs, in order to give the sanction of remote antiquity to their priestly prerogatives. But there is no ground whatever for this assumption; the ethnographer might as well attempt to discover in them a divine revelation anticipating and confirming Blumenbach's classification of mankind into five races.

The distinguished Sanskritist, Dr. John Muir, suggests that, "in the references made to the Uttara (or northern) Kurus in the Indian books, there may be some reminiscence of an early connection with the countries to the north of the Himâlaya." If this supposition be well founded, we should justly expect to find the most distinct and definite allusions to this people, and the clearest traces of such hypothetical prehistoric connection, in the oldest Indo-Aryan records and traditions. In the *Rig-Veda*, however, no mention is made of these Kurus, and no peculiar sacredness is attached to the north. It is in the ritualistic and legendary literature of a later period that the northern Kurus are first spoken of as dwellers beyond the Himâlaya. All these vague and ambiguous allusions to a northern wonder-land can be easily explained without assuming it to have been the primitive home of the Indo-Aryans. The long range of mountain peaks, forming a bright and im-

passable barrier of snow and ice, like the palisades and parapets of the palaces of the gods, would naturally excite the imagination of a simple people, and originate marvelous stories of a region of inconceivable splendor and perpetual delight, inaccessible to mortals. This impression would be strengthened by the observation that the terrific thunderstorms which are peculiar to that country, and are portrayed by the poets as the battles of the gods, gather around the mountain summits, and that thence, too, flow the rivers, whose stolen waters the heroic Indra wrests from the envious clutch of the drought demon, and sets free to refresh and fertilize the arid plains.

Lassen published a learned essay to prove the existence of the Uttara Kurus as a real people. That the old Brahmans knew better is evident from a characteristic incident related in the *Aitareya Brâhmana*. It is there stated that Atyarâti, having been anointed king by Sâtyahavya, was enabled, by virtue of the horse sacrifice, to subdue the whole earth. Sâtyahavya then demanded fit recompense for his sacerdotal services; but Atyarâti replied, "When I have conquered the Uttara Kurus, then shalt thou become lord of the earth, and I will be the leader of thy armies." The indignant priest exclaimed, "That is the realm of the gods, which no man can conquer; thou hast thought to defraud me." Thereupon he deprived the sovereign of his power and prestige, and caused him to be defeated and slain. Then comes the moral of the story; namely, that no king should try to trick a priest, unless he wishes to lose his kingdom and his life. The wily Brahman was not disposed to be put off with the prospect of taking tithes of the Uttara Kurus, or to accept a lien on Utopia in payment of his present dues.

The account of the deluge, contained in the *Satapatha Brâhmana*, has also been adduced in support of the theory

that the Indo-Aryans, as descendants of Manu, had their origin in a country north of the Himâlaya. Manu, it is said, having embarked on the ship and attached his cable to the horn of the Brahmâ-fish, sped by this means beyond the northern mountain. Thus the Indo-Aryans are represented in the person of Manu, their father and federal head, as being forced out of their primeval abode by a cataclysm, and crossing the Himâlaya in a ship, — an hypothesis too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

From the occasional use of *hima* (winter), in the Rig-Veda, in the sense of year, it has been inferred that the Indo-Aryans once lived in a colder climate than that of Northern India. A closer examination of the passages in which the word occurs proves that too much stress has been laid upon this single circumstance, and that conclusions have been drawn from it and theories built upon it far more extensive and imposing than such a scant and shaky basis would justify or be able to sustain. *Hima*, in this signification, is used only about a dozen times in the Rig-Veda, and always in the same set phrase, *śatam himah*, or *śatahimah*, a hundred winters, for which period the singer entreates the gods that his life may be prolonged, and that he may be blessed with health and wealth and vigorous sons.

On the other hand, the word *śarad* (autumn) is employed more than thirty times in the Rig-Veda to denote "year," not in any stereotyped form of speech, but in a great variety of connections; nor is there the slightest ground for the assertion that this term is a later usage, introduced after the Indo-Aryans had settled in a more temperate region. On the contrary, the fact that the same relation holds between the corresponding terms in the Avesta, where *šaredha* is of much more frequent occurrence than *zima* as a poetical or synecdochical synonym of *yāre*, would indicate that both words had acquired this meaning

before the separation of the Indic and Iranic scions of the Aryan stock.

It is curious to note what momentous inferences scholars will often draw from meagre premises, in the absence of the facts requisite to establish a preconceived theory. Thus Wilson asserts that to live a hundred winters is "a boon not likely to have been desired by the natives of a warm climate." Why not? It would certainly be regarded as a boon in a warm rather than in a cold climate. In a country like Northern India, winter is the most delightful and desirable season of the year, and consequently the season with which the chief pleasures and intensest love of life would be most naturally associated, and in which man's vigor and vitality would be greatest and his energies and activities find their fullest scope. For a like reason, *śarad*, the time of maturing fruits and harvests, would not only strengthen the desire to live, but would also be intimately connected with the means of renewing and prolonging life.

At the risk of being tedious and seeming trivial, I have summarized all the indications and allusions which Indian literature and tradition furnish in favor of the trans-Himalayan origin of Indo-Aryans. There is absolutely nothing more to be drawn from these sources, so far as they have hitherto been discovered and disclosed. The reader will thus perceive how slight and flimsy are the threads by which it has been attempted to trace the Indo-Aryans from their present abode to an hypothetical homestead in a high northern latitude. If he seeks to follow them up, he will find them floating in the air, like the gossamer, which popular superstition believes to be filaments of the Madonna's shroud that caught on the bushes as she ascended into heaven, and remain there, for all time, as conclusive proof of her assumption. The evidence in each case possesses much of the same character and cogency.

On the other hand, the arguments adduced in support of the theory that the Indo-Aryans are aborigines of India are equally indecisive. *Āryāvarta* (the circuit of the Aryans) is geographically defined in the code of Manu as extending from sea to sea and comprising all Northern India. Within this province, between the rivers *Sarasvati* and *Drishadvati*, lies *Brahmāvarta*. A peculiar sanctity was attached to this region, owing to the fact that here Brahmanism was first organized and fully developed. It was revered as a "holy land," because it was the birth-place and stronghold of Indian sacerdotalism; not, as Mr. Curzon maintains, because it was the cradle of the Aryan race. One might as well infer that Christ and his apostles were born on the banks of the Tiber, because Rome is called the Holy See and has long been revered as the centre of Christendom. Indeed, the first appearance of the Indo-Aryans on the stage of history is as invaders of the land which afterwards became so sacred to them; they entered it and held it as a fair-complexioned race of conquerors, advancing from the northwest to the southeast and subjugating a dark-hued native population.

Again, Mr. Curzon asserts that the Aryans of Europe came from India at a time when the race "had attained an advanced state of civilization; when the Vedas had been composed, and a national system of religion established; when the Brahmanical hierarchy had been formed, the Aryan tongue cultivated, and codes of laws compiled." To say nothing of the fact that the European Aryans were already on the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean when these events took place in India, it is impossible that a people, after having made so great acquisitions of intellectual culture and social refinement, and developed so highly organized civil and political institutions, should have not only lost them all by emigration, but

have also passed through such severe crises and terrible experiences without preserving the least vestige or faintest recollection of their trials and adventures. If the Vedas had been composed before the separation, some fragments of them, at least, would have lingered in the memory of the European Aryans, especially as these hymns were handed down for centuries, in India, by oral transmissions from generation to generation. If an institution so ineradicably tough and tenacious of life as Brahmanism had then grown up, some shoot of this hierarchical banyan would have taken root in European soil. One thing is certain: wherever may have been the original home of the Aryans, their supposed prehistoric migrations must have occurred when they were in a low, barbarous state, incapable of keeping records, or even of retaining impressions and communicating traditions of tribal events. For this reason, the descendants of such emigrant tribes would naturally regard themselves as indigenous to the country in which, so far as they remember, they have always dwelt, and in which they first came to what might be called their historical consciousness. Indeed, the belief in an autochthonous origin is common to all branches of the Aryan family except the Irano-Aryans, who have woven into their sacred books a vague legend of the early migrations of their ancestors.

In the first chapter of the *Vendidad* we are told that *Ahuramazda* created a delightful spot, called *Airyana-Vaêjô*, but that the death-dealing *Angro-Mainyush* spoiled this paradise by the counter-creation of winter. The good spirit then provided another dwelling-place for his worshipers, but the alert adversary again thwarted his beneficent designs by means of pestilence and murrain. Thus the contest between these rival powers was carried on, until sixteen countries had been successively created and destroyed. Nearly thirty years ago, this

portion of the Vendidad was translated and annotated by Haug, and incorporated by Bunsen in the third volume of his *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. Both scholars accepted it as an historical document containing an authentic account of the migrations of the primitive Aryans, and seem to have entertained no suspicion of its real character as a piece of mythical cosmology. Nine of the places enumerated have been identified with actual countries, but even in these cases we have only a later application of the names of heavenly regions to earthly cities or districts, as when the "four-cornered Varena" (that is, Varuna, *Oṽpavós* embracing the four points of the compass) is interpreted by the Pahlavi translator as referring to Kirmân with its four gates, and is supposed to survive in the modern village Verek. Besides, there is no orderly sequence in the positions of these countries, such as would indicate a route of any kind. They lie scattered about in opposite directions, as if the sole aim of Ahuramazda had been to perplex and outwit Anglo-Mainyush and put him off the track by springing hither and thither in the most eccentric manner, and leading the people to and fro in wearisome and vexatious zigzags.

Even admitting that this legend may have a certain historical value, it would be confined to the movements of the Iranians, and would not affect the question of the original home of the Aryan family. One might as well attempt to trace the prehistoric migrations of the Semitic race in the wanderings of Abraham from Haran to Machpelah. The only fact educible from this mass of tradition is that the primeval Iranians suffered from a sudden and excessive change of climate. Snow and ice covered the fruitful fields; avalanches filled up the pleasant valleys; the "good pasturage" was ruined, and the herds perished. Every people look back to a golden age in the remotest past. The

Iranians, like the Hebrews, loved to picture to themselves their primitive home as an Eden, a seat of unalloyed bliss. They therefore characterized it, in its original state, as an excellent creation, the first and best of all lands. But it was not easy to harmonize this ideal conception with the tradition of a country so frigid and inhospitable as to be quite uninhabitable, and from which their ancestors were forced to emigrate with the selectest of their kine, and grains, and their "red, blazing fires." The only means of explaining this contradiction was by the intervention of a *diabolus ex machina* in the person of Anglo-Mainyush, who, in his malevolence, sent frost and snow, the calamity of winter, represented as the monstrous meteorological serpent Azhi, into this realm of perfect bliss, and thus succeeded in driving mankind out of the happy abode. Possibly, in this record, we may have a reminiscence of the cosmical fact of the diminution of the earth's temperature, although this cooling process is described mythologically, rather than geologically, by being attributed to diabolical agencies. But even if this hypothesis were correct, it would furnish no clue to the geographical position of the devastated paradise; since at one time, vines and tropical flowers flourished in the latitude of Greenland, and at a later period glaciers overspread the plains of Southern Europe. Thus the imagination is given a wide range in which to locate the scene of such a catastrophe.

In extreme northern countries there are only two seasons, a period of light and a period of darkness, the changes from one to the other being so abrupt and so transient as to be unimportant and scarcely noteworthy. As one proceeds southward, the seasons acquire a more distinct and manifold character, and there is a tendency to recognize a greater number of them by making minuter divisions of the year. Thus

Tacitus was surprised to find that the Germans had names for winter, spring, and summer, but none for autumn, of which season they had no conception. This fact has also been seized upon and applied to solve the problem under discussion. In the Avesta, says a recent writer, mention is made of only two seasons, summer and winter; in the oldest parts of the Rig-Veda three are spoken of, autumn, winter, and spring; at a later period, the Indian year comprises six seasons, spring, summer, rain-time, autumn, winter, and frost-time. As a general statement this is doubtless correct, but it will not serve as a foundation upon which to build scientific theories. It is quite probable that the Indo-Aryans of the Veda designated the seasons with greater exactness than the Irano-Aryans of the Avesta; but there is no positive proof of it. In the oldest hymns of the Rig-Veda there is no mention of the seasons whatever. *Śarad* occurs frequently, but always in the sense of year, thus corresponding precisely to *śaredha* in the Avesta. It is only in the later hymns of the tenth book that *hemanta* is used once, *grishma* once, and *vasanta* twice, in such a manner as to imply seasons; and at that time the Indo-Aryans had already reached the banks of the Ganges and the foot of the Vindhya mountains. Indeed, nicety in discriminating and denominating the seasons is quite as much a matter of culture as of climate; otherwise there is no reason why the Germans of to-day should have autumn in their calendar. It is evident that all appeals to such sources as means of determining the geographical position of the land in which the primitive Aryans dwelt must be futile. Troubadours, and minnesingers, and mediæval minstrels in general celebrate the beauties and pleasures of spring, and ignore every other season. The modern reader of their verses wearies of opening buds and vernal bloom and fresh green, and

longs for a leafless tree or a brown and barren field. But who would adduce this partial appreciation of nature as proof that summer, autumn, and winter were at that time unnamed and unknown? The poet himself might justly protest against the pressure thus put upon him by the philologist, and exclaim with Uncle Remus, "Now, den, honey, you 're crowdin' me."

Another point regarded as showing "incontestably" that the Indo-Aryans came from Central Asia is the resemblance between *Rasâ* in the Rig-Veda and *Raŋha* in the Avesta, and the assumption that the latter is only a different name for the Yaxartes. Both words are derived from verbal roots signifying "to roar," and meant originally any rushing and resounding water-course. Afterwards they seem to have been applied exclusively to certain mythical streams, which were supposed to flow round the earth, but which it is impossible to identify with the Oxus or the Yaxartes, or any other real river. To infer from these names that the Indo-Aryans were emigrants from Bactria would be hardly less absurd than to compare the Tamasâ (a tributary of the Ganges) with the Thames, and thus trace them to the British Isles.

In his edition of Tacitus' *Germania*, published in 1851, and in a work on *The Native Races of the Russian Empire*, Mr. Latham first suggested that the primitive home of the Aryan family was probably between the Danube and the Dneiper, rather than on the banks of the Oxus and the Yaxartes. The botanist or zoölogist, he said, who should find a single species extending over a comparatively small area of Asia, but belonging to a genus which covered two thirds of Europe, would pronounce the genus to be European. There is no reason, he added, why the logic of the philologist, in treating of languages, should differ from that of the naturalist, in treating of flora and fauna. In his

Elements of Comparative Philology, Mr. Latham reiterated this statement, and declared that inasmuch as history is confessedly silent concerning the original seat of the Aryans, we can only consider *a priori* presumptions; and since these are in favor of deducing the smaller class or species from the area of the larger class or genus, the origin of the Aryans is to be sought in Europe, on the eastern or southeastern borders of Lithuania.

This view, so far as it was noticed at all, was generally ridiculed by British and Continental philologists. Victor Hehn, of Berlin, characterized it as "a conceit which popped into the head of an original in England, the land of eccentricities;" and the same writer had the assurance to denounce Theodore Benfey, of Göttingen, and Lazarus Geiger, of Frankfort, who accepted the theory in its essential features, as a "whimsical professor" and a "clever dilettante." But the honest opinion of an earnest scholar is not easily hooted and howled out of existence, nor can it be buried out of sight by heaping on it any amount of epithetic abuse. With the progress of philology, and especially of ethnology, the Asiatic hypothesis was found to be more and more inadequate to explain the constantly accumulating mass of facts. The geological evidence of the existence of man in Europe as early as the post-tertiary period would indicate a possibility that its later population was also indigenous, instead of being immigrants from Asia. We know that, in consequence of great physical changes, the river-drift man was superseded by the cave man; and why might not the Iberian and the Aryan have sprung up on the same soil, as products of environments favorable to the evolution of a higher human type? There is no proof that any of these races were exotic, although some of them may have extended from Siberia to Spain, wandering northward or retreating south-

ward in search of a suitable habitat, as the climate grew warmer or colder. If Europe has been the dwelling-place of man for two thousand centuries, why should we be forced to go to Asia for the origin of the last and noblest of the race?

Both branches of the Asiatic Aryans emerge from prehistoric obscurity as aliens in the lands they inhabit. The oldest legends of the Iranians represent them as having wandered far from their ancestral seat into un-Aryan countries, and in the Rig-Veda the authors of these hymns appear as foreign invaders and conquerors in conflict with Dasyus, a lower race of native barbarians, doomed to be exterminated or enslaved.

Our earliest tidings of the European Aryans are of much more recent date; we have no information concerning their place of abode or state of culture, at the time when the Avesta and the Veda were composed. However, in the first authentic accounts of them that have been preserved, they appear, not merely in their national traditions, but also in the actual conditions of their life, as aboriginal possessors of the soil, and show every evidence of having occupied it from time immemorial. During the three centuries that elapsed from the voyages of Pytheas to the campaigns of Cæsar, the Germans do not seem to have changed their geographical position to any considerable extent. They believed themselves to be "earth-born," and Tacitus indorsed this opinion, deeming it incredible that any one should go to such a wretched country, or even remain there, unless it were his fatherland. We do not see them entering Europe as invaders and displacing a previous population, as Indo-Aryans displaced Dasyus and Europeans displaced the red men of America. They appear to have superseded other peoples in the struggle for existence, by the operation of the natural law of development and the principle of the survival of the fittest working

through thousands of years, as the horse superseded the hipparion and the ox supplanted the urus. The Basks retreated into the Pyrenees and the Finns and Lapps into the frigid fastnesses of the north before the same kind of forces that drove the ibex and the chamois from the plains into the high Alps, and compelled the reindeer and the polar bear to find a home among arctic snows and ice-floes. It was not because they succumbed in combats with foes of superior strength, coming from another continent, that the palæolithic fauna became extinct or retired to a more congenial habitat, but because the agencies and conditions which produced and fostered the neolithic fauna proved fatal to them. It was in consequence of such a revolution that the cave men withdrew from France to Greenland, where they probably still survive as Eskimos. Changes of a less violent character, aided by lucky accidents in the chances of life, may have favored the indigenous development of the fair-skinned, broad-headed, large-framed Aryan at the expense of the olive-colored, narrow-headed, small-boned Iberian, without the necessity of assuming that the dominant race were immigrants from Asia.

The contents of the most ancient sepulchral mounds in Europe are Aryan remains, and tend to confirm the theory of the European origin of the Aryan race. The pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes and of the morasses of Lombardy also indicate a state of civilization corresponding essentially to that of the primitive Aryans as reconstructed by linguistic palæontology. Their domestic animals and cultivated plants, food, clothing, weapons of chase and of war, and general mode of life were much the same. The transition from the stone age to the bronze age is clearly traceable in the refuse of these habitations, both in Switzerland and in the basin of the Po. But the tin necessary for the production of bronze could have been pro-

cured only in Europe, and was obtained probably from the mines of Cornwall.

The only metal with which the primitive Aryans seem to have been familiar was copper in its crude form. There is no evidence that they smelted or smithed it, or worked it up into utensils of any kind. It was used for ornament on account of its color, and its worth in this respect made it available as a circulating medium for commercial transactions. It is well known that at a much later period, when the art of manufacturing metals had attained considerable perfection, the treasures of heroes and princes consisted of personal ornaments, rings, bracelets, and gold bands, as described in *Beowulf* and the *Edda*. But the earliest standard of value was a cow, and this continued to be the most common one even in the time of Homer; among the Brahmins of to-day the compensation for the performance of a sacrifice or other religious rite is still computed in kine, although it may be paid in coin. Survivals of this rude and clumsy method of barter are found in all languages. The oldest Roman laws imposed fines and penalties in cattle and sheep. Afterwards, a lump of copper (*aes rude*) became the measure of values in traffic; hence our word "estimate," *æs-timare*, to determine the worth of anything in copper. Finally, the *æs rude* was superseded by the *æs signatum*, a rough-wrought coin of fixed fineness and weight, upon which was stamped the figure of a cow, a sheep, or a pig, destined to be succeeded, in due time, by the emblem of a tribe, the escutcheon of a city, or the head of an emperor. It is noteworthy, too, that *pecunia* (from *pecus*, a herd), although standing for property in general, should have always retained the specific signification of copper currency, in distinction from *aurum* and *argentum*. Thus is not only the evolution of money from cattle to coin clearly traceable in Roman legislation, but, what is more

pertinent to my present purposes, the Latin *aes* and the Gothic *aiz* have preserved the original meaning of copper, whereas *ayas* in the Rig-Veda and *ayañh* in the Avesta are used simply for metal, and specially for iron. These facts, so far as they may have any evidential force, would seem to indicate the greater primitiveness of Europeo-Aryan civilization.

In a paper read before the St. Gall Society of Natural History, Franz Misteli states that since, "on linguistic grounds, the home of the Aryans must be placed north of the Himálaya, on the confines of India and Persia, therefore the Indo-Germans must have been acquainted with the tiger, inasmuch as the habitat of this beast of prey extends over these regions." A more perfect specimen of *circulus in demonstrando* it would be difficult to discover or construct. There are no "linguistic grounds" necessitating such a location of the Aryan home; and decidedly opposed to it is the absolute and radically irremediable divergence in the names for both tiger and lion in the Aryan languages of Asia and those of Europe. The only logical inference from the prehistoric existence of these animals in those regions would be that the home of the Aryans must be sought elsewhere.

A comparison of the names of many forest trees, particularly the beech, the birch, and the oak, seems to point to their habitat in Northern and Central Europe as the probable home of the European Aryans. Here, too, have always lived, and still live, the purest representatives of the blue-eyed, flax-haired, ruddy-complexioned Aryan type, from which the Asiatic Aryans show the widest deviation. This would hardly be the case if the race had its origin in Asia. In climate and general conformation, the region lying between the Baltic and the Black Sea was better fitted for the abode and development of a primitive people than the high table-

lands of Asia. The geographical positions of the various branches of the Aryan family in historical times can be most easily accounted for by assuming this region as their Airyana-Vaêjô, or prehistoric point of departure. Also, the earliest movements of Aryan peoples of which we have any record proceeded from this quarter towards the east and southeast: such were the migrations of the Phrygians, Thracians, Armenians, and the tribes to which Greece owed its Hellenic population. It was only at a later period, in consequence of the regression of the Kelts, that the Germans crossed the Rhine, the Slavs followed in their wake, and the westward "wandering of the nations" began. Professor Löher's assertion that primitive men would instinctively go towards the rising sun, "to see where it comes from," is too subjective and fanciful to deserve any consideration. Solar attraction, if it affected them at all, would naturally lead them to migrate with the course of the sun rather than in opposition to it. They would be quite as curious to see where it went to as where it came from. It has been observed that, owing to the unequal size and energy of the lobes of the brain, no person can walk a straight line in the dark or with closed eyes, but will invariably turn a little to the right. This peculiarity has suggested to an ingenious mind a physiological theory to account for the presence of Aryans in the Balkan Peninsula and on the Danube. Assuming that they were originally in Central Asia, and wished to move southward in search of a warmer climate, without a compass to guide them, it is natural to suppose that they would deviate constantly to the right, and thus actually go southwestward. It would be difficult to decide which of these two great discoveries, migration through solar attraction or through cerebral action, should take the prize as the more marvellous specimen of mare's-nest.

Professor Löher, whose paper on this subject, read before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, is chiefly an archæological *oratio pro domo*, regards the important part which the dragon plays in old German sagas as a tradition of prehistoric combats of men with enormous reptiles, and finds in these legends a proof that the Aryans at that time inhabited the morassy districts of Germany, in which these crocodilian creatures lived. The dragon, however, is a monster of so protean mien as hardly to be serviceable as the basis of a scientific theory. Like the green serpent on which the Iranian hero, Keresâšpa, built a fire to cook his dinner, mistaking it for a grassy bank, it may suddenly slip from under the steaming pot and spill the savory porridge.¹ A dragon may represent extreme cold or torrid heat; the cloud that brings crushing masses of snow, as in the Vendidad, or the cloud that imprisons the rain and produces drought, as in the Veda. It may be, like Grendel, the fiend of the fens, a personification of malaria, "that dark pest of men" and "great bestrider of the mark," which seized the thanes while asleep and carried them off, until Beowulf slew the "venomous guest" and destroyed the loathsome brood by "purifying the waters of the moors;" or it may be, as Lippert suggests, the spirit of an ancient hero, guarding the treasures deposited in his tomb against degenerate and impecunious descendants, who would fain replenish their coffers by robbing the barrow of its hoard. All these theories are possible. Indeed, there is nothing dire that the dragon may not symbolize, nothing dreadful to encounter that has not been called by this name, from a megalosaurus to a mother-in-law.

Such are a few of the considerations that render the Asiatic origin of the

Aryans quite questionable, and point to Europe as the more probable home of the race. This theory also finds confirmation in the very marked and apparently prehistoric influence of Europeo-Aryan upon Finnic languages, whereas the traces of Semitic elements in the former are extremely slight, being confined to a few words, which may have been easily introduced through later commercial intercourse.

It must be remembered, however, that in the present state of our knowledge the whole discussion of this subject must be limited to a simple balancing of *pros* and *cons*, and a cautious statement of probabilities. We have to do with mere hypotheses, about which it is interesting to speculate, but absurd to dogmatize.

We must also rid ourselves of the notion, often unconsciously entertained, that the expression "Aryan homestead" implies a family-seat or cluster of buildings, like a manor-house or a hamlet. All phrases, such as the "home of the primitive Aryans" and the "one roof" under which they are said to have lived, are nothing but figures of speech, and will prove fatally misleading, unless we bear in mind that the roof was the sky, and the home a habitation not made with hands, which may have looked eastward on the Oxus and westward on the Rhine. There is no reason, philological or ethnological, why the Iranians may not have been cradled on the steppes of the Aral Sea, and the Germans swaddled on the shores of the Baltic. This geographical extension would not impair their linguistic unity, nor produce greater physiological differences than actually exist. Vamberg says of the Turko-Tatars that, notwithstanding their wide diffusion from Corea to Northern Siberia and the Adriatic and a separation of fifteen centuries, their languages are only dialects, and a

¹ This adventure of Keresâšpa, related in the Avesta, is the original of the story of Sindbad. As Keresâšpa means the hero "with the lean horse,"

he might stand in ancient Aryan chivalry as the prototype of Don Quixote with his Rosinante.

Yakut on the Lena would understand an Anatolian Turk to-day better than a Swiss understands a Siebenbürgen Saxon. It has been estimated that pastoral and nomadic communities average less than ten persons to a square mile, and that hunting tribes require ten thousand times as much land for their sustenance as agriculturists: from these data one can infer what a vast territory must have been occupied by the primitive

Aryans, who lived from the products of the chase and their flocks. No discoveries, at least, which science has yet made concerning the origin and evolution of languages, or the development and differentiation of races, would render this immense aboriginal area of the Aryans inconsistent with their acknowledged relationship in speech, or their assumed ethnic affinities and ties of physical descent.

E. P. Evans.

LIFE BEYOND.

I.

THE wish behind the thought is the soul's star
 Of faith, and out of earth we build our heaven
 Life to each unschooled child of time has given
 A fairy wand, with which he thinks to unbar
 The dark gate to a region vast and far,
 Where all is gained at length for which he has striven,
 All loss requited, all offenses shriven,
 All toil o'erpassed, effaced each battle-scar.
 But ah, what heaven of rest could countervail
 The ever-widening thought, the endless stress
 Of action, whereinto the heart is born?
 What sphere so blessed it could over-bless
 With sweets the soul, when all such gifts must fail
 If from its chosen work that soul were torn?

II.

Not for a rapture unalloyed I ask;
 Not for a recompense for all I miss.
 A banquet of the gods in heavenly bliss,
 A realm in whose warm sunshine I may bask,
 Life without discipline or earnest task,
 Could ill repay the unfinished work of this;
 Nay, e'en to clasp some long-lost Beatrice
 In bowers of Paradise, the mortal mask
 Dropped from her face, now glorified and bright.
 But I would fain take up what here I left
 All crude and incomplete; would toil and strive
 To regain the power of which I am bereft
 By slow decay and death, with fuller light
 To aid the larger life that may survive.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK THIRD.

XXIX.

THE boulevard was all alive, brilliant with illuminations, with the variety and gayety of the crowd; the dazzle of shops and cafés seen through uncovered fronts or immense lucid plates; the flamboyant porches of theatres and the flashing lamps of carriages; the far-spreading murmur of talkers and strollers, the uproar of pleasure and prosperity, the general magnificence of Paris on a perfect evening in June — the high-pitched, many-voiced Paris of the latter part of the Second Empire, the arbitress of Europe, the source of every sensation, wound up to a sort of sensual ecstasy and unconscious of her doom. Hyacinth had been walking about all day — he had walked from rising till bed-time every day of the week that had elapsed since his arrival — and now an extraordinary fatigue, which, however, was not without its delight (there was a kind of richness, a sweet satiety, in it), a tremendous lassitude, had fallen upon him, and he settled himself in a chair beside a little table in front of Tortoni's, not so much to rest from it as to enjoy it. He had seen so much, felt so much, learned so much, thrilled and throbbed and laughed and sighed so much, during the past several days, that he was conscious at last of the danger of becoming incoherent to himself, of the need of balancing his accounts.

To-night he came to a full stop; he simply sat at the door of the most dandified café in Paris, and felt his pulse and took stock of his impressions. He had been intending to visit the Variétés theatre, which blazed through intermediate lights and through the thin foliage of trees not favored by the asphalt, on

the other side of the great avenue. But the impression of Schneider — he relinquished that, for the present; it added to the luxury of his situation to reflect that he should still have plenty of time to see the Grande Duchesse. The same effect proceeded from his determination to order a *marquise*, when the waiter, whose superior shirt-front and whisker emerged from the long white cylinder of an apron, came to take his commands. He knew the decoction was expensive — he had learnt as much at the moment he happened to overhear, for the first time, a mention of it; which had been the night before, in his place in a stall, during an *entr'acte*, at the Comédie Française. A gentleman beside him, a young man in evening-dress, conversing with an acquaintance in the row behind, recommended the latter to refresh himself with the article in question after the play: there was nothing like it, the speaker remarked, of a hot evening, in the open air, when one was thirsty. The waiter brought Hyacinth a tall glass of champagne, in which a pineapple ice was in solution, and our hero felt that he had hoped for a sensation no less delicate when he looked for an empty table on Tortoni's terrace. Very few tables were empty, and it was his belief that the others were occupied by high celebrities; at any rate, they were just the types he had had a prevision of and had wanted most to meet, when the extraordinary opportunity to come abroad with his pocket full of money (it was more extraordinary, even, than his original meeting with the Princess) became real to him in Lomax Place. He knew about Tortoni's from his study of the French novel, and as he sat there he had a vague sense of fraternizing

with Balzac and Alfred de Musset; there were echoes and reminiscences of their works in the air, confounding themselves with the indefinable exhalations, the strange composite odor, half agreeable, half impure, of the boulevard. "Splendid Paris, charming Paris" — that refrain, the fragment of an invocation, a beginning without an end, hummed itself perpetually in Hyacinth's ears; the only articulate words that got themselves uttered in the hymn of praise which his imagination had been offering to the French capital from the first hour of his stay. He recognized, he greeted, with a thousand palpitations, the seat of his maternal ancestors, and he was proud to be associated with so much splendor, so many proofs of a civilization that had no visible rough spots. He had his perplexities, and he had even now and then a revulsion for which he had made no allowance, as when it came over him that the most brilliant city in the world was also the most blood-stained; but the great sense that he understood and sympathized was preponderant, and his comprehension gave him wings — appeared to transport him to still wider fields of knowledge, still higher sensations.

In other days, in London, he had thought again and again of his mother's father, the revolutionary watch-maker, who had known the ecstasy of the barricade and had paid for it with his life, and his reveries had not been sensibly chilled by the fact that he knew next to nothing about him. He figured him in his mind, had a conviction that he was very short, like himself, and had curly hair, an immense talent for his work, and an extraordinary natural eloquence, together with many of the most attractive qualities of the French character. But he was reckless and a little cracked, and probably immoral; he had difficulties and debts and irrepressible passions; his life had been an incurable fever, and its tragic termination was a matter of course. None the less, it

would have been a charm to hear him talk, to feel the influence of a gayety which even political madness could never quench; for his grandson had a theory that he spoke the French tongue of an earlier time, delightful and sociable in accent and phrase, exempt from the commonness of modern slang. This vague yet vivid personage became Hyacinth's constant companion, from the day of his arrival: he roamed about with Florentine's boy, hand in hand; sat opposite to him at dinner, at the little table in the restaurant; finished the bottle with him; made the bill a little longer; and treated him to innumerable revelations and counsels. He knew the lad's secret without being told, and looked at him across the diminutive tablecloth, when the great tube of bread, pushed aside a little, left room for his elbows (it puzzled Hyacinth that the people of Paris should ever have had the fierceness of hunger when the loaves were so big), gazed at him with eyes of deep, kind, glowing comprehension, and with lips which seemed to murmur that when one was to die to-morrow one was wise to eat and drink to-day. There was nothing venerable, no constraint of importance or disapproval, in this edifying and impalpable presence; the young man considered that Hyacinthe Vivier was of his own time of life, and could enter into his pleasures as well as his pains. Wondering, repeatedly, where the barricade on which his grandfather fell had been erected, he at last satisfied himself (but I am unable to trace the process of the induction) that it had bristled across the Rue Saint-Honoré, very near to the church of Saint-Roch. The pair had now roamed together through all the museums and gardens, through the principal churches (the republican martyr was very good-natured about this), through the passages and arcades, up and down the great avenues, across all the bridges, and above all, again and again, along the river, where

the quays were an endless entertainment to Hyacinth, who lingered by the half hour beside the boxes of old books on the parapets, stuffing his pockets with odd five-penny volumes, while the bright industries of the Seine flashed and glittered beneath him, and, on the other bank, the glorious Louvre stretched either way for a league. Our young man took almost the same sort of satisfaction in the Louvre as if he had invented it; he haunted the museum during all the first days, and could not look enough at certain pictures, nor sufficiently admire the high polish of the great floors, in which the golden, frescoed ceilings reflected themselves. All Paris struck him as tremendously artistic and decorative; he felt as if, hitherto, he had lived in a dusky, frowzy, Philistine world, in which the taste was the taste of Little Peddlington, and the idea of beautiful arrangement had never had an influence. In his ancestral city it had been active from the first, and that was why his quick sensibility responded; and he murmured again his constant refrain, when the fairness of the great monuments arrested him, in the pearly, silvery light, or he saw them take gray-blue, delicate tones at the end of stately vistas. It seemed to him that Paris expressed herself, and did it in the grand style, while London remained vague and blurred, inarticulate, blunt, and dim.

Eustache Poupin had given him letters to three or four democratic friends, ardent votaries of the social question, who had by a miracle escaped the hard fate of exile, and, in spite of imperial *mouchards* and the periodical swoops of despotism, kept alive the sacred spark which would some day become a consuming flame. Hyacinth, however, had not had the thought of delivering these introductions; he had accepted them because Poupin had had such a solemn glee in writing them, and also because he had not the courage to let the couple in Lisson Grove know that since that

terrible night at Hoffendahl's a change had come over the spirit of his dream. He had not grown more concentrated; he had grown more relaxed, and it was inconsistent with relaxation that he should rummage out Poupin's friends — one of whom lived in the Batignolles, and the others in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine — and pretend that he cared for what they cared for in the same way as they cared for it. What was supreme in his mind to-day was not the idea of how the society that surrounded him should be destroyed; it was, much more, the sense of the wonderful, precious things it had produced, of the brilliant, impressive fabric it had erected. That destruction was waiting for it there was forcible evidence, known to himself and others, to show; but since this truth had risen before him, in its magnitude, he had become conscious of a transfer, partial if not complete, of his sympathies; the same revulsion of which he had given a sign to the Princess in saying that now he pitied the rich, those that were regarded as happy. While the evening passed, therefore, as he kept his place at Tortoni's, the emotion that was last to visit him was a compunction for not having put himself in relation with poor Poupin's friends, for having neglected to make the acquaintance of earnest people.

Who in the world, if one should come to that, was as earnest as he himself, or had given such signal even though secret proofs of it? He could lay that unction to his soul in spite of his having amused himself cynically, spent all his time in theatres, galleries, walks of pleasure. The feeling had not failed him with which he accepted Mr. Vetch's furtherance — the sense that since he was destined to perish in his flower he was right to make a dash at the beautiful, horrible world. That reflection had been natural enough, but what was strange was the fiddler's own impulse, his desire to do something pleasant for

him, to beguile him and ship him off. What had been most odd in that was the way Mr. Vetch appeared to overlook the fact that his young friend had already had, that year, such an episode of dissipation as was surely rare in the experience of London artisans. This was one of the many things Hyacinth thought of; he thought of the others in turn and out of turn; it was almost the first time he had sat still long enough (except at the theatre) to collect himself. A hundred confused reverberations of the recent past crowded upon him, and he saw that he had lived more intensely in the previous six months than in all the rest of his existence. The succession of events finally straightened itself, and he tasted some of the rarest, strangest moments over again. His last week at Medley, in especial, had already become a kind of fable, the echo of a song; he could read it over like a story, gaze at it as he would have gazed at some exquisite picture. His visit there had been perfect to the end; and even the three days that Captain Sholto's sojourn lasted had not broken the spell, for the three more that had elapsed before his own departure (the Princess herself had given him the signal) were the most important of all. It was then the Princess had made it clear to him that she was in earnest, was prepared for the last sacrifice. She was now his standard of comparison, his authority, his measure, his perpetual reference; and in taking possession of his mind to this extent she had completely renewed it. She was altogether a new term, and now that he was in a foreign country he observed how much her conversation, itself so foreign, had prepared him to understand it. In Paris he saw, of course, a great many women, and he noticed almost all of them, especially the actresses; confronting, mentally, their movement, their speech, their manner of dressing, with that of his extraordinary friend. He

judged that she was beyond them in every respect, though there were one or two actresses who had the air of trying to copy her.

The recollection of the last days he had spent with her affected him now like the touch of a tear-washed cheek. She had shed tears for him, and it was his suspicion that her secret idea was to frustrate the redemption of his vow to Hoffendahl, to the immeasurable body that Hoffendahl represented. She pretended to have accepted it, and what she said was simply that when he should have played his part she would engage to save him—to fling a cloud about him, as the goddess-mother of the Trojan hero used, in Virgil's poem, to *escamoter* Æneas. What she meant was, in his view, to prevent him from playing his part at all. She was earnest for herself, but not for him. The main result of his concentrated intimacy with her had been to make him feel that he was good enough for anything. When he had asked her, the last day, if he might write to her, she had said, Yes, but not for two or three weeks. He had written after Pinnie's death, and again just before coming abroad, and in doing so had taken account of something else she had said in regard to their correspondence—that she did n't wish vague phrases, protestations, or compliments; she wanted the realities of his life, the smallest, most personal details. Therefore he had treated her to the whole business of the break-up in Lomax Place, including the sale of the rickety furniture. He had told her what that transaction brought—a beggarly sum, but sufficient to help a little to pay debts; and he had informed her furthermore that one of the ways Mr. Vetch had taken to hurry him off to Paris was to offer him a present of thirty pounds out of his curious little hoard, to add to the sum already inherited from Pinnie—which, in a manner that none of Hyacinth's friends, of course, could possibly

regard as frugal, or even as respectable, was now consecrated to a mere excursion. He even mentioned that he had ended by accepting the thirty pounds, adding that he feared there was something demoralizing in his peculiar situation (she would know what he meant by that): it disposed one to take what one could get, made one at least very tolerant of whims that happened to be munificent.

What he did not mention to the Princess was the manner in which he had been received by Paul Muniment and by Millicent Henning, on his return from Medley. Millicent's reception had been the queerest; it had been quite unexpectedly mild. She made him no scene of violence, and appeared to have given up the line of throwing a blur of recrimination over her own nefarious doings. She treated him as if she liked him for having got in with the swells; she had an appreciation of success which would lead her to handle him more tenderly now that he was really successful. She tried to make him describe the style of life that was led in a house where people were invited to stay like that, without having to pay, and she surprised him almost as much as she gratified him by not indulging in any of her former digs at the Princess. She was lavish of ejaculations when he answered certain of her questions — ejaculations that savored of Pimlico, "Oh, I say!" and "Oh, my stars!" — and he was more than ever struck with her detestable habit of saying, "Aye, that's where it is," when he had made some remark to which she wished to give an intelligent and sympathetic assent. But she did n't jeer at the Princess's private character; she stayed her satire, in a case where there was such an opening for it. Hyacinth reflected that this was lucky for her: he couldn't have stood it (nervous and anxious as he was about Pinnie), if she had had the bad taste, at such a time as that, to be profane and insulting. In

that case he would have broken with her completely — he would have been too disgusted. She displeased him enough, as it was, by her vulgar tricks of speech. There were two or three little recurrent irregularities that aggravated him to a degree quite out of proportion to their importance, as when she said "full up" for full, "sold out" for sold, or remarked to him that she supposed he was now going to chuck up his work at old Crookenden's. These phrases had fallen upon his ear many a time before, but now they seemed almost unpardonable enough to quarrel about. Not that he had any wish to quarrel, for if the question had been pushed he would have admitted that to-day his intimacy with the Princess had caused any rights he might have had upon Millicent to lapse. Millicent did not push it, however; she only, it was evident, wished to convey to him that it was better for both parties they should respect each other's liberty. A genial understanding on this subject was what Miss Henning desired, and Hyacinth forbade himself to inquire what use she proposed to make of her freedom. During the month that elapsed between Pinnie's death and his visit to Paris he had seen her several times, for the respect for each other's freedom had somehow not implied cessation of intercourse, and it was only natural she should have been soft to him in his bereaved condition. Hyacinth's sentiment about Pinnie was deep, and Millicent was clever enough to guess it; the consequence of which was that on these occasions she was very soft indeed. She talked to him almost as if she had been his mother and he a convalescent child; called him her dear, and a young rascal, and her old boy; moralized a good deal; abstained from beer (till she learned he had inherited a fortune); and when he remarked, once (moralizing a little, too), that after the death of a person we have loved we are haunted by the memory of our failures of kindness,

of generosity, rejoined, with a dignity that made the words almost a contribution to philosophy, "Yes, that's where it is!"

Something in her behavior at this period had even made Hyacinth wonder whether there were not some mystical sign in his appearance, some subtle betrayal in the very expression of his face, of the predicament in which he had been placed by Diedrich Hoffendahl; he began to suspect afresh the operation of that "beastly *attendrissement*" he had detected of old in people who had the benefit of Miss Pynsent's innuendoes. The compassion Millicent felt for him had never been one of the reasons why he liked her; it had fortunately been corrected, moreover, by his power to make her furious. This evening, on the boulevard, as he watched the interminable successions, one of the ideas that came to him was that it was odd he should like her even yet; for Heaven knew he liked the Princess better, and he had hitherto supposed that when a sentiment of this kind had the energy of a possession it made a clean sweep of all minor predilections. But it was clear to him that Millicent still existed for him; that he could n't feel he had quite done with her, or she with him; and that, in spite of his having now so many other things to admire, there was still a comfort in the recollection of her robust beauty and her primitive passions. Hyacinth thought of her as some clever young barbarian who in ancient days should have made a pilgrimage to Rome might have thought of a Dacian or Iberian mistress awaiting his return on the rough provincial shore. If Millicent considered his visit at a country-house a proof of the sort of success that awaited him (and how he reconciled this with the supposition that she perceived, as a ghostly irradiation, intermingled with his curly hair, the aureola of martyrdom, he would have had some difficulty in explaining), if Miss Henning considered,

on his return from Medley, that he had taken his place on the winning side, it was only consistent of her to borrow a grandeur from his further excursion; and, indeed, by the time he was ready to start she spoke of the plan as if she had invented it herself, and even contributed materially to the funds required. It had been her theory, from the first, that she only liked people of spirit; and Hyacinth certainly had never had so much spirit as when he launched himself into Continental adventures. He could say to himself, quite without bitterness, that of course she would profit by his absence to put her relations with Sholto on a comfortable footing; yet, somehow, at this moment, as her face came back to him, amid the crowd of faces about him, it had not that gentleman's picturesque shadow across it. It was the brilliancy of Paris, perhaps, that made him see things rosy; at any rate, he remembered with kindness something that she had said to him the last time he saw her, and that had touched him exceedingly at the moment. He had happened to observe to her, in a friendly way, that now Miss Pynsent had gone she was, with the exception of Mr. Vetch, the person in his whole circle who had known him longest. To this Millicent had replied that Mr. Vetch would n't live forever, and then she should have the satisfaction of being his very oldest friend. "Oh, well, I sha'n't live forever, either," said Hyacinth; which led her to inquire whether by chance he had a weakness of the chest. "Not that I know of, but I might get killed in a row;" and when she broke out into scorn of his silly notion of turning everything up (as if any one wanted to know what a costermonger would like, or any of that low sort at the East End!), he amused himself with asking her if she were satisfied with the condition of society, and thought nothing ought to be done for people who, at the end of a lifetime of starvation wages, had only the reward

of the hideous workhouse and a pauper's grave.

"I shouldn't be satisfied with anything, if ever you were to slip up," Millicent answered, simply, looking at him with her beautiful boldness. Then she added, "There's one thing I can tell *you*, Mr. Robinson: that if ever any one was to do you a turn" — And she paused again, tossing back the head she carried as if it were surmounted by a tiara, while Hyacinth inquired what would occur in that contingency. "Well, there'd be *one* left behind who would take it up!" she announced; and in the tone of the declaration there was something brave and genuine. It struck Hyacinth as a strange fate — though not stranger, after all, than his native circumstances — that one's memory should come to be represented by a shop-girl overladen with bracelets of imitation silver; but he was reminded that Millicent was a fine specimen of a woman of a type opposed to the whining, and that in her free temperament many disparities were reconciled.

XXX.

On the other hand, the brilliancy of Paris had not much power to transfigure the impression made upon him by such intercourse with Paul Muniment as he had enjoyed during the weeks that followed Pinnie's death — an impression considerably more severe than any idea of renunciation or oblivion that could connect itself with Millicent. Why it should have had the taste of sadness was not altogether clear, for Muniment's voice was as distinct as any in the chorus of approbation excited by the news that Hyacinth was about to cultivate the most characteristic of the pleasures of gentility — a sympathetic unanimity, of which the effect was to place his journey to Paris in a light almost ridiculous. What had got into

them all, and did they think he was good for nothing but to amuse himself? Mr. Vetch had been the most zealous, but the others clapped him on the back in almost exactly the same manner as he had seen his mates in Soho bring their palms down on one of their number when it was disclosed to them that his "missus" had made him yet once again a father. That had been Poupin's tone, and his wife's as well; and even poor Schinkel, with his everlasting bandage, whom he had met in Lisson Grove, appeared to think it necessary to remark that a little run across the Rhine, while he was about it, would open his eyes to a great many wonders. The Poupins shed tears of joy, and the letters which have already been mentioned, and which lay, day after day, on the mantel-shelf of the little room our hero occupied in a *hôtel garni*, tremendously tall and somewhat lopsided, in the Rue Jacob (that recommendation proceeded also from Lisson Grove, the *garni* being kept by a second cousin of Madame Eustache) — these valuable documents had been prepared by the obliging exile many days before his young friend was ready to start. It was almost refreshing to Hyacinth when old Crookenden, the sole outspoken dissident, told him he was a blockhead to waste his money on the bloody French. This worthy employer of labor was evidently disgusted at such an innovation; if he wanted a little recreation, why could n't he take it as it had been taken in Soho from the beginning of time, in the shape of a trip to Hampton Court or two or three days of alcoholic torpor? Old Crookenden was right. Hyacinth conceded freely that he was a blockhead, and was only a little uncomfortable that he could n't explain why he didn't pretend not to be and had a kind of right to that compensatory luxury.

Paul guessed why, of course, and smiled approval with a candor which

gave Hyacinth a strange, inexpressible heartache. He already knew that his friend's view of him was that he was ornamental and adapted to the lighter kinds of socialistic utility — constituted to show that the revolution was not necessarily brutal nor illiterate; but in the light of the cheerful stoicism with which Muniment regarded the sacrifice our hero was committed to, the latter had found it necessary to remodel a good deal his original conception of the young chemist's nature. The result of this process was not that he admired it less, but that he felt almost awe-stricken in the presence of it. There had been an element of that sort in his appreciation of Muniment from the first, but it had been infinitely deepened by the spectacle of his sublime consistency. Hyacinth felt that he himself could never have risen to that point. He was competent to make the promise to Hofendahl, and he was equally competent to keep it; but he could not have had the same fortitude for another, could not have detached himself from personal prejudice so effectually as to put forward, in that way, for the terrible "job," a little chap he liked. That Muniment liked him it never occurred to Hyacinth to doubt, and certainly he had all the manner of it to-day: he had never been more good-humored, more placidly talkative; he was like an elder brother who knew that the "youngster" was clever, and was rather proud of it even when there was no one there to see. That air of suspending their partnership for the moment, which had usually marked him at the Sun and Moon, was never visible in other places; in Audley Court he only chafed Hyacinth occasionally for taking him too seriously. To-day his young friend hardly knew just how to take him; the episode of which Hofendahl was the central figure had, as far as one could see, made so little change in his life. As a conspirator he was so extraordinarily candid, and bit-

terness and denunciation so rarely sat on his lips. It was as if he had been ashamed to complain; and indeed, for himself, as the months went on, he had nothing particular to complain of. He had had a rise, at the chemical works, and a plan of getting a larger room for Rosy was under serious consideration. On behalf of others he never sounded the pathetic note — he thought that sort of thing unbusiness-like; and the most that he did in the way of expatiation on the wrongs of humanity was occasionally to mention certain statistics, certain "returns," in regard to the remuneration of industries, applications for employment, and the discharge of hands. In such matters as these he was deeply versed, and he moved in a dry statistical and scientific air in which it cost Hyacinth an effort of respiration to accompany him. Simple and kindly as he was, and thoughtful of the woes of beasts, attentive and merciful to small insects, and addicted even to kissing dirty babies in Audley Court, he sometimes emitted a short satiric gleam which showed that his esteem for the poor was small, and that if he had no illusions about the people who had got everything into their hands he had as few about those who had egregiously failed to do so. He was tremendously reasonable, which was largely why Hyacinth admired him, having a desire to be so himself, but finding it terribly difficult.

Muniment's absence of passion, his fresh-colored coolness, his easy, exact knowledge, the way he kept himself clean (except for the chemical stains on his hands) in circumstances of foul contact, constituted a group of qualities that had always appeared to Hyacinth singularly enviable. Most enviable of all was the force that enabled him to sink personal sentiment where a great public good was to be attempted, and yet keep up the form of caring for that minor interest. It seemed to Hyacinth that if he had introduced a young fellow

to Hoffendahl for his purposes, and Hoffendahl had accepted him on such a recommendation, and everything had been settled, he would have preferred never to look at the young fellow again. That was his weakness, and Muniment carried it off far otherwise. It must be added that he had never made an allusion to their visit to Hoffendahl; so that Hyacinth also, out of pride, held his tongue on the subject. If his friend did n't wish to express any sympathy for him, he was not going to beg for it (especially as he did n't want it) by restless references. It had originally been a surprise to him that Muniment should be willing to countenance a possible assassination; but, after all, none of his ideas were narrow (Hyacinth had a sense that they ripened all the while), and if a pistol-shot would do any good he was not the man to raise pedantic objections. It is true that, as regards his quiet acceptance of the predicament in which Hyacinth might be placed by it, our young man had given him the benefit of a certain amount of doubt; it had occurred to him that perhaps Muniment had his own reasons for believing that the summons from Hoffendahl would never really arrive, so that he might be only treating himself to the entertainment of judging of a little bookbinder's nerve. But in this case, why did he take an interest in the little bookbinder's going to Paris? That was a thing he would not have cared for, if he had held that in fact there was nothing to fear. He despised the sight of idleness, and in spite of the indulgence he had more than once been good enough to express on the subject of Hyacinth's epicurean tendencies, what he would have been most likely to say at present was, "Go to Paris? Go to the dickens! Have n't you been out at grass long enough for one while, did n't you lark enough in the country there with the noble lady, and had n't you better take up your tools again, before

you forget how to handle them?" Rosy had said something of that sort, in her free, familiar way (whatever her intention, she had been, in effect, only a little less sarcastic than old Crookenden): that Mr. Robinson was going in for a life of leisure, a life of luxury, like herself; she must congratulate him on having the means and the time. Oh, the time — that was the great thing! She could speak with knowledge, having always enjoyed these advantages herself. And she intimated — or was she mistaken? — that his good fortune emulated hers also in the matter of his having a high-born and beneficent friend (such a blessing, now he had lost dear Miss Pynsent), who covered him with little attentions. Rose Muniment, in short, had been more exasperating than ever.

The boulevard became even more brilliant as the evening went on, and Hyacinth wondered whether he had a right to occupy the same table for so many hours. The theatre on the other side discharged its multitude; the crowd thickened on the wide asphalt, on the terrace of the café; gentlemen, accompanied by ladies of whom he knew already how to characterize the type — *des femmes très-chic* — passed into the portals of Tortoni. The nightly emanations of Paris seemed to rise more richly, to float and hang in the air, to mingle with the far-striking light and sound, to resolve itself into a thousand solicitations and opportunities, addressed, however, mainly to those in whose pockets the chink of a little loose gold might respond. Hyacinth's retrospections had not made him drowsy, but quite the reverse; he grew restless and excited, and a kind of pleasant terror of the place and hour entered into his blood. But it was nearly midnight, and he got up to walk home, taking the line of the boulevard toward the Madeleine. He passed down the Rue Royale, where comparative stillness reigned; and when he reached the Place de la Concorde, to

cross the bridge which faces the Corps Législatif, he found himself almost isolated. He had left the human swarm and the obstructed pavements behind, and the wide spaces of the splendid square lay quiet under the summer stars. The plash of the great fountains was audible, and he could almost hear the wind-stirred murmur of the little wood of the Tuileries on one side, and of the vague expanse of the Champs Elysées on the other. The place itself—the Place Louis Quinze, the Place de la Révolution—had given him a sensible emotion, from the day of his arrival; he had recognized so quickly its tremendously historic character. He had seen, in a rapid vision, the guillotine in the middle, on the site of the inscrutable obelisk, and the tumbrils, with waiting victims, were stationed round the circle now made by the majestic monuments of the cities of France. The great legend of the French Revolution, sanguinary and heroic, was more real to him here than anywhere else; and, strangely, what was most present was not its turpitude and horror, but its magnificent energy, the spirit of life that had been in it, not the spirit of death. That shadow was effaced by the modern fairness of fountain and statue, the stately perspective and composition; and as he lingered, before crossing the Seine, a sudden sense overtook him, making his heart sink with a kind of desolation—a sense of everything that might hold one to the world, of the sweetness of not dying, the fascination of great cities, the charm of travel and discovery, the generosity of admiration. The tears rose to his eyes, as they had done more than once in the past six months, and a question, low but poignant, broke from his lips, ending in nothing: “How could he—how *could* he”—It may be explained that “he” was a reference to Paul Muniment; for Hyacinth had dreamed of the religion of friendship.

Three weeks after this he found him-

self in Venice, whence he addressed to the Princess Casamassima a letter, of which I reproduce the principal passages:—

“This is probably the last time I shall write to you before I return to London. Of course you have been in this place, and you will easily understand why here, especially here, the spirit should move me. Dear Princess, what an enchanted city, what ineffable impressions, what a revelation of the exquisite! I have a room in a little *campo* opposite to a small old church, which has cracked marble slabs let into the front, and in the cracks grow little wild, delicate flowers, of which I don’t know the name. Over the door of the church hangs an old battered leather curtain, polished and tawny, as thick as a mattress, and with buttons in it, like a sofa; and it flops to and fro, laboriously, as women and girls, with shawls on their heads and their feet in little wooden shoes which have nothing but toes, pass in and out. In the middle of the *campo* is a fountain, which looks still older than the church; it has a primitive, barbaric air, and I have an idea it was put there by the first settlers—those who came to Venice from the mainland, from Aquileia. Observe how much historical information I have already absorbed; it won’t surprise you, however, for you never wondered at anything after you discovered I knew something of Schopenhauer. I assure you, I don’t think of that musty misogynist in the least to-day, for I bend a genial glance on the women and girls I just spoke of, as they glide, with a small clatter, and with their old copper water-jars, to the fountain. The Venetian girl-face is wonderfully sweet, and the effect is charming when its pale, sad oval (they all look underfed) is framed in the old faded shawl. They also have very fascinating hair, which never has done curling, and they slip along together, in couples or threes, interlinked by the arms, and never meeting one’s eye (so that its geniality

does n't matter), dressed in thin, cheap cotton gowns, whose limp folds make the same delightful line that everything else in Italy makes. The weather is splendid, and I roast — but I like it; apparently, I was made to be spitted and 'done,' and I discover that I have been cold all my life, even when I thought I was warm. I have seen none of the beautiful patricians who sat for the great painters — the gorgeous beings whose golden hair was intertwined with pearls; but I am studying Italian in order to talk with the shuffling, clicking maidens who work in the bead-factories — I am determined to make one or two of them look at me. When they have filled their old water-pots at the fountain, it is jolly to see them perch them on their heads and patter away over the polished Venetian stones. It's a charm to be in a country where the women don't wear the hideous British bonnet. Even in my own class (excuse the expression — I remember it used to offend you), I have never known a young female, in London, to put her nose out of the door without it: and if you had frequented such young females as much as I have you would have learned of what degradation that dreary necessity is the source. The floor of my room is composed of little brick tiles, and to freshen the air, in this temperature, one sprinkles it, as you no doubt know, with water. Before long, if I keep on sprinkling, I shall be able to swim about; the green shutters are closed, and the place makes a very good tank. Through the chinks the hot light of the campo comes in. I smoke cigarettes, and in the pauses of this composition recline on a faded magenta divan in the corner. Convenient to my hand, in that attitude, are the works of Leopardi and a second-hand dictionary. I am very happy — happier than I have ever been in my life save at Medley — and I don't care for anything but the present hour. It won't last long, for I am spending all my money. When I have fin-

ished this, I shall go forth and wander about in the splendid Venetian afternoon; and I shall spend the evening in that enchanted square of St. Mark's, which resembles an immense open-air drawing-room, listening to music, and feeling the sea-breeze blow in between those two strange old columns, in the piazzetta, which seem to make a portal for it. I can scarcely believe that it's of myself that I am telling these fine things; I say to myself a dozen times a day that Hyacinth Robinson is not in it, and pinch my leg, to see if I'm not dreaming. But a short time hence, when I have resumed the exercise of my profession, in sweet Soho, I shall have proof enough that it has been my very self: I shall know that by the terrible grind I shall feel my work to be.

"That will mean, no doubt, that I'm profoundly demoralized. It won't be for you, however, in this case, to cast the stone at me; for my demoralization began from the moment I first approached you. Dear Princess, I may have done you good, but you have n't done me much. I trust you will understand what I mean by that speech, and not think it flippant or impertinent. I may have helped you to understand and enter into the misery of the people (though, I protest, I don't know much about it), but you have led my imagination into quite another train. However, I don't mean to pretend that it's all your fault, if I have lost sight of the sacred cause almost altogether in my recent adventures. It is not that it has not been there to see, for that, perhaps, is the clearest result of extending one's horizon — the sense, increasing as we go, that want and toil and suffering are the constant lot of the immense majority of the human race. I have found them everywhere, but I have n't minded them. Excuse the cynical confession. What has struck me is the great achievements of which man has been capable in spite of them — the splendid

accumulations of the happier few, to which, doubtless, the miserable many have also in their degree contributed. The face of Europe appears to be covered with them, and they have had much the greater part of my attention. They seem to me inestimably precious and beautiful, and I have become conscious, more than ever before, of how little I understand what, in the great rectification, you and Poupin propose to do with them. Dear Princess, there are things which I shall be sorry to see you touch, even you with your hands divine; and — shall I tell you *le fond de ma pensée*, as you used to say? — I feel myself capable of fighting for them. You can't call me a traitor, for you know the obligation that I recognize. The monuments and treasures of art, the great palaces and properties, the conquests of learning and taste, the general fabric of civilization as we know it, based, if you will, upon all the despotisms, the cruelties, the exclusions, the monopolies, and the rapacities of the past, but thanks to which, all the same, the world is less impracticable and life more tolerable — our friend Hoffendahl seems to me to hold them too cheap, and to wish to substitute for them something in which I can't, somehow, believe as I do in things with which the aspirations and the tears of generations have been mixed. You know how extraordinary I think our Hoffendahl (to speak only of him); but if there is one thing that is more clear about him than another, it is that he would n't have the least feeling for this incomparable, abominable old Venice. He would cut up the ceilings of the Veronese into strips, so that every one might have a little piece. I don't want every one to have a little piece of anything, and I have a great horror of that kind of invidious jealousy which is at the bottom of the idea of a redistribution. You will say that I talk of it at my ease, while, in a delicious capital, I smoke cigarettes on a

magenta divan; and I give you leave to scoff at me if it turns out that, when I come back to London without a penny in my pocket, I don't hold the same language. I don't know what it comes from, but during the last three months there has crept over me a deep mistrust of that same grudging attitude — the intolerance of positions and fortunes that are higher and brighter than one's own; a fear, moreover, that I may, in the past, have been actuated by such motives, and a devout hope that if I am to pass away while I am yet young it may not be with that odious stain upon my soul."

XXXI.

Hyacinth spent three days, after his return to London, in a process which he supposed to be the quest of a lodging; but in reality he was pulling himself together for the business of his livelihood — an effort he found by no means easy or agreeable. As he had told the Princess, he was demoralized, and the perspective of Mr. Crookenden's dirty staircase had never seemed so steep. He lingered on the brink, before he plunged again into Soho; he wished not to go back to the shop till he should be settled, and he delayed to get settled in order not to go back to the shop. He saw no one during this interval, not even Mr. Vetch; he waited to call upon the fiddler till he should have the appearance of not coming as a beggar or a borrower — have recovered his employment and be able to give an address, as he had heard Captain Sholto say. He went to South Street — not meaning to go in at once, but wishing to look at the house — and there he had the surprise of perceiving a bill of sale in the window of the Princess's late residence. He had not expected to find her in town (he had heard from her the last time three weeks before, and then she said nothing about her prospects), but he was puzzled by this

indication that she had moved away altogether. There was something in this, however, which he felt that, at bottom, he had looked for; it appeared a proof of the justice of a certain suspicious, uneasy sentiment from which one could never be quite free, in one's intercourse with the Princess — a vague apprehension that one might suddenly stretch out one's hand and miss her altogether from one's side. Hyacinth decided to ring at the door and ask for news of her; but there was no response to his summons: the stillness of an August afternoon (the year had come round again from his first visit) hung over the place, the blinds were down, and the care-taker appeared to be absent. Under these circumstances Hyacinth was much at a loss; unless, indeed, he should address a letter to his wonderful friend at Medley. It would doubtless be forwarded, though her short lease of the country-house had terminated, as he knew, several weeks before. Captain Sholto was of course a possible medium of communication: but nothing would have induced Hyacinth to ask such a service of him.

He turned away from South Street with a curious sinking of the heart; his state of ignorance struck inward, as it were — had the force of a vague, disquieting portent. He went to old Crookenden's only when he had arrived at his last penny. This, however, was very promptly the case. He had disembarked at London Bridge with only seventeen pence in his pocket, and he had lived on that sum for three days. The old fiddler in Lomax Place was having a chop before he went to the theatre, and he invited Hyacinth to share his repast, sending out at the same time for another pot of beer. He took the youth with him to the play, where, as at that season there were very few spectators, he had no difficulty in finding him a place. He seemed to wish to keep hold of him, and looked at him, strangely, over his spectacles (Mr. Vetch wore the

homely double glass, in these latter years), when he learned that Hyacinth had taken a lodging, not in their old, familiar quarter, but in the unexplored portions of Westminster. What had determined our young man was the fact that from this part of the town the journey was comparatively a short one to South Lambeth; he had suffered so much, before Pinnie's death, from being separated by such a distance from his best friends. There was a pang in his heart connected with the image of Paul Muniment, but, none the less, the prospect of an evening hour in Audley Court, from time to time, appeared one of his most definite sources of satisfaction in the future. He could have gone straight to South Lambeth to live, but that would carry him too far from the scene of his daily labor; and in Westminster he was much nearer to old Crookenden's than he had been in Lomax Place. He said to Mr. Vetch that if it would give him pleasure he would abandon his lodging, and take another in Pentonville. But the old man replied, after a moment, that he should be sorry to put that constraint upon him; if he were to make such an exaction, Hyacinth would think he wanted to watch him.

"How do you mean, to watch me?"

Mr. Vetch had begun to tune his fiddle, and he scraped it a little before answering. "I mean it as I have always meant it. Surely you know that in Lomax Place I had my eyes on you. I watched you as a child on the edge of a pond watches the little boat he has constructed and set afloat."

"You could n't discover much. You saw, after all, very little of me," Hyacinth said.

"I made what I could of that little; it was better than nothing."

Hyacinth laid his hand gently on the old man's arm; he had never felt so kindly to him, not even when he accepted the thirty pounds, before going abroad,

as at this moment. "Certainly I will come and see you."

"I was much obliged to you for your letters," Mr. Vetch remarked, without heeding these words, and continuing to scrape. He had always, even into the shabbiness of his old age, kept that mark of English good-breeding (which is composed of some such odd elements), that there was a shyness, an aversion to possible phrase-making, in his manner of expressing gratitude for favors, and that in spite of this cursory tone his acknowledgment had ever the accent of sincerity.

Hyacinth took but little interest in the play, which was an inanimate revival; he had been at the Théâtre Français, and the tradition of that house was still sufficiently present to him to make any other style of interpretation appear of the clumsiest. He sat in one of the front stalls, close to the orchestra; and while the piece went forward — or backward, ever backward, as it seemed to him — his thoughts wandered far from the shabby scene and the dusty boards, revolving round a question which had come up immensely during the last few hours. The Princess was a *capricciosa* — that, at least, was Madame Grandoni's account of her; and was that blank, expressionless house in South Street a sign that an end had come to the particular caprice in which he had happened to be involved? He had returned to London with an ache of eagerness to be with her again on the same terms as at Medley, a throbbing sense that unless she had been abominably dishonest he might count upon her. This state of mind was by no means complete security, but it was so sweet that it mattered little whether it were sound. Circumstances had favored in an extraordinary degree his visit to her, and it was by no means clear that they would again be so accommodating, or that what had been possible for a few days should be possible with continuity, in the midst of the

ceremonies and complications of London. Hyacinth felt poorer than he had ever felt before, inasmuch as he had had money and spent it, whereas in previous times he had never had it to spend. He never for an instant regretted his squandered fortune, for he said to himself that he had made a good bargain, and become master of a precious equivalent. The equivalent was a rich experience — an experience which would become richer still, as he should talk it over, in a low chair, close to hers, with the all-comprehending, all-suggesting lady of his life. His poverty would be no obstacle to their intercourse, as long as he should have a pair of legs to carry him to her door; for she liked him better shabby than when he was furbished up, and she had given him too many pledges, they had taken together too many appointments, worked out too many programmes, to be disconcerted (on either side) by obstacles that were merely a part of the general conventionality. He was to go with her into the slums, to introduce her to the worst that London contained (he should have, precisely, to make acquaintance with it first), to show her the reality of the horrors of which she dreamed that the world might be purged. He had ceased, himself, to care for the slums, and had reasons for not wishing to spend his remnant in the contemplation of foul things; but he would go through with his part of the engagement. He might be perfunctory, but any deariness would have a gilding that should involve an association with her. What if she should have changed, and ceased to care? What if, from a kind of royal insolence which he suspected to lurk somewhere in the side scenes of her nature, though he had really not once seen it peep out, she should toss back her perfect head with a movement signifying that he was too basely literal, and that she knew him no more? Hyacinth's imagination represented her this evening in places where a barrier of

dazzling light shut her out from access, or even from any appeal. He saw her with other people, in splendid rooms, where "the dukes" had possession of her, smiling, satisfied, surrounded, covered with jewels. When this vision grew intense he found a reassurance in reflecting that after all she would be unlikely to throw him, personally, over so long as she should remain mixed up with what was being planned in the dark, and that it would not be easy for her to liberate herself from that entanglement. She had told him more, of course, at Medley of the manner in which she had already committed herself, and he remembered, with a strange, perverse elation, that she had gone very far indeed.

In the intervals of the foolish play, Mr. Vetch, who lingered in his place in the orchestra while his mates descended into the little hole under the stage, leaned over the rail and asked his young friend occasional questions, carrying his eyes at the same time up about the dingy house, at whose smoky ceiling and tarnished galleries he had been staring for so many a year. He came back to Hyacinth's letters, and said, "Of course you know they were clever; they entertained me immensely. But as I read them I thought of poor Pinnie: I wished she could have listened to them; they would have made her so happy."

"Yes, poor Pinnie," Hyacinth murmured, while Mr. Vetch went on:—

"I was in Paris in 1840; I stayed at a small hotel in the Rue Mogador. I judge everything is changed, from your letters. Does the Rue Mogador still exist? Yes, everything is changed. I dare say it's all much finer, but I liked it very much as it was then. At all events, I am right in supposing — am I not? — that it cheered you up considerably, made you really happy."

"Why should I have wanted any cheering? I was happy enough," Hyacinth replied.

The fiddler turned his old white face upon him; it had the unhealthy smoothness which denotes a sedentary occupation, thirty years spent in a close crowd, amid the smoke of lamps and the odor of stage-paint. "I thought you were sad about Pinnie," he remarked.

"When I jumped, with that avidity, at your proposal that I should take a tour? Poor old Pinnie!" Hyacinth added.

"Well, I hope you think a little better of the world. We mustn't make up our mind too early in life."

"Oh, I have made up mine: it's an awfully jolly place."

"Awfully jolly, no; but I like it as I like an old pair of shoes — I like so much less the idea of putting on the new ones."

"Why should I complain?" Hyacinth asked. "What have I known but kindness? People have done such a lot for me."

"Oh, well, of course they've liked you. But that's all right," murmured Mr. Vetch, beginning to scrape again. What remained in Hyacinth's mind from this conversation was the fact that the old man, whom he regarded, distinctly, as cultivated, had thought his letters clever. He only wished that he had made them cleverer still; he had no doubt of his ability to have done so.

It may be imagined whether the first hours he spent at old Crookenden's, after he took up work again, were altogether to his taste, and what was the nature of the reception given him by his former comrades, whom he found in exactly the same attitudes and the same clothes (he knew and hated every article they wore), and with the same primitive pleasantries on their lips. Our young man's feelings were mingled; the place and the people appeared to him loathsome, but there was something delightful in handling his tools. He gave a little private groan of relief when he discovered that he still liked his

work, and that the pleasant swarm of his ideas (in the matter of sides and backs) returned to him. They came in still brighter, more suggestive form, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that his taste had improved, that it had been purified by experience, and that the covers of a book might be made to express an astonishing number of high conceptions. Strange enough it was, and a proof, surely, of our little hero's being a genuine artist, that the impressions he had accumulated during the last few months appeared to mingle and confound themselves with the very sources of his craft, and to be susceptible of technical representation. He had quite determined, by this time, to carry on his life as if nothing were hanging over him, and he had no intention of remaining a little bookbinder to the end of his days; for that medium, after all, would translate only some of his conceptions. Yet his trade was a resource, an undiminished resource, for the present, and he had a particular as well as a general motive in attempting new flights — the prevision of the exquisite work that he was to do, during the coming year, for the Princess, and that it was very definite to him he owed her. When that debt should have been paid and his other arrears made up, he proposed to himself to write something. He was far from having decided, as yet, what it should be; the only point settled was that it should be very remarkable, and should not, at least on the face of it, have anything to do with a fresh deal of the social pack. That was to be his transition — into literature; to bind the book, charming as the process might be, was after all much less fundamental than to write it. It had occurred to Hyacinth more than once that it would be a fine thing to produce a brilliant death-song.

It is not surprising that among such reveries as this he should have been conscious of a narrow range in the tone

of his old work-fellows. They had only one idea: that he had come into a thousand pounds, and had gone to spend them, in France, with a regular high one. He was aware, in advance, of the diffusion of this legend, and did his best to allow for it, taking the simplest course, which was not to contradict it, but to catch the ball as it came and toss it still farther, enlarging and embroidering, humorously, until Grugan and Roker and Hotchkin and all the rest, who struck him as not having washed since he left them, seemed really to begin to understand how it was he could have spent such a rare sum in so short a time. The impressiveness of this achievement helped him greatly to slip into his place; he could see that, though the treatment it received was superficially irreverent, the sense that he was very sharp and that the springs of his sharpness were somehow secret gained a good deal of strength from it. Hyacinth was not incapable of being rather pleased that it *should* be supposed, even by Grugan, Roker, and Hotchkin, that he could get rid of a thousand pounds in less than five months, especially as to his own conscience the fact had altogether yet to be proved. He got off, on the whole, easily enough to feel a little ashamed, and he reflected that the men at Crookenden's, at any rate, showed no symptoms of the social jealousy lying at the bottom of the desire for a fresh deal. This was doubtless an accident, and not inherent in the fact that they were highly skilled workmen (old Crookenden had no others), and therefore sure of constant employment; for it was impossible to be more skilled, in one's own line, than Paul Muniment was, and yet he (though not out of jealousy, of course) went in for the great restitution. What struck him most, after he had got used again to the sense of his apron and bent his back a while over his battered table, was the simple, synthetic patience of the others, who had bent *their* backs

and felt the rub of that dirty drapery all the while he was lounging in the halls of Medley, dawdling through boulevards and museums, and admiring the purity of the Venetian girl-face. With Poupin, to be sure, his relations were special; but the explanations that he owed the sensitive Frenchman were not such as could make him very unhappy, once he had determined to resist as much as possible the friction of his remaining days. There was, moreover, more sorrow than anger in Poupin's face when he learned that his young friend and pupil had failed to cultivate, in Paris, the rich opportunities he had offered him. "You are cooling off, my child; there is something about you! Have you the weakness to flatter yourself that anything has been done, or that humanity suffers a particle less? *Enfin*, it's between you and your conscience."

"Do you think I want to get out of it?" Hyacinth asked, smiling; Eustache Poupin's phrases about humanity, which used to thrill him so, having grown of late strangely hollow and *rococo*.

"You owe me no explanations; the conscience of the individual is absolute, except, of course, in those classes in which, from the very nature of the infamies on which they are founded, no conscience can exist. Speak to me, however, of my Paris; *she* is always divine," Poupin went on; but he showed signs of irritation when Hyacinth began to praise to him the magnificent creations of the arch-fiend of December. In the presence of this picture he was in a terrible dilemma: he was gratified as a Parisian and a patriot, but he was disconcerted as a lover of liberty; it cost him a pang to admit that anything in the sacred city was defective, yet he saw still less his way to concede that it could owe any charm to the despotism which had driven him into exile. "Ah, yes, it's very fine, no doubt," he remarked at last, "but it will be finer

still when it's ours!" — a speech which caused Hyacinth to turn back to his work with a slight feeling of sickness. Everywhere, everywhere, he saw the ulcer of envy — the passion of a party which hung together for the purpose of despoiling another to its advantage. In old Eustace, one of the "pure," this was particularly sad.

XXXII.

The landing at the top of the stairs in Audley Court was always dark; but it seemed darker than ever to Hyacinth while he fumbled for the door-latch, after he had heard Rose Muniment's penetrating voice bid him come in. During that instant his ear caught the sound — if it could trust itself — of another voice, which prepared him, a little, for the spectacle that offered itself as soon as the door (his attempt to reach the handle, in his sudden agitation, proving fruitless) was opened to him by Paul. His friend stood there, tall and hospitable, saying something loud and jovial, which he did n't distinguish. His eyes had crossed the threshold in a flash, but his step faltered a moment, only to obey, however, the vigor of Muniment's outstretched hand. Hyacinth's glance had gone straight, and though with four persons in it Rosy's little apartment looked crowded, he saw no one but the object of his quick preconception — no one but the Princess Casamassima, seated beside the low sofa (the grand feature, introduced during his absence from London), on which, arrayed in the famous pink dressing-gown, Miss Muniment now received her visitors. He wondered afterwards why he should have been so startled; for he had said, often enough, both to himself and to the Princess, that so far as she was concerned he was proof against astonishment; it was so evident that, in her behavior, the unexpected was the only thing to be looked

for. In fact, now that he perceived she had made her way to South Lambeth without his assistance, the feeling that took possession of him was a kind of embarrassment; he blushed a little as he entered the circle, the fourth member of which was, inevitably, Lady Aurora Langrish. Was it that his intimacy with the Princess gave him a certain sense of responsibility for her conduct, in respect to people who knew her, as yet, but a little, and that there was something that required explanation in the confidence with which she had practiced a descent upon them? It is true that it came over our young man that by this time, perhaps, they knew her a good deal; and, moreover, a woman's conduct spoke for itself when she could sit looking in that fashion, like a radiant angel, dressed in a simple bonnet and mantle, and immensely interested in an appealing corner of the earth. It took Hyacinth but an instant to perceive that her character was in a different phase from any that had yet been exhibited to him. There had been a brilliant mildness about her the night he made her acquaintance, and she had never ceased, at any moment since, to strike him as an exquisitely human, sentient, pitying organization; unless it might be, indeed, in relation to her husband, against whom — for reasons, after all, doubtless, very sufficient — her heart appeared absolutely steeled. But now her face looked at him through a sort of glorious charity. She had put off her splendor, but her beauty was unquenchably bright; she had made herself humble for her pious excursion; she had, beside Rosy (who, in the pink dressing-gown, looked much the more luxurious of the two), almost the attitude of a hospital nurse; and it was easy to see, from the meagre line of her garments, that she was tremendously in earnest. If Hyacinth was flurried, her own countenance expressed no confusion; for her, evidently, this queer little chamber of poverty and

pain was a place in which it was perfectly natural that *he* should turn up. The sweet, still greeting her eyes offered him might almost have conveyed to him that she had been waiting for him, that she knew he would come, and that there had been a tacit appointment for that very moment. They said other things beside, in their beautiful friendliness: they said, "Don't notice me too much, or make any kind of scene. I have an immense deal to say to you, but remember that I have the rest of our life before me to say it in. Consider only what will be easiest and kindest to these people, these delightful people, whom I find enchanting (why did n't you ever tell me more — I mean really more — about them?); that it won't be particularly complimentary to them if you have the air of seeing a miracle in my presence here. I am very glad of your return. The quavering, fidgety 'ladyship' is as fascinating as the others."

Hyacinth's reception at the hands of his old friends was cordial enough quite to obliterate the element of irony that had lurked, three months before, in their godspeed; their welcome was not boisterous, but it seemed to express the idea that the occasion was already so rare and agreeable that his arrival was all that was needed to make it perfect. By the time he had been three minutes in the room he was able to measure the impression produced by the Princess, who, it was clear, had thrown a spell of adoration over the little company. This was in the air, in the face of each, in their excited, smiling eyes and heightened color; even Rosy's wan grimace, which was at all times screwed up to ecstasy, emitted a supererogatory ray. Lady Aurora looked more than ever disheveled with interest and wonder; the long strands of her silky hair floated like gossamer, as, in her extraordinarily, religious attention (her hands were clasped in her lap, as if she were pray-

ing), her respiration rose and fell. She had never seen any one like the Princess; but Hyacinth's apprehension, of some months before, had been groundless — she evidently did not think her vulgar. She thought her divine, and a revelation of beauty and benignity; and the illuminated, amplified room could contain no dissentient opinion. It was her beauty, primarily, that "fetched" them, Hyacinth could easily see, and it was not hidden from him that the sensation was as active in Paul Muniment as in his companions. It was not in Paul's nature to be jerkily demonstrative, and he had not lost his head on the present occasion; but he had already appreciated the difference between one's preconception of a meretricious, factitious fine lady and the actual influence of such a personage. She was gentler, fairer, wiser, than a chemist's assistant could have guessed in advance. In short, she held the trio in her hand (she had reduced Lady Aurora to exactly the same simplicity as the others), and she performed, admirably, artistically, for their benefit. Almost before Hyacinth had had time to wonder how she had found the Muniments out (he had no recollection of giving her specific directions), she mentioned that Captain Sholto had been so good as to introduce her; doing so as if she owed him that explanation, and were a woman who would be scrupulous in such a case. It was rather a blow to him to hear that she had been accepting the captain's mediation, and this was not softened by her saying that she was too impatient to wait for his own return; he was apparently so happy on the Continent that one could not be sure it would ever take place. The Princess might at least have been sure that to see her again very soon was still more necessary to his happiness than anything the Continent could offer.

It came out in the conversation he had with her, to which the others lis-

tened with respectful curiosity, that Captain Sholto had brought her a week before, but then she had seen only Miss Muniment. "I took the liberty of coming again, by myself, to-day, because I wanted to see the whole family," the Princess remarked, looking from Paul to Lady Aurora, with a friendly gayety in her face which purified the observation (as regarded her ladyship) of imperitence. The Princess added, frankly, that she had now been careful to arrive at an hour when she thought Mr. Muniment might be at home. "When I come to see gentlemen, I like at least to find them," she continued, and she was so great a lady that there was no small diffidence in her attitude; it was a simple matter for her to call on a chemist's assistant, if she had a reason. Hyacinth could see that the reason had already been brought forward — her immense interest in questions that Mr. Muniment had completely mastered, and in particular their common acquaintance with the extraordinary man whose mission it was to solve them. Hyacinth learned later that she had pronounced the name of Hoffendahl. A part of the lustre in Rosy's eye came, no doubt, from the explanation she had inevitably been moved to make in respect to any sympathy with wicked theories that might be imputed to *her*; and of course the effect of this intensely individual little protest (such was always its effect), emanating from the sofa and the pink dressing-gown, was to render the Muniment interior still more quaint and original. In that spot Paul always gave the go-by, humorously, to any attempt to draw out his views, and you would have thought, to hear him, that he allowed himself the reputation of having them only in order to get a "rise" out of his sister, and let their visitors see with what wit and spirit she could repudiate them. This, however, would only be a reason the more for the Princess's following up her scent. She would doubtless not expect

to get at the bottom of his ideas in Audley Court; the opportunity would occur, rather, in case of his having the civility (on which surely she might count) to come and talk them over with her in her own house.

Hyacinth mentioned to her the disappointment he had had in South Street, and she replied, "Oh, I have given up that house, and taken quite a different one." But she did n't say where it was, and in spite of her having given him so much the right to expect she would communicate to him a matter so nearly touching them both as a change of address, he felt a great shyness about asking.

Their companions watched them, as if they considered that something rather brilliant, now, would be likely to come off between them; but Hyacinth was too full of regard to the Princess's tacit notification to him that they must not appear too thick, which was after all more flattering than the most pressing inquiries or the most liberal announcements about herself could have been. She never asked him when he had come back; and indeed it was not long before Rose Muniment took that business upon herself. Hyacinth, however, ventured to assure himself whether Madame Grandoni were still with the Princess, and even to remark (when she had replied, "Oh yes, still, still. The great refusal, as Dante calls it, has not yet come off"), "You ought to bring her to see Miss Rosy. She is a person Miss Rosy would particularly appreciate."

"I am sure I should be most happy to receive any friend of the Princess Casamassima," said this young lady, from the sofa; and when the Princess answered that she certainly would not fail to produce Madame Grandoni some day, Hyacinth (though he doubted whether the presentation would really take place) guessed how much she wished her old friend might have heard the strange, bedizened little invalid make that speech.

There were only three other seats, for the introduction of the sofa (a question so profoundly studied in advance) had rendered necessary the elimination of certain articles; so that Muniment, on his feet, hovered round the little circle, with his hands in his pockets, laughing freely and sociably, but not looking at the Princess; though, as Hyacinth was sure, he was none the less agitated by her presence.

"You ought to tell us about foreign parts and the grand things you have seen; except that, doubtless, our distinguished visitor knows all about them," Muniment said to Hyacinth. Then he added, "Surely, at any rate, you have seen nothing more worthy of your respect than South Lambeth."

"Is this the worst part?" the Princess asked, looking up with her noble, interested face.

"The worst, madam? What grand ideas you must have! We admire South Lambeth immensely."

"It's my brother's ideas that are grand!" cried Rose Muniment, betraying him conscientiously. "He does want everything changed, no less than you, Princess; though he is more cunning than you, and won't give one a handle where one can take him up. He thinks all this part most objectionable (as if dirty people won't always make everything dirty where they live!). I dare say he thinks there ought to be no dirty people, and it may be so; only, if every one was clean, where would be the merit? You would get no credit for keeping yourself tidy. At any rate, if it's a question of soap and water, every one can begin by himself. My brother thinks the whole place ought to be as handsome as Brompton."

"Ah, yes, that's where the artists and literary people live, isn't it?" asked the Princess, attentively.

"I have never seen it, but it's very well laid out," Rosy rejoined, with her competent air.

"Oh, I like South Lambeth better than that," said Muniment, hilariously.

The Princess turned to Lady Aurora, and with the air of appealing to her for her opinion gave her a glance which traveled in a flash from the topmost bow of her large, misfitting hat to the crumpled points of her substantial shoes. "I must get *you* to tell me the truth," she murmured. "I want so much to know London—the real London. It seems so difficult!"

Lady Aurora looked a little frightened, but at the same time gratified, and after a moment she responded, "I believe a great many artists live in St. John's Wood."

"I don't care about the artists!" the Princess exclaimed, shaking her head, slowly, with the sad smile which sometimes made her beauty so inexpressibly touching.

"Not when they have painted you such beautiful pictures?" Rosy demanded. "We know about your pictures—we have admired them so much. Mr. Hyacinth has described to us your precious possessions."

The Princess transferred her smile to Rosy, and rested it on that young lady's shrunken countenance with the same ineffable head-shake. "You do me too much honor. I have no possessions."

"Gracious! was it all a make-believe?" Rosy cried, flashing at Hyacinth an eye that was never so eloquent as when it demanded an explanation.

"I have nothing in the world—nothing but the clothes on my back!" the Princess repeated, very gravely, without looking at the young man.

The words struck him as an admonition, so that, though he was much puzzled, he made no attempt, for the moment, to reconcile the contradictions. He only replied, "I meant the things in the house. Of course I did n't know whom they belonged to."

"There are no things in my house now," the Princess went on; and there

was a touch of pure, high resignation in the words.

"Laws, I should n't like that!" Rose Muniment declared, glancing, with complacency, over her own decorated walls. "Everything here belongs to me."

"I shall bring Madame Grandoni to see you," said the Princess, irrelevantly, but kindly.

"Do you think it's not right to have a lot of things about?" Lady Aurora, with sudden courage, questioned of her distinguished companion, pointing her chin at her, but looking into the upper angle of the room.

"I suppose one must always settle that for one's self. I don't like to be surrounded with objects I don't care for; and I can care only for one thing—that is, for one class of things—at a time. Dear lady," the Princess went on, "I fear I must confess to you that my heart is not in *bibelots*. When thousands and tens of thousands have n't bread to put in their mouths, I can dispense with tapestry and old china." And her fair face, bent charmingly, conciliatingly, on Lady Aurora, appeared to argue that if she was narrow, at least she was candid.

Hyacinth wondered, rather vulgarly, what strange turn she had taken, and whether this singular picture of her denuded personality were not one of her famous caprices, a whimsical joke, a nervous perversity. Meanwhile, he heard Lady Aurora urge, anxiously, "But don't you think we ought to make the world more beautiful?"

"Does n't the Princess make it so by the mere fact of her existence?" Hyacinth demanded; his perplexity escaping, in a harmless manner, through this graceful hyperbole. He had observed that, though the lady in question could dispense with old china and tapestry, she could not dispense with a pair of immaculate gloves which fitted her like a charm.

"My people have a mass of things,

you know, but I have really nothing myself," said Lady Aurora, as if she owed this assurance to such a representative of suffering humanity.

"The world will be beautiful enough when it becomes good enough," the Princess resumed. "Is there anything so ugly as unjust distinctions, as the privileges of the few contrasted with the degradation of the many? When we want to beautify, we must begin at the right end."

"Surely there are none of us but what have our privileges!" Rose Muniment exclaimed, with eagerness. "What do you say to mine, lying here between two members of the aristocracy, and with Mr. Hyacinth thrown in?"

"You are certainly lucky — with Lady Aurora Langrish. I wish she would come and see *me*," the Princess murmured, getting up.

"Do go, my lady, and tell me if it's so poor!" Rosy went on, gayly.

"I think there can't be too many pictures and statues and works of art," Hyacinth broke out. "The more the better, whether people are hungry or not. In the way of ameliorating influences, are not those the most definite?"

"A piece of bread and butter is more to the purpose, if your stomach's empty," the Princess declared.

"Robinson has been corrupted by foreign influences," Paul Muniment suggested. "He does n't care for bread and butter now; he likes French cookery."

"Yes, but I don't get it. And have you sent away the little man, the Italian, with the white cap and apron?" Hyacinth asked of the Princess.

She hesitated a moment, and then she replied, laughing, and not in the least offended at his question, though it was an attempt to put her in the wrong from which Hyacinth had not been able to refrain, in his astonishment at these ascetic pretensions, "I have sent him away many times."

Lady Aurora had also got up: she

stood there gazing at her beautiful fellow-visitor with a timidity which made her wonder only more apparent. "Your servants must be awfully fond of you," she said.

"Oh, my servants!" murmured the Princess, as if it were only by a stretch of the meaning of the word that she could be said to enjoy the ministrations of menials. Her manner seemed to imply that she had a char-woman for an hour a day. Hyacinth caught the tone, and determined that since she was going, as it appeared, he would break off his own visit and accompany her. He had flattered himself, at the end of three weeks of Medley, that he knew her in every phase, but here was a field of freshness. She turned to Paul Muniment and put out her hand to him, and while he took it in his own his face was visited by the most beautiful eyes that had ever rested there. "Will you come and see me, one of these days?" she asked, with a voice as sweet and clear as her glance.

Hyacinth waited for Paul's answer with an emotion that could only be accounted for by his affectionate sympathy, the manner in which he had spoken of him to the Princess and which he wished him to justify, the interest he had in his appearing, completely, the fine fellow he believed him. Muniment neither stammered nor blushed; he held himself straight, and looked back at his interlocutress with an eye almost as admirable as her own. Then, by way of answer, he inquired, "Well, madam, pray what good will it do me?" And the tone of the words was so humorous and kindly, and so instinct with a plain, manly sense, that, though they were not gallant, Hyacinth was not ashamed for him. At the same moment he observed that Lady Aurora was watching their friend, as if she had at least an equal stake in what he might say.

"Ah, none; only me, perhaps, a little." With this rejoinder, and with a wonderful sweet, indulgent dignity, in

which there was none of the stiffness of pride or of resentment, the Princess quitted him and approached Lady Aurora. She asked her if *she* would n't do her the kindness to come. She should like so much to know her, and she had an idea there was a great deal they might talk about. Lady Aurora said she should be delighted, and the Princess took one of her cards out of her pocket and gave it to the noble spinster. After she had done so, she stood a moment, holding her hand, and remarked, "It has really been such a happiness to me to meet you. Please don't think it's very clumsy if I say I *do* like you so!" Lady Aurora was evidently exceedingly moved and impressed; but Rosy, when the Princess took farewell of her, and the irrepressible invalid had assured her of the pleasure with which she should receive her again, admonished her that in spite of this she could never conscientiously enter into such theories.

"If every one was equal," she asked, "where would be the gratification I feel in getting a visit from a grandee? That's what I have often said to her ladyship, and I consider that I've kept her in her place a little. No, no; no equality while I'm about the place!"

The company appeared to comprehend that there was a natural fitness in Hyacinth's seeing the great lady on her way, and accordingly no effort was made to detain him. He guided her, with the help of an attendant illumination from Muniment, down the dusky staircase, and at the door of the house there was a renewed brief leave-taking with the young chemist, who, however, showed no signs of relenting or recanting in respect to the Princess's invitation. The warm evening had by this time grown thick, and the population of Audley Court appeared to be passing it, for the most part, in the open air. As Hyacinth assisted his companion to thread her way through groups of

sprawling, chattering children, gossiping women with bare heads and babies at the breast, and heavily-planted men smoking very bad pipes, it seemed to him that their project of exploring the slums was already in the way of execution. He said nothing till they had gained the outer street, and then, pausing a moment, he inquired how she would be conveyed. Had she a carriage somewhere, or should he try and get a cab?

"A carriage, my dear fellow? For what do you take me? I won't trouble you about a cab: I walk everywhere now."

"But if I had not been here?"

"I should have gone alone," said the Princess, smiling at him through the turbid twilight of South Lambeth.

"And where, please gracious Heaven? I may at least have the honor of accompanying you."

"Certainly, if you can walk so far."

"So far as what, dear Princess?"

"As Madeira Crescent, Paddington."

"Madeira Crescent, Paddington?" Hyacinth stared.

"That's what I call it when I'm with people with whom I wish to be fine, like you. I have taken a small house there."

"Then it's really true that you have given up your beautiful things?"

"I have sold them all, to give to the poor."

"Ah, Princess!" the young man almost moaned; for the memory of some of her treasures was vivid within him.

She became very grave, even stern, and with an accent of reproach that seemed to show she had been wounded where she was most sensitive, she demanded, "When I said I was willing to make the last sacrifice, did you then believe I was lying?"

"Have n't you kept *anything*?" Hyacinth went on, without heeding this challenge.

She looked at him a moment. "I have kept *you*!" Then she took his

arm, and they moved forward. He saw what she had done; she was living in a little ugly, bare, middle-class house and wearing simple gowns; and the energy and good faith of her behavior, with the abruptness of the transformation, took away his breath. "I thought I should please you so much," she added, after

they had gone a few steps. And before he had time to reply, as they came to a part of the street where there were small shops, those of butchers, green-grocers, and pork-pie men, with open fronts, flaring lamps, and humble purchasers, she broke out, joyously, "Ah, this is the way I like to see London!"

Henry James.

TO ZEUXIS.

PAINT me the murmur of the brook,
 The breath that summer knows,
 The sea-like whispering of the pines,
 The odor of the rose;
 The vanished voice, the finished song
 That held our hearts a while, —
 And then, and not till then, perhaps
 You'll paint me Lesbia's smile.

Ah, no! The auroral gleam that plays
 About my Lesbia's face,
 The beaming eyes, the quivering lips,
 The lights that o'er it race,
 The joy, the innocent sweet glow
 That springs from out the heart
 And flushes o'er her happy face,
 Defy the snares of art.

No! Zeuxis, Nature mocks at Art:
 Her breathing life and charm
 Flee from his grasp, and only leave
 Her cold and lifeless form.
 Shy beauty lures her lover on,
 Content his hope to tease,
 But at his touch the fitful sprite
 Smiles, nods, and vanishes.

She vanishes, but leaves behind
 A promise in the air,
 A sweet enticement, a fond hope,
 That charms away despair.
 She whispers to him in his dreams,
 She will not set him free,
 And in her bondage dear he owns
 Life's best felicity.

W. W. Story.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XI.

THE morning dawned with a radiant disdain of mists. The wind was buoyant, elated. The yellow sunshine, in its vivid perfection, might realize to the imagination the light that first shone upon the world when God saw that it was good. The air was no insipid fluid, breathed unconsciously. It asserted its fragrance and freshness in every respiration. It stirred the pulses like some rare wine; it seemed, indeed, the subtle distillation of all the fruitage of the year, enriched with the bouquet of the summer, and reminiscent of the delicate languors of the spring. The sky had lifted itself to empyreal heights, luminously blue, with occasional faint fleckings of fleecy vapors. The white summits of the mountains were imposed against it with a distinctness that nullified distance; even down their slopes, beyond the limits of the snowfall, the polychromatic vestiges of autumn were visible, with no crudity of color in these sharp contrasts, but with a soft blending of effect. Within the court-house great blocks of sunshine fell upon the floor through the dirty panes. Several of the sashes were thrown up to admit the air. The rusty stove stood cold and empty. Many a day had passed since the spiderwebs that hung from the corners of the ceiling and draped the bare windows of the great room had been disturbed. They might suggest to the contemplative mind analogies to the labyrinthine snares of the law, where the intrusive flies perish miserably, and the spiders batten. On one of the window-panes a blue-bottle climbed the glass, intent on some unimagined achievement; always slipping when near the top, and falling buzzing drearily to the bottom, to recommence his laborious ascent in the sunshine.

Sometimes he would fly away, droning in melancholy disgust, presently returning and renewing his futile efforts. He was a fine moral example of perverted powers, and might well be commended to the notice of human malcontents,—by nature fitted to soar, but sighing for feats of pedestrianism. In contrast with the day in its alertness, its intense brilliancy, yesterday was blurred, dim, like some distorted dream hardly worth crediting as a portent. It might need as attestation of its reality the jury which it had brought forth. They were all early in their places, having been sequestered in charge of the sheriff, and having slept as it were under the wing of the law. The privilege accorded by law, in phrase of munificent bestowal,—to be tried by a jury of one's peers,—seems at times a gigantic practical joke, perpetrated by justice on simple humanity. They were indeed Mink's peers so far as ignorance, station,—for most of them were mountaineers,—poverty, and prejudice might serve. Few were so intelligent, and none were so lawless. Most of them were serving under protest, indifferent to the dignity of the great engine of justice which they represented. The two or three who showed willingness were suspected, either by the defense or the prosecution, of occult motives. All looked unkempt, stolid, dogged, even surlily stupid, as they sat in two rows, chewing as with one gesture. Gradually, however, they visibly brightened under the bland courtesy of Mr. Kenbigh, the attorney of the State, who took early occasion to say—and he paraphrased the remark more than once in the course of the day—that he had never had the pleasure of trying a case before so intelligent a jury, or one to whom the sacred interests of justice could be so safely entrusted. Harshaw, too, de-

ported himself toward them with a mollifying suavity which, to judge from his ordinary manner, would have seemed impossible. He had a very pretty wit, of a rough and extravagant style, that greatly commended him to them and relieved the irksomeness of their duress. Mink had evidently been tutored in regard to his demeanor toward them. He forbore to scowl at Pete Rood with the fierce dismay his face had worn when he saw his enemy sworn on the preceding night. But his dissembling was limited. He simply would not look at Rood at all. There was an unaffected confidence, almost indifference, upon his handsome face that occasioned much comment. It had already been rumored among the bar, thence percolating through the town at large, that the defense had discovered important testimony at the last moment, but that for some reason Harshaw had desired to apply for a continuance. The prisoner, it was said, had protested, and refused downright, declaring that by nightfall, by to-morrow at farthest, he would be on his way to his home in Hazel Valley. This rumor gave an added interest to the moment when the witnesses were brought in to be sworn and put under the rule. The crowd scanned each with a fruitless conjecture as to which possessed the potent and significant knowledge on which the defense relied. Several of them were women, demure as nuns in their straight skirts and short waists and long, tunnel-like sun-bonnets. The mountain men strode in, and stared about them freely, and were very bold in contrast to these decorous associates, with their grave, downcast eyes and pale, passionless faces. The book was held toward the witnesses, two or three were instructed to put their hands upon it, and then the clerk, in a voice that might have proceeded from an automaton, so wooden was the tone and elocution, recited the oath with a swiftness that seemed profane. The group stood half in the slanting sunbeams, half

in the brown shadow, close about the clerk's desk. Among the tall, muscular figures of the mountaineers and the pallid, attenuated elder women was Alethea, looking like some fine illusion of the dusky shadow and gilded sunshine, with her golden hair and her brown homespun dress. How shining golden her hair, how exquisitely fresh and pure her face, how deep and luminous and serious her brown eyes, showed as never before. Somehow she was embellished by the incongruity of the sordid surroundings of the court-room, the great, haggard, unkempt place, and the crude ugliness of its frequenters. Her face was fully revealed, for she had pushed back her bonnet that she might kiss the book. As she took it from the clerk's hand and pressed her lips to it, Mink's heart stirred with a thrill it had never before known. He was entering as a discoverer upon a new realm of feeling. He experienced a subtle astonishment at the turbulence, the fierceness, of his own emotion.

The judge was looking at her!

Gwinnan's hand still held his pen. His head was still bent over the paper on which he wrote. The casual side-glance of those discerning gray eyes was prolonged into a steady gaze of surprise. He did not finish the word he was writing. He laid the pen down presently. He watched her openly, unconsciously, as she gave back the book, and as she walked with the other witnesses into the adjoining room to await the calling of her name.

Mink could hardly analyze this strange emotional capacity, this new endowment, that had come to him, so amazed was he by its unwonted presence. He had not known that he could feel jealousy. He could not identify it when it fell upon him. He had been so supreme in Alethea's heart, so arrogantly sure of its possession, that he had not cared for Ben Doaks's hopeless worship from afar; it did not even add to her consequence in

his eyes. But that this stranger of high degree — he would not have phrased it thus, for he had been reared in ignorance of the distinction of caste, yet he instinctively recognized it in the judge's power, his isolated official prominence, his utter removal from all the conditions of the mountaineer's world — that *this* man should look at her with that long, wondering gaze, should lay down his pen, forgetting the word he was to write !

Mink felt a terrible pang of isolation. For the first time Alethea was in his mind as an independent identity, subject to influences he could scarcely gauge, perhaps harboring thoughts in which he had no share. Her love for him had hitherto served for him as an expression of her whole nature. He had never recognized other possibilities. Even her continual pleas that he should take heed of the error of his ways he had esteemed as evidence of her absorption in him, her eager, earnest aspiration for his best good ; she would endure his displeasure rather than forego aught that might inure to his welfare. He had felt no gratitude that she had come to rescue him, as she had often done, never so sorely needed as now ; it had seemed to him natural that she should bestir herself, since she loved him so. The first doubt of the permanence and pervasiveness of this paramount affection stirred within him. He wondered if she had noticed the man's look, if she were flattered by it. He sought to reassure himself. "Lethe jes' bogues along, though, seein' nuthin', studyin' 'bout suthin' else ; mebbe she never noticed. But ef Mis' Purvine hed been hyar, or Mis' Sayles, I be bound, they'd hev seen it, an' tole her, too, else they ain't the wimmin I take 'em fur." He marveled whether Gwinnan had thought she was pretty. He himself had always accounted her a fairly "good-lookin' gal," but no better favored than Elvira Crosby.

He had had no fear of the result of

the case since he had known of Alethea's strange glimpse of Tad ; he was, too, in a moral sense, infinitely relieved by the circumstance. Otherwise he might not have been able to entertain a train of thought so irrelevant to the testimony which was being given by the witnesses for the State. He heard it only casually, though he now and then languidly joined the general smile that rewarded some happy hit of Harshaw's. These pleasantries were chiefly elicited in cross-examining the witnesses for the State, and in wrangles with the attorney-general as to the admissibility of evidence. Kenbigh, with a determination of purple wrath to his bald head, would in his stentorian roar call aloud upon his authorities with a reverent faith as if they were calendared saints. More than once the court ruled against him, when it seemed appropriate in his next remark to drop his voice to a rumbling basso profundo. He maintained due respect for the judge and showed a positive affection for the jury, but the very sight of Harshaw would excite him to an almost bovine expression of rage, — the florid counsel being like a red rag to a bull. At first the only point which Harshaw seemed desirous to make was that none of the witnesses had attached any importance to Mink's threats, the afternoon of the shooting match, to "bust down the mill," until they heard of the disaster. He tried, too, to induce them to admit that Mink was a good fellow in the main. The tragic results, however, of his late mischief had given a new and serious interpretation to all his previous pranks, and the witnesses were more likely to furnish supplemental instances of freakish malice and the mischievous ingenuity of his intentional reprisals than to palliate his jocose capers. One old man, a bystander at the shooting match, was especially emphatic, even venomous. Harshaw involved him in a sketch of what he considered a young man should be. When asked where he had ever known

such a man he naively confessed, — himself, “whenst I war young.”

Nevertheless, Harshaw found it much safer to take the aggressive. He played upon the alternating fears which Mink’s comrades entertained of the revenueurs and the moonshiners. He seemed to question rather *pro forma* than with the expectation of eliciting serious results, and to amuse himself with the involutions and contradictions in which he contrived to enmesh them, in replying to his questions as to their sobriety that night in the woods, what they had to drink, how much it required to make them drunk. To the witness it was not a reassuring playfulness. Harshaw looked very formidable as he sat, his chair tilted back on its hind legs, both hands clasping the lapels of his coat. Whenever he made a point he smacked his confident red lips.

“You were perfectly sober that night?”

The witness virtuously assented.

“And why should n’t you be,” said the crafty Harshaw, “when we all know there is no still but the God-fearing bonded still in the whole country! Look at the jury, and tell them that you were not drinking that night.”

The unfortunate witness, meeting the eyes of Peter Rood and Jerry Price, so intimately associated with the recollection of that roistering orgy, faltered that he *had* been drinking some.

“You had!” exclaimed Harshaw, with the accents of surprise. “And yet you say, on oath, that you were sober. Now what do you call sober? We must inquire into this. What do you take? I wish I could put that question as it should be between gentlemen, but” — he waved his fat hand — “some other day.”

The witness stared dumbly at him, and the crowd grinned.

“Let me put the question in another form. How much of the reverend stuff is enough to settle you? A pint?”

The witness gallantly declared that he could stand a pint.

“A jugful?”

“Oh, naw, sir,” — meaning a jugful would not be necessary.

In the staccato of affected amaze, “*Barrelful!*”

The badgered witness protested and explained, and Harshaw asked, lowering his voice, as if it were exceedingly important, “Now, did that whiskey taste like *brush* whiskey?”

As the quaking, shock-headed country lout replied, the facetious counsel recoiled.

“What! you tell this honorable court, and this intelligent jury, and this upright and learned and teetotaling attorney for the State, that you don’t know the difference in the taste between the illicit corn juice of the mountains and the highly honorable, pure, rectified liquor, taxed and stamped, made and drunk, under the auspices of this great, good, and glorious government!”

The judge, who had watched Harshaw with a dilated, gleaming gray eye and a quivering nostril, spoke abruptly.

“The court will no longer tolerate this buffoonery,” he drawled. “Counsel may cross-examine witness, and if he has *nothing* to say he may be silent.”

Harshaw flushed deeply. He had always enjoyed certain privileges as a wit. Judge Averill, who loved a joke for its own gladsome sake, had often permitted him to transcend decorum. He had no idea, however, of figuring as the butt of his own ridicule. He was a quick fellow, and took what advantage was possible of the situation. “If it please your Honor,” he said, rising to address the judge, and with an air of great courtesy, “I will waive the right of cross-examination, since my methods fail in satisfying the court.”

Gwinnan looked at him with thinly veiled antagonism. Harshaw relapsed into his tilted chair, still lightly holding his lapels, that favorite posture of rural

gentlemen, listening with an air of polite but incidental attention to the attorney-general's examination of the next witness, and declining with a wave of his fat hand to cross-examine.

A stir of excitement pervaded the bar; great interest was aroused in the audience. An old farmer, sitting on one of the benches, holding one treasured knee in both hands, put his foot on the floor to take care of itself, and leaned forward in breathless eagerness to lose no word. Others, who had been less attentive, were nudging one another, and asking what had been said. Again and again, as the successive witnesses were turned over to the defense for cross-examination, and the lawyer waved his pudgy hand, there was a suppressed sensation. His freak of silence had the effect of greatly expediting matters, and the attorney-general announced before the adjournment for dinner that he had no more witnesses to call.

In conducting the examination of the defendant's witnesses Harshaw was extremely grave. He had an excited gleam in his eye, a flurried, precipitate manner, as he went on. Now and then he nodded his head, and tossed back his mane of yellow hair as if it were heavy and harassed him. He still sat in the big, important posture he liked to assume, but every glance was full of an acute anxiety.

Mink strove again to fix his mind on the testimony. Over and over it wandered. He only knew vaguely that his best friends were assuring the jury that his escapades were all in mirth and naught in malice, and instancing as indications of his deeper nature all the good turns he had ever done. He was a loose-handed fellow. He had no thrifty instincts, and perhaps because he valued lightly he gave freely. But the habit, such as it might be, was displayed to the jury under the guise of generosity.

The sunlight now slanting upon the

walls had turned to a deep golden-red hue, for the early sunset was close at hand. Through a western window one might see the great vermilion sphere, begirt with a horizontal band of gray cloud, and sinking down into the dun-colored uncertainties about the horizon. The yellow hickory-tree beside the window showed through its thinning leaves the graceful symmetry of its black boughs. The room was dropping into a mellow duskiness, hardly obscurity, for as yet the soft light was sufficient to make all objects distinct in the midst of the gathering shadow, — the lawyers, the prisoner, the tousled heads of the audience, the attentive jury, the unwearied judge. Harshaw could even read his own handwriting as he looked at the list he held, and said, "Mr. Sheriff, call Alethea Sayles."

"Alethea Sayles!" roared Mr. Sheriff at the door, as if Alethea Sayles were "beyond the seas" and hard of hearing besides, instead of waiting expectantly in the adjoining room, ten steps away.

As she came in, Mink was quick to notice the alert interest on Gwinnan's face, — a sort of grave curiosity without any element of disrespect. She had a look in her eyes which Mink had often seen before, and which at once rebuked and angered him, — an expression of spiritual earnestness, of luminous purity; he had sneered at it as "trying to look pious." She sat down in the witness-chair, and pushed back from her forehead her long bonnet; her golden hair showed under its brown rim in lustrous waves. Her saffron kerchief was knotted under her round chin. Her face was slightly flushed with the excitement of the moment, but she was neither flurried, nor embarrassed, nor restless, nor uncouth, as many of her predecessors had been. Her deliberate, serious manner gave her an air of great value, and as she began to reply to the questions, her clear-voiced, soft drawl pervaded the court-room, singularly si-

lent now, and there was a growing impression that hers was the important testimony for which all had been waiting. Harshaw's manner served to confirm this. He was repressed, grave; only the quick, nervous glance of his opaque blue eye indicated his excitement; his questions were framed with the greatest care, and some of these were strange enough to excite comment. He asked her first to tell all that she knew about the party in the woods that night, — whether they were drinking and had access to any ample supply of liquor. She recited her adventure at Boke's barn, and detailed the subsequent interview with the moonshiner and her refusal to keep his secret, throughout scarcely suppressed excitement in the court-room, for every man knew that with the words she courted martyrdom and took her life in her hands. Harshaw seemed to prize this attestation of her courage and her high sense of the sacred obligations of her oath, and dextrously contrived it so that the judge and the jury should be fully impressed with the crystalline purity of her moral sense, with her immovable determination to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He persevered in the examination of this point with great pertinacity, despite many stormy wrangles with the attorney for the State as to the pertinence and admissibility of the evidence, and the occasional ruling of the judge against him. Enough was secured, however, to prove that despite the limitations of the bonded still, Mink had had the opportunity to get drunk if he chose, and his habits were not those of a teetotaler.

The lawyer's questions then became more inexplicable.

"When you discovered that you could give some testimony in this case, what did you do?"

Alethea pushed back her bonnet still further, and stared at him.

"Why, you-uns know," she said.

"Tell the jury."

Like many rural witnesses, she persisted in addressing the judge. She would fix her serious brown eyes on the stolid wooden faces in the jury-box, then lift them to the judge and answer.

"I kem down ter the jail ter see Reuben, an' tell him."

"And did you see him?"

She looked at Harshaw, with a deep humiliation and resentment intensifying the flush on her delicate cheek to a burning crimson. His gravity, the respect of his manner, reassured her. She replied with her deliberate dignity, —

"You-uns know mighty well he would n't see me."

"Then what did you do?"

She seemed for a moment doubtful if she would answer.

"I dunno how ye hev forgot," she said, slowly. "I hain't."

"I want you to tell the jury," he explained.

"I tried to make you listen."

"And what did I do?"

Once more she pushed her brown bonnet further from her golden head, and looked at him silently.

The pause was so long that the attorney-general remarked that really he could not see the pertinence of the examination.

The judge spoke presently: "Counsel would do well not to harass the witness with unnecessary questions."

What new life was in the man's tones! He had forgotten to drawl. There had been many a badgered witness on the stand to-day whom he had not interfered to protect. Mink eyed him narrowly through the closing dusk. He was leaning forward upon the desk. He was listening with no impartial judicial interest. A personal concern was expressed in his face.

The sympathetic cadence in his voice struck on other ears than Mink's. It was like an open sesame to Alethea's heart. The pent-up indignation burst

forth. She was all at once eager to tell the affronts she could not resent. "He would n't listen ter me, jedge!" she cried. "He ran from me, — actially ran down the street. An' I did n't know what ter do. An' nobody knowed 'bout 'n it but me. An' I dassent tell nobody 'ceptin' the lawyer. An' Jerry Price, — him ez air on the jury, — he 'lowed ef I knowed suthin' I wanted ter tell in court, he'd *make* the lawyer listen, an' so he did. An' I tole him."

"When was that?" asked Harshaw.

"Yestiddy mornin'."

"So that was the reason you did n't tell it before?"

"I war feared ter tell ennybody but the lawyer, kase Reuben's enemies mought fix it somehows so 't would n't be no 'count."

"Well, what was this you wanted to tell?"

Her face was growing dim among the glooms. The dusky figures within the bar, the shadowy judge, the indistinct mass of the crowd, the great windows, — indefinite gray squares, — seemed for a moment the darker because of a dull suffusion of yellow light in the halls, falling through the doorways, and heralding the coming of the lamps.

"I wanted to tell that I seen Tad one week arter they 'lowed he war drowned."

There was absolute silence for a moment; then, wild commotion. Men were talking loudly to each other in the crowd. The lights came in with a flare. Several of the jury requested to have the answer repeated. The attorney-general began to ask a question, left off, and bent his head to his notes. A sudden shrill, quaking voice pierced the tumult.

"I know it air a true word!" cried the old miller, clasping his hands. "God would not deliver my soul ter hell. I fund him in my youth, but my age air the age o' the backslider. He would not desert me, though! An' I hev been

gin ter do my good works o' faith anew. I'll find my boy. I'll make amends. I'll" —

The sheriff's insistence, "Silence in court!" had no coercion for him. He began to sob and cry aloud, and to call the idiot's name, and was finally taken by the deputy and led out of the courtroom, the officer promising to come and let him know as soon as Alethea had disclosed the boy's whereabouts.

Mink glanced around him in triumph. His lip curved. A brilliant elation shone in his eyes. He tossed back, with an arrogant gesture, his long, red, curling hair, gilded by the lamplight to a brighter hue. He joyed to see the discomfiture of his detractors, who had given their testimony with all the gusto that appertains to stamping on a man, literally and metaphorically, who is already down. He noted, too, the surprise and pleasure in Ben Doaks's eyes, in Jerry Price's freckled, ugly face, and, strangely enough, Peter Rood looked transfigured. His surly scowl was gone, as if it had never existed. His swarthy face was irradiated by his great excited eyes. A flush dyed his cheek. His breath came in quick gasps. He seemed inordinately relieved, delighted. What! because the forlorn little idiot was not dead? Mink could not understand it. He stared with suddenly renewed gravity at his old enemy on the jury, with not even a surmise to explain the demonstration.

As soon as order was restored, Harshaw resumed his questions: —

"Tell the jury when and where you saw him, and how you are sure it was one week after he was reputed to be drowned."

"Kase 't war on the Sat'day o' the camp-meetin' in Eskaqua Cove, an' that war one week percisely from the night the mill war busted down," said Alethea.

She detailed the scene at the little school-house in her uncouth phrasings, every syllable carrying conviction to her

hearers. Her bonnet had fallen quite back on her shoulders. Her face was delicately ethereal in the lamplight, — so much of the sincerities of her nature it expressed, so fine and true an intelligence that, beautiful as it was, it was still more spiritual. The strange story she had told was improbable. Looking upon her face, it was impossible to doubt it.

“That night, what did you do?”

“I let Buck an’ the rest o’ the fambly go by ter aunt Dely’s house, an’ whenst they war out o’ sight I called Tad, but he would n’t answer. An’ then I climbed over the fence, an’ sarched an’ sarched fur him. But I could n’t find him, — not in the house, nor under it, nare one. Then I went on ter aunt Dely’s, — Mis’ Purvine’s,” she added, decorously, remembering that her relative was a stickler for etiquette, and might not relish the familiar appellation of kinship in a public assembly. “I never tole nobody, kase I war feared ez whoever hed Tad a-hidin’ of him fur spite agin Reuben would hear ’bout’n it, an’ take him so fur away ez we could n’t never ketch him agin. I went back ter the school-house over an’ over, a-sarchin’ fur him, hopin’ he’d take a notion ter kem thar agin. An’ at last I ’lowed I’d tell the lawyer.”

It had become very plain to the listeners why Harshaw had, in the interests of his client, permitted his own rude conduct to be made public. The prosecution could not now reasonably demand why a hue and cry had not been raised, and why the boy was not brought into court, as it was very evident that because of the witness’s mistaken secrecy and the lawyer’s purblind folly the facts had not become known to the defense until the preceding day, when it was futile to search a place where the fugitive had been glimpsed three months before.

The attorney-general, about to cross-examine the witness, cleared his throat several times on a low key. He began with a deliberation and caution which

indicated that he considered her formidable to the interests of the State. He sat with his side to the table, — the rural lawyer seldom rises save to address the court, — with one elbow upon it, and the other hand twirling his heavy gold watch-chain that festooned his ample stomach. More than once he desisted in this operation, and passed his hand soothingly over his bald head, as if he were encouraging his ideas. He at once sought to show an interested motive in the testimony.

Was she a relation of the prisoner? Was she not interested in him? Was he not her lover? Ah, he had been! And he was not now? And why?

Alethea’s simple and modest decorum in answering these questions abashed the ridicule that the mere mention of the tender passion always excites in a rural crowd. She only threw added light upon her character when she replied: —

“Reuben did n’t like folks ter argufy with him. I useter beg him not ter play kyerds, an’ be so powerful gamesome, an’ drink whiskey, an’ git in sech a many scrapes. An’ he ’lowed ’t war n’t my business. An’ I reckon ’t war n’t. But it never ’peared-like ter me ez sech goin’s-on war right, an’ I could n’t holp sayin’ so. An’ so he ’lowed ez me an’ him could n’t agree, an’ thar war no use a-tryin’.”

Mink glanced up at Gwinnan to note the impression of this plain statement. The judge was looking at *him*.

The attorney-general went on, hoping to find a discrepancy in her testimony, yet hardly knowing how he had best approach it. The court-room had relapsed into absolute silence. One could hear in the pauses the slight movement of the branches of the trees without as the light wind stirred. They were distinctly visible beside the windows, for the night was fair. All the long upper sashes gave upon a sky of a fine, pure azure, seeming more delicate for the dull yellow lamplight flooding the room.

A moon with an escort of clouds was riding splendidly up the sky; now and then they closed jealously about her, and again through their parting ranks she looked out radiantly and royally on her realms below. The frost touched the panes here and there with a crystalline sparkle. The attorney-general fixed his eyes upon the moon as he pondered; then, his fingers drumming lightly upon the table, he asked, "It was at the little school-house on the road to Bethel camp-ground?"

"Yes, sir," said Alethea.

"Were you ever there before?"

"A many a time," said Alethea. "The folkses in Eskaquia Cove goes thar ter preachin'."

He glanced again absently at the moon, his fingers still drumming on the table.

"It's a church-house, then," he said, adopting the vernacular, "as well as a school-house?"

"Yes, sir," assented the witness.

"Well, is this fence by which you were standing the fence around the play-yard?"

"Naw, sir," said Alethea, amazed at the idea of this civilized provision for youthful sports. "The palin's air round three sides o' the house, leavin' out the side whar the door be, ter perfect the graves."

The drumming fingers of the attorney-general were suddenly still. "It is a graveyard, then?" he said, in a sepulchral undertone, overmastered himself by the surprise.

"Yes, sir. Folks air buried thar. It's a graveyard."

There was a pause.

"There's no place more appropriate for a boy in poor Tad's predicament to be!" cried the lawyer. "Look here," squaring himself before the table and placing his elbows upon it, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Harshaw had changed color; he had been fiercely biting his red lips and strok-

ing his yellow beard throughout these interrogatories, seeing their drift more clearly, perhaps, than the prosecuting officer did. Now he sprang to his feet, and insisted that the attorney for the State should not be permitted to play upon the superstition of the witness. She had seen no ghost. The court would not, he hoped, permit the questions to take the form of an attempt to persuade a witness — of great native intelligence, indeed, and of the highest moral worth, but densely ignorant, and doubtless saturated with the ridiculous superstitions of the uneducated — that in seeing this fugitive lad she had beheld a supernatural manifestation. "In one moment, sir," he interpolated, addressing Peter Rood, who sat in the back row of the jury, and who had suddenly bent forward, pointing a long finger at the witness, as if he were about to ask a question. "The boy doubtless swam out of the river, and being a maltreated little drudge ran away, and is now somewhere held in hiding by persons inimical to the prisoner. The witness had a glimpse of him. There is no man here ignorant enough to believe that she saw a ghost, — least of all the learned and astute counsel for the State."

"I don't believe she saw a ghost," said the attorney-general, still seated, cocking up his eyes at his vehement opponent. "I do believe, however, most firmly, that the witness had an illusion, hallucination."

There was an audible stir in the audience and the jury as he uttered these big words. They seemed to represent something more vaguely formidable than a ghost.

"Counsel must conduct the examination on a reasonable basis," remarked the judge.

"I will do so, your Honor," in the basso profundo of deep respect.

Mink, agitated, trembling with the sudden shock, leaned forward and looked at Alethea with burning eyes. How

was she discrediting the testimony she had given for him? How was she jeopardizing his fate?

She was almost overcome for a moment. Her nerves were shaken; she was appalled by the sudden revolution her simple disclosure had wrought. Her lips trembled, her eyes filled, but she made a gallant struggle for self-control, and answered in a steady voice the attorney-general's next question.

"Did the boy wear a hat, or was he bare-headed?"

There was suppressed excitement in the audience, for Tad's hat and coat, recovered from the river, had been shown to the jury while she was in the ante-room with the other witnesses.

"I did n't notice, — 't war so sudden."

"How was he dressed?"

"I did n't see," faltered Alethea.

"What *did* you see?"

"I seen his face, ez clear ez I see yourn this minit."

"How did he look, — hearty?"

"Naw, sir; he looked mighty peaked. His face war bleached," — a thrill ran through the crowd, — "an' I reckon he war skeered ez he seen me, fur he 'peared plumb tarrified."

"How long did you see his face?"

"A minit, mebbe; the fog passed 'twixt us."

"Ah, there was fog!"

The attorney-general cast a triumphant sidelong glance at the jury.

He paused abruptly, and turned toward them.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing Peter Rood. "I had quite forgotten you wanted to ask a question."

It did not strike him as odd till a moment later that the man was still in the same position, — in the shadow, leaning forward, supported on the back of the chair of the jurymen in front of him, and still pointing at the witness with a long finger.

The judge took note of the lapse of

time. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, irritably, "wake that juror up. The man's asleep."

There was a stir in the jury-box among the attentive eleven men. The juror on whose chair the immovable figure leaned turned his head, and met the fixed gaze of the eyes so close to his own.

He sprang up with a loud cry.

"The man is dead!" he shrieked.

XII.

The finger of the dead man still pointed at Alethea. His ghastly eyes were fixed upon her. The chair of the jurymen in front of him had sustained his weight in the same position in which he had fallen when the first shock of the idea that the witness had seen a spectre instead of the boy, alive and well, had thrilled through the room.

For a few moments it was a scene of strange confusion. The crowd rose from their seats, and surged up to the bar. New-comers were rushing in from the halls. Some one was calling aloud the name of the principal physician of the place. Many were clamoring to know what had happened. The judge's voice sounded suddenly. "Look out for your prisoner, Mr. Sheriff!" he exclaimed sharply; for the officer still stood as if transfixed beside the dead man, on whose shoulder he had laid hold. No hand, however heavy, could rouse him from the slumber into which he had fallen.

The sheriff turned toward the prisoner. The proud mountaineer, keenly sensitive to an indignity, burst out angry and aggrieved. "I hain't budged a paig!" he cried. And indeed he had not moved. "It's jes' kase you-uns set thar in jedgmint, an' I hev ter set hyar an' be tried, ez ye kin say sech ez that ter me!"

Harshaw had vehemently clutched

his client's arm as a warning to be silent. To his relief, he perceived that Gwinnan had not heard. He was absorbed in directing a physician to be called, and formally adjourned court until nine o'clock the following morning. The reluctant jurymen, quivering with excitement and consumed with curiosity as to the subsequent proceedings, were led off from the scene in charge of an officer, — himself a martyr to duty, — with many an eager backward glance and thought. The crowd hung around outside with an unabated curiosity. Often it effected an entrance and surged through the doors, to be turned out again by the directions of the physicians. Many climbed on the window-ledges to look through. The lower branches of the hickory-trees swarmed with the figures of nimble boys. The wind now was high. The boughs swayed back and forth with a monotonous clashing. Leaves continually fell from them like the noiseless flight of birds. The moon showed the pale, passionless sky; a planet swung above the distant mountains, burning with the steadfast purity of vestal fires; the inequalities of the hills and dales on which the rugged little town was built — very dark beneath the delicately illumined heavens — showed in the undulating lines of lighted windows, glimmering points stretching out into the gloom. Constantly the weighted gate clanged as men trooped into the court-house yard. The shadows seemed to multiply the number of the crowd.

Suddenly there was a cry: "He's comin'! They're bringin' him! He's comin'!"

The expectation had been so strong that the physician would pronounce it some transient paroxysm of the heart to which he was known to be subject, that the crowd was stricken into a shocked silence to recognize the undertaker among the men coming out and bearing a litter on which the motionless figure was stretched. One glance at it, and there

seemed nothing so inanimate in all nature. The moon, the trees, even the invisible wind, were endowed with redundant life, with identity, with all the affirmations of speculation, of imagination, in comparison with the terrible nullity of this thing that once was Peter Rood. It expressed only a spare finality.

It was strange to think he could not hear the wind blow, straight from the mountains, the dull thud of the many feet that followed him through the gate and down the street; could not see the moon which shone with a ghastly gleam upon his stark, upturned face. He was dead!

He was so dead that already his world was going on with a full acceptance of the idea. He had no longer an individuality as Peter Rood; he was only considered as a dead man. Considered as a dead man, he furnished the judge with a puzzle which irritated him. Gwinnan could not remember any case in which a man had died upon a jury, and he debated within himself whether this instance came under the statute leaving it to the discretion of the court, in the case of a sick juror, to discharge the jury and order a new one to be impaneled, or to excuse the juror and summon another in his place from the bystanders. He went into one of the lawyers' offices, and turned over a few books in search of precedent.

The attorney-general utilized the respite. He had lingered at the scene for a time, animated by curiosity. But when one of the physicians who had been summoned to the court-house returned to his office, after the vain efforts to resuscitate the man, he found the attorney for the State seated before the wood fire, his hands clasped behind his head, his feet stretched out upon the hearth, his chair tilted back upon its hind legs, waiting for him in comfortable patience.

There was no carpet on the floor. The small windows were lighted by tiny panes of glass. The hearth was broken

in many places, but painted a bright red with a neat home-made varnish of powdered bricks mixed with milk, commonly used in the country. There were several splint-bottomed chairs, an easy-chair, and one or two tables; book-cases covered the walls from the floor to the ceiling. It was the doctor's professional opinion that tobacco was the ruin of the country; on the high mantelpiece were ranged several varieties of pipe, from the plebeian cob and brier-root to the meerschäum presented by a grateful patient, all bearing evidences of much use.

Kenbigh looked up quietly as the owner of the appropriated quarters walked in. Dr. Lloyd was a tall, spare man of sixty odd, with a back that never bent, dressed punctiliously in black broadcloth and the most immaculate linen of an old-fashioned style. His thick hair was white. He wore a stiff mustache; his shaven chin was square and resolute; his features were singularly straight. His gray eye expressed great cleverness and goodness, but there was a refined sarcasm in the curl of his lips, and he affected a blunt indifference of manner, not to say brusqueness.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, doctor, — nothing with my vitals, or I would n't have trusted myself near you. The instinct of self-preservation is strong. I have come for some information."

"An aching void in the regions of your brain, eh? Well, at your time of life that's incurable."

"I want you," said the lawyer, his eyes roaming around the medical library ranged upon the wall with a gloating, gluttonous gleam at the idea of the feast of information within the covers of the volumes, "to lecture me, doctor."

"Where's your Medical Jurisprudence?"

"It does n't teach me all I want to know about ghosts."

Surprise was something Dr. Lloyd was never known to express or imply. He

sat looking at the visitor with his calm professional eye, as if it were the most habitual thing in the world for sane lawyers to come into his office of nights wanting to know about ghosts.

"I want to know all about absurd illusions, — in people of undoubted sanity."

"Subject of some scope," dryly remarked the doctor.

"I want to know all that *you* know about hallucinations, visions. I want an elaborate exposition of the visual apparatus as connected with the brain, and of the derangement of its nervous functions."

"Upon my word, you're a pretty fellow!"

"And then I want you to lend me *all* your books." And once more he gazed around on the coveted treasures of the shelves.

One of the great logs had burned in two, the chunks falling forward upon the other blazing sticks. The doctor had made a move toward the tongs, but the lawyer arose, and with a sort of cumbrous agility kicked first one and then the other into the space between the dogs. Dr. Lloyd watched this proceeding with silent disapproval. Far be it from him to put his dapper old-fashioned foot-gear to any such purpose.

The warmth of the fire was grateful, for it had grown much colder without. The wind surged down the street like the passing of many feet, some tumultuous human rush. The fir-tree beside the door was filled with voices, sibilant whisperings, sighs. Clouds were scudding through the sky; Kenbigh could see them from where he sat listening to the doctor's monologue. The moonlight lay on the old-fashioned garden without, all pillaged by the autumn winds, — the rose-bushes but leafless wands; the arbors naked trellises; the walks, laid off with rectangular precision, showing what the symmetry of its summer guise had been, as a skeleton might suggest the

perfection of the human form. The lights in the two-story frame house beyond — for the doctor's office was in the yard of his dwelling and the garden lay a little to the rear — were extinguished one by one. A dog close by barked for a time, with echoes from the hills and depressions and then fell to howling mournfully. The doctor talked on, now and then taking down the books to illustrate; marking the passages with a neat strip of paper in lieu of turning down a leaf, as Kenbigh seemed disposed to do. He piled the volumes beside his apt pupil on the candle-stand, and as the lawyer fell to at them he himself read for a time, as a light recreation, from a history in some twelve volumes. It might have been considered a formidable undertaking except by a country gentleman of ample leisure and bookish habit, but to such an inveterate and insatiate reader it was but as a mouthful.

Dr. Lloyd rose at last, knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the head of one of the fire-dogs, glanced at the absorbed lawyer, and remarked, "You'll come over to my house to go to bed after a little more, won't you?"

"Reckon so," responded Kenbigh, without lifting his head.

The fire flared up the chimney in great white flames; they emanated from a lustrous, restless, pulsing red heart. The sparks flew. The faint and joyous sounds from the logs were like some fine fairy minstrelsy which one is hardly sure one hears. A sylvan fragrance came from the pile of wood in the jamb, the basket of chips, the pine knots.

The doctor left the room, opened the door and looked back.

"Don't you burn up these books," he said, with the first touch of feeling in his tones that night.

The results of the attorney-general's vigil were abundantly manifest in his speech to the jury the following day. For that body was recruited by summoning another talesman in Rood's

place, and the trial perforce began anew; Gwinnan apparently thinking this alternative served better the ends of justice than to risk the delays and vicissitudes of again securing a competent jury. This decision encouraged Mink, who had been tortured by the fear that by some disaster the case would be continued to the next term. He was not now greatly perturbed by the strange turn which the attorney-general had contrived to give to Alethea's testimony. Since Harshaw had found that any one claimed to have seen Tad after the report of the boy's death he had felt confident of an acquittal, laying much stress on the necessity of proving the *corpus delicti*, as he phrased it; and Mink accepted his lawyer's opinion and relied upon it. He had not been greatly affected by Rood's death, so absorbed was he by his own interests; but it was a moment of tense excitement when the testimony again reached the juncture at which, on the preceding day, the dead man had leaned forward and pointed at the witness, as if to fix the fact. Nothing further was elicited from Alethea except that she did believe in ghosts, but that she was sure she had seen Tad alive, albeit he had stood among the graves with a blanched face, disappearing in a moment, lost in the mist.

The whole testimony of the case occupied much less time than on the previous day, and as the afternoon progressed it began to be apparent that the case would go to the jury before the court adjourned.

The surprise of the day was the speech of the attorney-general. It opened simply enough. He sought to show that it was impossible for Tad to be alive. The poor boy was doubtless at the bottom of the Tennessee River. How could it be otherwise? Assume, as his learned opponent would have them believe, that he had swum ashore. Where was he now? The suggestion that he was in the custody of some enemy of the prisoner,

who sought by concealing him to effect the incarceration of Reuben Lorey in the penitentiary for a long term, was so absurd that he hesitated to argue such a foolish position before so intelligent a body of men as the jury whom he had the pleasure of addressing. Who would, for revenge, encounter the hazards of such a scheme? The boy was as well known throughout the section as Pioningo Bald. Any chance glimpse of him by a casual visitor would fling the conspirators themselves into the clutches of the law, that would be loath to lightly loose its hold on such rascals. Who would voluntarily burden themselves with the support of an idiot boy? If anybody had found Tad, he would have been mighty quick to carry the boy back to old man Griff. Say that no one had detained him, — what then? He was an idiot, incapable of taking care of himself. If he were wandering at large, starving, half clad, would not some one have seen him besides Alethea Sayles, in all these weeks, gentlemen, in all these months? It was a remarkable story that the witness had told, — a remarkable story. (The counsel seemed to find fit expression of his sense of its solemnity by sinking his *basso profundo* to a thunderous mutter.) No one could for a moment doubt the sanity of that witness. She was evidently a girl of fine common sense; an excellent girl, too, — no one could for a moment doubt the truth of any word she uttered. The fact was, Alethea Sayles saw a strange thing that night. She thought she saw Tad. It was only his image, not himself. "The forlorn boy is dead, gentlemen," he continued. "She saw the fantasy of her own anxious, overwrought brain. He was in her mind. She had pondered long upon him, and upon the plight of her lover, who had killed him. What wonder, then, that in the mist, and the flickering moonlight, and the lonely midnight, she should fancy that she saw him!"

He told the gaping and amazed jury that this was not an isolated instance. He mentioned other victims of hallucination; he detailed the strange experiences of Nicolai, of Spinoza, of Dr. Bosstock, of Lord Londonderry, of Baron de Gêramb, of Leuret, of Lord Brougham.

Harshaw, who had sat listening, with his hands in his pockets and his legs crossed, a smile of ostentatious derision upon his face, grew grave upon the mention of the last name. He had never heard of the others, but to attempt to bolster a theory of spectral apparition by this name, revered in the profession, was, he felt, a juridical sacrilege that should cause the attorney-general to be at the very least stricken from the rolls. Nevertheless, Lord Brougham's reputation was wilted thenceforth in his estimation.

As Kenbigh went on, expounding the relative and interdependent functions of the brain and eye, the fine and subtle theories of spiritual and physical life, its vague boundaries, its unmeasured capabilities, — the deductions, the keen analysis of science, all reduced to the vernacular in the mouth of a man trained by years of practice to speak to the people, — Harshaw sat in blank dismay. He had never heard of any spiritual manifestation but the vulgar graveyard ghost, usually headless, stalking in its shroud to accomplish missions of vengeance upon the very ignorant in the deep midnight. But Kenbigh's account of sundry ethereal-minded and mild-mannered spectres, with a preference for high company, singing, appearing at dinner-tables, conversing agreeably, arrayed in conventional garb, as decorous and reasonable and as mindful of etiquette as if still bound by all the restraints of the world, the flesh, and the devil, disappearing as uselessly as they had come, with no appreciable result of the visit, — it shocked every sense of precedent within him. He was country-bred and

did not know that when ghosts are fashionable they conduct themselves as fashionable people do. He noted keenly the discrepancies in the scientific explanations. Always despite its show of learning, its systems, its terminology, its physiology, its psychology, and its persistent reference of supernatural appearances to natural causes, Reason retires from the spectral exhibition with some admission of occult influences, not fully understood,—in effect making a bow to the ghost in question, “Saving your presence.” He noticed, too, that the jury were listening with that intentness and eager interest which characterize every mind, even the most ignorant, in considering things of the other world, manifestations of hidden agencies. When he rose to reply he felt at a loss. The sound, however, of his own hearty voice ringing against the walls, instead of the sepulchral basso profundo of the attorney for the State, his own stalwart arm sawing the air,—for he was in the habit of impressing his views with a good deal of muscular exertion,—had an invigorating effect upon him, and brought him back to his normal state of confidence and bluster. He found words for his ready scorn. He sought to discredit the attorney-general’s phantoms. He did not know where the counsel got these old women’s tales; they were an insult to the intelligence of the jury. The learned counsel knew mighty well he was n’t going to be called upon for his authorities, and medical books can’t be produced as evidence in a court of justice,—much less ghost stories, “Raw-head and Bloody-bones”! For his own poor part, he did n’t believe a word of them. A fact is a thing that can be proved. The law requires authentication. “Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor, saw visions, did he? And may be Lord Coke dreamed dreams,” he sneered indignantly. “And Lord Mansfield perchance walked in his sleep. And who knows they did? And what driv-

is this! Gentlemen, *we* live in the nineteenth century!”

The downfall of Lord Brougham in his estimation was very bitter to him. He was a man of few enthusiasms, and such hero-worship as was possible to him had been expended upon the great lights of his profession whose acquaintance he had formed in his early reading of law, some twenty years ago. He so dwelt upon this point that the jury received the valuable impression that Henry Brougham was a chancellor and a “valley man,” hailing from Knoxville, perhaps, and was held in high esteem by the lawyers in Shaftesville, and that Harshaw seemed to think the attorney-general had slandered him. He wrenched himself from this phase of the subject with some difficulty. “Gentlemen,” he said sarcastically, “the attorney-general is a mighty smart man. He’s got a heap of learning lately about visions.” He glanced down obliquely at his opponent; he would have given a good deal to know how the counsel for the State came by his information. He could have sworn that it was not indigenous. “But there are plenty of folks in this town could have told him just as much and more. He’s mighty particular to show the difference between *i*-lusion and *de*-lusion, and hallucination and mania. Visions! That ain’t what *we* call ‘em, gentlemen. Down here in the flat woods we call ‘em—‘snakes’!” The hit told, and he went on, encouraged. “Right over yonder in Tim Beeker’s saloon they keep every assortment of vision. Men have seen green rabbits there, and black dogs, and snakes, and whole menageries of hallucinations. Is anybody going to believe Alethea Sayles had the jim-jams that night, coming from camp-meeting? She had no call to see visions! This girl had her head in her hands; she was leaning on the fence; she felt some one touch her; she looked up, and saw the boy before her. Mighty few of the ghosts that we have

heard of had such consistency of entity as to make their presence perceived by the sense of touch; on the contrary, it is thus that their unreality is often demonstrated in these same fables. A lady passes her fan through one immaterial image. A man thrusts his knife vainly into the misty heart of another. And why does this instance differ? Because, gentlemen, there was no phantom. It was Tad Simpkins in flesh and blood. The fugitive boy sees Alethea Sayles, whom he knows well; he is about to appeal to her; he lays his hand on her hand. She lifts her head, and at the unexpected apparition—sight, she screams, and the foolish boy is frightened, and flees!”

He went on to say that he would impose upon the patience of this court and jury only for a few moments longer. He wanted to contradict the statements of the attorney-general that no one would voluntarily burden himself with the support of a useless member of society. “How many yaller dogs at your houses, gentlemen? I’d be afraid to count how many at mine. How many of your wife’s relations? No, gentlemen, none of us are so rich in this world’s goods as we deserve to be, but we ain’t got down to dividing bread and meat that close yet. As to the reckless crime of keeping the boy in hiding in order to put Mink Lorey in the penitentiary for involuntary manslaughter,—why, gentlemen, if there were not just such reckless people continually committing crimes, the consequences of which they cannot escape, the attorney-general and I would have nothing to do. We’d have to suck our paws for a living, like a bear in the winter, and look at one another,—a profitless entertainment, gentlemen.”

He sat down, his pink smile enlivening his countenance, well satisfied with his efforts and with the prospects of the case.

The attorney-general, who had the

last word, was very brief in saying it. The judge charged the jury, and he, too, was brief. The long slant of sunshine falling athwart the room was reddening when the jury were led out by the officer to their deliberations, noisily ascending the stairs to the jury-room above, assigned to their use.

XIII.

They slouched into their lair, looking more like offenders detained against their will than the free and enlightened citizens of a great country in the exercise of the precious privilege of serving on the jury. They were all tired. They had undergone much excitement. They felt the mental strain of the arguments and counter-arguments to which they had listened.

“It hev fairly gin me a mis’ry in my hade ter hev ter hear ter them red-mouthed lawyers jaw an’ jaw, like they done!” exclaimed one old codger, flinging himself in a chair, and putting his feet up against the round sides of the stove, which was cold and fireless, the day, like its predecessor, being warm and genial. The windows were open, the sunlight streaming over the dusty floor and chairs and benches. Two or three of the jurymen, looking out, laughing, and making signs to the people in the streets, were smartly remonstrated with by the officer in charge.

His objections had the effect of congregating them in the middle of the room, where the discussion began, many of them lighting their pipes, and tilting their chairs on the hind legs. Two or three lifted their feet to the giddy eminence of the backs of other chairs; several stretched themselves at lank, ungainly length upon the benches. They were mostly young or middle-aged men; the senior of the party being a farmer of fifty, with a pointed, shaven chin, newly sprouting with a bristly beard, over

which he often passed his hand with a meditative gesture. His eyes were down-cast; he leaned his elbows on his knees; his mien was depressed, not to say afflicted. "I ain't hearn ten words together," he remarked. "I never knowed when they lef' off, sca'cely, bein' so all-fired oneasy an' beset 'bout them cattle o' mine." He turned to explain to the new juror whom they had taken on that morning. "Ben Doaks hed my cattle a-summerin' of 'em up on Piomingo Bald, an' when the cattle war rounded up I went thar ter pick out mine, an' I druv 'em down an' got ez far ez Shaftesville, an' I let 'em go on with Bob, my son, 'bout fifteen year old. An' I stopped hyar ter git a drink an' hear a leetle news. An' durned ef they did n't ketch me on the jury! An' Bob dunno what's kem o' me, an' I dunno what's kem o' Bob an' the cattle, nor how fur they hed traveled along the road 'fore they fund out I war n't comin' arter."

"Waal, I reckon they be all right," said the new man, a hunter from the mountains, just come into town with peltry and game to sell.

"Lord knows! I don't!" said the old fellow, sighing over the futility of speculation. "Ef Bob war ter draw the idee ez I got hurt, or robbed, or scrimagin' in them town grog-shops,—I hev always been tellin' him a all-fired pack o' lies 'bout the dangers in sech places, bein' ez I war n't willin' ter let him go whar I'd go myself,—he'd leave them cattle a-standin' thar in the road, an' kem back ter town ter s'arch fur me. He hain't got much 'speriunce, an' he ain't ekal ter keerin' fur them cattle. They 'll stray, an' I 'll never see 'em agin."

"I reckon they hev strayed back ter the mountings by this time; must be wilder 'n bucks, ef they hev been out all summer," suggested a broad-faced, twinkling-eyed young fellow, with a jocose wink at the others.

"Bob dozes, too; sorter sleepy-headed, ye know," said the old man, taking note of all the contingencies. "I hev seen him snooze in the saddle, ef the cattle war slow. He's growin', an' runs mighty hard, an' ef he sets still he falls off. Ef he got tired, he's apt ter lie down in a fence-corner ter rest; an' he mought go ter sleep thar, an' somebody mought toll the cattle off. Or else he mought ax somebody ter keer fur the cattle till he could kem back an' find me. Lord A'mighty, thar's no yearthly tellin' what Bob mought do."

"Then, agin, he *mought n't*," said Jerry Price. "Ye hev jes' got ter gin up yer hold on worldly things when ye air on a jury, like ye war dead."

"Yes, but when ye air dead ye ain't able ter be pestered by studyin' 'bout what yer administrator air a-doin' with yer yearthly chattles an' cattle."

"How d' ye know?" demanded Price. "Arter all we hearn ter-day, a body mought b'lieve a real likely harnt air ekal ter ennything in motion an' looks, an' ye dunno *what* they air studyin' 'bout. But time's a-wastin'. 'Less we air wantin' ter bide hyar all night agin, we hed better be talkin' 'bout our verdict on Mink Lorey. The jedge's waitin', an' from all I hev seen o' him he ain't a man ez air handy at patience."

"Waal, sir," said the man with his feet on the stove, who was the foreman of the jury, taking his pipe from his mouth, "I ain't settin' much store on Gwinnan. I don't b'lieve he acted right an' 'cordin' ter law about this jury. Thar's thirteen men on this jury!"

They all sat motionless, staring at him.

"Yes, sir," he declared, reinserting his pipe between his teeth, and speaking with them closed upon it. "I know the law! My uncle war a jestic o' the peace fur six year, 'bout ten year ago. An' he hed a Code o' Tennessee! An' I read in it! Some mighty interestin' readin' in the Code o' Tennessee. Sure's

ye born, thar is! The law say the juror, ef he be aillin', kin be excused, an' another summonsed. But Peter Rood war n't excused, nor discharged nuther. He's on this jury yit."

"Waal, fur Gawd's sake, don't git ter jawin' 'bout Peter Rood!" cried Bylor, the man on whose chair the dead juror had fallen, and who had turned his face to the close encounter of the stare of death in his glassy eyes. Bylor's nerves were still unstrung. He looked as ill as a broad-shouldered, sunburned, brawny fellow could look. "I never slep' a wink las' night; an' that thar cussed 'torney-gineral a-tellin' them awful tales 'bout harnts all day, an' that thar solemn Lethe Sayles purtendin' she hed seen that drowned idjit, — I felt ez ef I'd fall down in a fit ef they did n't quit it."

"I don't b'lieve she seen Tad's harnt," said Ben Doaks, instinctively adopting her view.

"Then what war it in the *graveyard* fur?" demanded the nephew of the ex-justice conclusively.

There was momentary silence. The sunshine was dying out on the floor; the dim tracery of the boughs of the hickory-tree was the only manifestation of its presence. The rural sound of the lowing of cattle came in on the soft air, — the village kine were returning from their pastures. The voices of men in the rooms below rose and fell fitfully; they were trying another case, in the interim of waiting for the verdict.

"An' how kem nobody hev seen him sence, 'ceptin' Lethe Sayles?" he supplemented his question.

"The jedge hinted ez much ez we-uns oughter be powerful keeful o' not convictin' a man fur killin', when a witness claimed ter hev seen the dead one sence," argued Jerry Price, ambiguously.

"She never seen nuthin' but his ghost," said the nephew of the ex-justice.

"Ben, how 'd that leetle red cow o'

mine git her hawn bruk?" interpolated the bereaved cattle-owner, meditating on the vicissitudes experienced by his herds in their summer vacation.

"Gawd A'mighty, man, quit talkin' 'bout yer cattle, interruptin' we-uns jes' ez we war a-gittin' ter the p'int!" exclaimed the foreman.

"I'd heap ruther hear Mr. Beames talk 'bout his cattle 'n hear 'bout harnts, an' sech," said Bylor, as he lay on the bench. He was still feeling far from well. He got up presently, and went to the officer, who was at the door, and petitioned for something to drink. But that worthy, determined upon the literal performance of duty, withstood his every persuasion, even when he declared he was "plumb sick;" and the rest of the jury, alarmed lest he should be excused, another juror summoned, and the whole performance of the trial begin anew, the agony of their detention thus lengthening indefinitely, pleaded for him. The officer's devotion to what he considered his duty did not save him from some abuse.

"'T would sarve ye right ef we war ter lay a-holt o' ye an' fling ye outer this winder," said Ben Doaks.

"Ye mis'able leetle green gourd, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout nuthin'," declared the foreman, the much informed because of the Code.

"Waal, ye kin say what ye wantar," retorted the official. He was a young man; he had a resolute eye and a shock head. "But ye ain't goin' ter git outer here till ye find yer verdict." He withdrew his tousled head suddenly, and shut the door on them.

Rebellion availing nothing, they resorted to faction.

"Ye need n't be so powerful techy 'bout harnts; ye ain't seen none ez I knows on," said the foreman, turning upon the sick juror.

"Naw, an' I don't wantar hear 'bout none o' 'em till my stommick feels stronger."

"Shucks! that air nuthin' oncommon, seein' harnts an' sech. Plenty o' folks hev seen the same one. Thar's ever so many o' them herders on Thunderhead hev seen the harnt ez herds up thar. Rob Carrick seen him. I hev hearn him tell 'bout'n it arter he got his mind back. Hain't you, Ben?"

The moon was at the eastern windows. The white lustre poured in. The great room seemed lonely and deserted, despite the group of deliberating jurymen, and the colorless double with which each had been furnished, to ape his gesture, and caricature his size, and dog his every step. An owl was hooting in some distant tree. The voices from the street were faint.

"Ain't that thar weasel of a constable goin' ter hev no lamps brung hyar ter-night?" exclaimed Bylor.

But the lamps, which came in almost immediately, were inadequate to contend with the solemn, ethereal, white pervasion of the night that still hung in the window, and lay upon the floor, and showed the gaunt bare tree outside. They only gave a yellow cast to the circle in which the party sat, and made their faces seem less pallid and unnatural.

"Yes, I hev hearn Carrick tell it a many a time. He used ter herd with Josh Nixon in life." Ben Doaks paused a moment. "I seen the Herder wunst mysef, though I never felt right sure about it till ter-night. I 'lowed I mought jes' hev fancied it."

"What made ye sure 'bout it ter-night?" demanded Bylor, starting up from the bench.

"'Count o' what the 'torney-gineral said 'bout *hellucination*. I know now ez 't war a vision sent from hell, an' I reckon that air one reason I hev fund it air so hard ter git religion. My mind hev got too much in league with Satan."

"Waal, Carrick 'lowed ez Josh Nixon kem back from hell ter herd on Thun-

derhead kase all his bones war n't buried tergether," said the foreman.

"Law, Ben," broke out the owner of cattle, "I wonder ef them beef bones we seen on the top o' Piomingo Bald war n't the bones o' that thar leetle black heifer o' mine ez couldn't be fund, an' ye 'lowed mus' hev been eat by a wolf."

"I knocked off the vally o' that thar heifer in our settlin' up, an' I hed hoped ter hear no mo' o' her in this mortal life!" cried Ben Doaks, lifting his voice from the bated undertone in which he had discussed the spectral phenomena to an indignant worldly resonance. "I did n't know ez ye branded yer beastis on her bones," sarcastically; "the las' time I seen her she war too fat ter show 'em. I never looked fur yer mark on them bones on the bald."

"Waal," said a slow, measured voice, with that unnatural tone one has in talking to one's self, "Tad hev got no call ter kem back."

"Who air ye a-talkin' ter?" cried Bylor, starting up, his nerves quivering at the slightest provocation.

"Somebody told me just then 't war Tad's harnt," said Price, rousing himself with an effort.

"They never!" cried Bylor. "Old man Beames hain't got done moanin' 'bout his cattle, like they war the ornyments o' the nation. Nobody never opened thar mouths ter ye. Ye jes' answered ter nuthin'."

"Harshaw never b'lieved Lethe Sayles seen no harnt," declared one.

"He *hed* ter say that," observed the foreman, who was of spectral tendencies, "no matter what he believed. The 'torney-gin'al war powerful sure she seen a harnt."

"He 'lowed it war a *hellucination*," protested Bylor, being extremely averse to any theory involving an apparition.

"Waal," argued the logical Price, "he 'lowed ez a *hellucination* war suthin' ez looks like a person, but 'tain't him. Now ain't that a harnt? Ain't

Tad's harnt suthin' that looks like Tad, an' ain't Tad?"

"Oh," cried Bylor, springing from the bench, "I feel obligated ter git away from sech talk! I jes' look ter see Peter Rood a-stalkin' round hyar direc'ly, with that awful stare in his eyes when he war stone dead fur ever so long, with his face so close ter mine. I can't abide it no longer! Let's toss up. Heads, acquit! Tails, convict!" He produced a coin from his pocket.

"Naw, ye won't," said the foreman quickly. "Naw! We'll delib'rate on this hyar question, an' decide it like a jury oughter."

Bylor cast a glance at the windows, each with its great white image upon the floor below; at the dim faces about him; at the lamps, dull and yellow, making the moonlight seem more pallid and vaguely blue. He threw himself upon the bench, and for a time was silent.

"Look hyar," said Jerry Price, "it hev jes' got down ter this, — harnt or no harnt. Ef Lethe Sayles seen *Tad*, Mink never killed him, an' hev ter be acquitted. Ef Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt, Mink killed him whilst doin' a unlawful act, an' he hev ter go ter the pen'tiary fur involuntary manslaughter, ez the jedge 'lows sech be a felony."

The wrangle over the question, which bristled with difficulties enough, began anew. They were even more illogical and irritable than before. They were utterly unused to debate, to reason. The mental strain of laboriously applying their attention to each detail, striving to master circumstance and argument, throughout the two days during which the case had been tried twice before them, had resulted in a certain degree of prostration of their faculties. The singular surprise in the evidence and the sudden death of one of their number had unnerved them all, more or less. Being ignorant men, untrained to discriminate and differentiate, while they

could accept the strange occurrences which the attorney-general had brought to their knowledge, they were not able to perceive and apply the scientific explanations. And in fact many of these were lame and inadequate. They had heard these seemingly supernatural instances from a man of education and acumen, and it had fallen to their lot to probe the probabilities and possibilities, and decide an important question based upon them. They were no nearer a conclusion when Ben Doaks, who had been sitting with his arms folded, silently meditating for a time, broke out abruptly, "That's it! Tad's harnt kem back 'kase *his* bones ain't buried."

Bylor once more started up. "Who tole ye that? Who said it fust?"

"I dunno," replied Ben Doaks quietly. "Some o' them boys."

"They never!" cried Bylor. "I hev been listening ter every one. Some o' ye answers the words o' a man who never speaks aloud! Thar's a harnt on this jury! I know it! I feel it!" He stood up at his full height, trembling like a leaf. He was in a nervous panic. "Gentlemen, we hev got" — he faltered at the name, — "him with us yet. Thar's thirteen men on this jury. For Gawd's sake, let's go down an' tell the jedge we can't agree. I'll see Rood d'rec'ly, an' ye will too."

"Laws-a-massy!" cried old Beames, interested for the first time in aught save his cattle. "I'll make a break an' run" — he did not say where, the obdurate officer being on the other side of the door. He too rose, agitated, his toothless jaw shaking. "I could n't abide ter see him, like he looked las' night!"

"Thar's thirteen men on the jury. Thar's no use denyin' it," said the foreman, "whether Pete Rood's sperit's in the panel or no."

A great shadow suddenly flapped awkwardly across the floor. Every man of them started. But it was only the

owl they had heard in the distance now flying past the window. It was not more cheerful when the ill-omened bird settled itself on the branch of the hickory-tree, and shrilled its nerve-thrilling cry and convulsively chuckled aloud.

The foreman rose, too. "Thar's no use a-tryin'," he said: "we can't agree, an' we hev got a right ter disagree. Le's go down an' tell the jedge, an' git discharged. I ain't easy shook, but this hyar whole case hev been mighty cur'us, an' I hev mighty nigh petered out."

"Look hyar, ought n't we ter hold on a while longer? Fur Mink Lorey will hev ter stay in jail fur four months more, till he kin git tried at the next term," suggested Jerry Price.

"I'm willin'," said Ben Doaks reluctantly. He looked doubtfully over his shoulder as he spoke. "Eh?" he said, as he turned his head back again.

"Nobody never said nuthin'," declared the foreman.

"I 'lowed I hearn somebody call my name."

"I'll be bound ye did!" cried Bylor. "But nobody called it ez we kin see — yit."

He rushed to the door and summoned the officer. The court was notified, and the twelve men were conducted down the stairs, each conscious of the presence of the unseen thirteenth.

It was like a transition from the conditions of delirium to the serene atmosphere of right reason. The windows were all flaring with lights, as if the court-room were some factory that ran all night. The lawyers looked fagged and worn out; they had the air of working by momentum aggregated during the day rather than by immediate exertion. It was a contrast to Averill's leisurely procedure, and they regarded the innovation with exasperation and the judge with some personal animosity. He had his pen still in his hand; there was a moment's silent waiting while he finished the line he was writing. Mink

had been brought out from jail. He sat waiting, feverishly impatient and bright-eyed.

Harshaw and the attorney-general turned expectant and interested faces toward them.

The judge laid down his pen and looked kindly at them. He viewed them as a bit of completed work. He had a great respect for completed work.

When they were asked if they had agreed upon their verdict, the foreman answered that they could not agree.

The prisoner's countenance changed instantly. It had upon it an expression of blank amaze, then of sharp distress. Harshaw's face fell. The attorney-general pricked up his ears. The judge looked grave, concerned.

"Do you desire any further instructions, — any point of difficulty explained?"

The foreman interpreted this formula as a general inquiry into the nature of the trouble. He began precipitately, the quaking men behind him feeling all the despair of being the members of a responsible corporate body of which he was the mouth-piece.

"Ye see, jedge, we-uns can't but feel thar's thirteen men on this jury."

They felt the judge's quick gray eye counting them. Perhaps at that moment they were all indifferent to the terrors of their spectral associate, so much more substantial a source of terror being presented to them.

The man who had read the Code went on: "Pete Rood — him ez died las' night — war neither excused nor discharged, so thar's thirteen men on this jury; an' we hearn him talkin' up-stairs along o' the rest o' the jurors, sometimes interruptin' us, an' we-uns can't agree 'count o' thar bein' a harnt on the jury."

Even he faltered before the look in the face of the judge, whose decisions were thus frankly criticised. There was something terrible in the fury that his

eyes expressed. He sat motionless, with an air of great calmness and dignity. His face, however, crimsoned to the roots of his hair. The veins in his forehead stood out swollen and blue. There was an intense silence for a moment. Then his voice, as always, singularly low and inexpressive, broke the pause.

"Mr. Sheriff," he said, "conduct those thirteen — those twelve men to the county jail, and keep them there for contempt of court until ten o'clock to-morrow morning, permitting no communication with others."

He directed that a fine of ten dollars should be entered against each, and forthwith adjourned the court.

This high-handed proceeding had no parallel in the annals of the circuit. Harshaw, swelling with rage, found knots of men eagerly discussing it, as he pushed his way out into the hall. Some one was advancing the opinion that a jury in jail was no longer a jury, but merely twelve culprits. Another found a hearty laugh in the reflection that they would not probably discover so many harnts in jail as in the jury-room. A third demanded of Harshaw, "Why did n't he discharge the jury, and imprison them as men?"

"Too afraid of the S'preme Court," Harshaw hissed between his teeth. "Wish he had! On appeal a prema-

ture discharge would operate as an acquittal of the prisoner."

He regarded the action of the judge as an outrage, and he did not hesitate to express this opinion. He had expended much time and force upon his case, and looked for no compensation but the satisfaction of success. He had that excellent quality in a lawyer, the faculty of making his client's cause his own. He felt the hardship of this extension of the prisoner's jeopardy scarcely less deeply than Mink himself. A little remonstrance with the ignorant men, a little pocketing of personal and judicial pride, a few coaxing, explanatory words, might have sent them back refreshed and invigorated to their deliberations, with a good hope of agreement. Now, there was no prophesying what effect these strong measures would have upon them. He believed that Gwinnan had transcended all the authority of his office. "By God," he cried, "if he keeps on like he's started he'll get impeached some day! And if I could see my way to it, I swear I'd introduce the resolution in the House myself!"

He walked off, his head swimming a little. He had said this rash thing before a motley crowd, and at any time it might be repeated to Gwinnan, who was himself a politician in some sort, and a man of great force.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

ABOUT THE PACIFIC.

PERHAPS the ancients never appear to us so intellectually limited as when we look upon those curious maps, resembling turtles or elephants, of the world as it was known to them. Popular knowledge in our own enlightened age, however, is in some respects not unlike the geographical science of Homer and Pliny in its real misconceptions

of the earth and its inhabitants. To them the horizon of their fathers' fields was the Mediterranean; to our ancestors it was the Atlantic, and to us, to a considerable degree, it still is. In dignity and romance the figure of Columbus towers above all other voyagers so much, and his find of America was so far the most impressive, that the imagi-

nation naturally looks upon our ocean as the theatre of sea-discovery; yet for the lonely island peak that greeted his eyes ten thousand have arisen from the Pacific to salute the adventurer. The name of Cook, it is true, has rendered the idea of lands beyond the capes not strange; but beside the Genoese, the Englishman lacks distinction, and his cocked hat and buttons are too near us to allow of any historic enchantment in the view. As one calls to mind the other great sailors, however, he sees that the world is round in fact, and that the fields of discovery were on the other side of it, the water side; and as he reads, after leaving the common schools, he learns that the Pacific is the place, *par excellence*, of surprises. At the antipodes it is not the head and feet of men alone that are beheld reversed; generally speaking, most things are upside down, and if the reader will coast the Pacific in our cockle-shell of a leaf or two, he may conclude that all mundane affairs, like the earth itself, have properly no top or bottom at all.

In consequence of this easy transposition of all things, it is fitting that the jumping-off place should be our starting-point. It is Alaska, where the point of the compass known as the northwest ends. To ourselves we confess there was some surprise in finding that Alaska had a history; like Rip van Winkle, we rubbed our eyes, and this country of yesterday aged some centuries, and approached us with seven hundred and fifty pages well filled with annals, in which there was the usual assortment of successive eras of conquest and bloodshed, of trade, vice, and crime, which belongs to all well-regulated members of the family of nations. The indefatigable author of this account, in whose works it makes the thirty-third volume, has conferred a great gift on his country by his researches; and it is a pleasure to turn aside from our narrative at once, and thank Mr. Bancroft for that long

labor which will cause him to be remembered as the Muratori of the Pacific coast. In the present case he had to collect his materials from St. Petersburg, Washington, San Francisco, and those Alaskans who have memories, — names which represent a dispersion, a Babel of tongues, and a reluctance of Nature herself to the undertaking which would seem insuperable. The results digested in this bulky volume,¹ deficient only in the period of exploration, include all else of Alaskan history proper that is worth knowing upon any pretext. It is not our purpose — it would be impossible — to do more than advert to some of the more striking points. One of these, which, we risk nothing in saying, comes to correct the common notion that the Golden Gate opens into the western sun, is the statement that Alaska bears the stars and stripes as much farther beyond San Francisco into the sunset as that city is beyond Washington. After that no remarks respecting the size of our national fur-farm awake the least astonishment. Probably the popular error in regard to the real extent of the north shores of the Pacific is mostly due to that peculiar effect of what is known as Mercator's projection, in consequence of which those regions are diminished to the eye of childhood on the map as known to the moderns, and remain diminished ever after. Science may tell us that Kamchatka is of the shape and size of Italy, but the imagination will never credit it. To pass this, however, — for we knew we were a great country in a vague way, and millions of acres more cannot perceptibly add to our realization of our bigness, — let us notice a few of the other particulars that had dropped out of our memory.

Among these is the fact that Russia was a great colonizing power. Spain, and England, and Portugal, and Holland,

¹ *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft.* Vol. XXXIII. History of Alaska, 1730-1885. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1886.

and France were the modern Phœnicians; but Russia also was not untouched with the general desire of appropriating the paternal acres of other races. As her expeditions were in the antipodes, the voyage was made by land, of course, and the direction of migration was east. In the seventeenth century, and later, the Czar's power was thus extended over Northern Asia, and his monstrous prison-house secured, large enough, as it proves, to accommodate a nation of revolutionists. The motive of this conquest is sufficiently intelligible. It is always interesting to know for what prize men are ready to lay down their lives, especially when the founding of an empire is the last result. In this case it was the skin of the little sable. In search of this the Cossacks conquered Siberia; and in fact they were doing exactly as the Spaniards in Mexico, for since furs were the currency of Russia, the sable was the gold of the steppes. Thus, in course of years, they came to that Arctic Italy, Kamchatka. With men of that time, to see the sea was to cross it. Over they went, in such ships as they could build, Behring at their head; and they found land, and Behring died and was buried there. This age of the discovery was a true Viking era, the last of all. Behring himself was a Dane. The story is the same as ever,—provisions short, scurvy, shipwreck, wintering, savages scared by firearms yet able to massacre, and in the spring the return on the rebuilt boat. The author expresses some wonder at the continuation of these voyages by the same sailors; but it is another popular fallacy to believe that life is held dear by men once accustomed to the idea of losing it, and when the choice lay between existence in Kamchatka and a warm grave in the waters of the Pacific Gulf Stream, the balances were not very uneven. The story, nevertheless, is one of heroism, of the savage fight with nature; and if the race was not noble, the conflict was.

In time—for we have not seven hundred and fifty pages to spare—the islands and mainland submitted to the settlement of a few trading-posts, the natives were subdued, or terrorized, or made drunk, and the Russian Fur Company held delegated empire over all the region, for it was still fur, and not science, that the brave men were after; and then there came a man to the land, Baranof. The name of this extraordinary person the reader may recall out of Irving's delightful narratives of the settlement of the northwest, in which he figures picturesquely, and by his antics is made to appear as the human, and scarcely human, embodiment of the traditional Russian bear. In Bancroft's work the lines of his character are more complexly laid down, and a different judgment passed on him. Baranof is indeed the hero of the volume. He was a Siberian fur-trader, verging on middle life, when Shelikof, who was the planner of the great corporation, selected him to be the executor of his ideas, and sent him to begin his autocratic rule in Alaska under the imperial ukase. For thirty years he remained in charge: he located posts, built ships, guided trade, made war and peace, settled disputes, and never failed to remit those dividends to the royal and noble stockholders on whose smile his tenure depended, and for whose luxury the Aleut hunters starved and slaved. He extended his commercial relations so far as to trade with "the Boston men" and Astor, and to attempt an opening of the Japanese ports and the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. The wider plans to found a Russian sea-empire in the North Pacific failed; but within the proper limits of the fur country Baranof was completely successful, a great and honest administrator, the real lord of the world in that part. This practical success has impressed Mr. Bancroft, and led him into a kind of pæan over the man who achieved it. There is another side to

the picture; nor was Irving in error when he caught and set down its grotesque traits. The anomalies of Russian character are better known to us now, and cause less bewilderment; but perhaps nowhere in Russian biography do the sharp contrasts and hard limits of the Slav nature stand out in such miserable irony of Western ideals of character, and nowhere in Russian fiction does the desolation of barrenness, both human and natural, so occupy the whole mental field, as in Baranof's Alaskan career, of which glimpses are here seen. It would require more space than can be given to indicate even in faint outlines the wretched existence of this man, undoubtedly of great powers: the prey, alternately, of fits of deep melancholy and frenzies of the wildest intoxication; now driving his own women, even, out into a snow-storm, with blows and curses, and now extraordinarily kind, charitable, generous; so used to endurance that Rezanof found him living in a miserable, rain-soaking hut, in which his bed floated in the water, and was told in answer to his question, "It is only the old leak." The revels held there were more like diabolical than human orgies. Morals, of the Occidental variety, were unknown. Baranof and his officers were the fathers of their adopted country in a quite literal sense, and the so-called "creoles," who were their children, were provided for and educated at the company's expense, after the approved fashion in Plato's state. We leave it to the reader's fancy to project this social condition upon the background of the Alaskan solitudes. Nothing of Tourgénéief's suggests such mean and sordid reality, such debauched animalism of daily life, such poverty of the spirit; and in the centre of the scene this small, imp-like man, with his bald head ringed with a circle of reddish hair, seems by no means heroic, though for astuteness, fertility, and

hardiness he may be reckoned great. In his seventy-second year he was relieved, on his return voyage he died, and the fishes of the Straits of Sunda made an end of him.

After Baranof's disappearance the narrative loses interest, and it is needless to follow further the continued activity of the company until its charter finally lapsed, and in the course of time the imperial government made over its rights to the United States. The concluding pages of the volume summarize the resources and state of the Territory, and are less satisfactory in proportion and treatment than the earlier part. The neglect of the government to provide for law and order and the misconduct of the military during their occupation are reprehensible enough; but the merits of the present Alaska Company might have been profitably less dwelt upon in favor of the voyages of exploration and discovery by others than Russians. The country seems, from the showing here made, to be a valuable acquisition, and one likely to increase in worth very greatly with time, especially to the States of the Coast. The condition of the natives is certainly not worse than under the Russians, and as public attention is more given to this distant dependency, as one may call it, schools and the other machinery for the reclamation or extinction of the primitive races are sure to do their work. The fishing and mining interests will come more to the front and share the fortune of the fur interest, which is now the principal resource. In the end it is not improbable that Mr. Seward will prove to be right in his prediction that the purchase of Alaska was his most memorable public act.

Lieutenant Schwatka's narrative¹ of exploration along the Yukon River, a stream of above two thousand miles in length, reads like a mere brief episode of Alaskan history, after Bancroft's comest Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska. By FREDERICK SCHWATKA. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885.

¹ *Along Alaska's Great River.* A popular account of the travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883 along the great Yukon River, from its source to its mouth, in the British North-

pilation. An official account is hereafter to be printed by the government, and this one is little more than an itinerary of a rather monotonous voyage on a raft down an unexplored and mostly uninhabited stream. Adventures were few, and the attention of the reader is mainly directed to the sad and dreary scenery, the state of the weather and the virulence of the mosquitoes, the rapids, the fish, the confluence of the tributaries, the naming of prominences in the landscape after eminent persons of all nations, the sparse and degraded natives in their miserable villages, and the scanty game upon the banks. It is to be considered, however, that the expedition departed with such secrecy that it may be said to have stolen away almost unknown to the authorities, and was imperfectly provided. Its geographical results seem to have been very considerable, and will modify the map of the interior and diversify its emptiness with an addition of printed names. The lieutenant's report of the resources of the valley of the Yukon is not likely to tempt emigration in that direction, as practically only miners can utilize the region, and the find of ore must be of a high grade to pay for work at such a distance from the base of all living supplies except fish.

From Alaska to Japan is a natural course, although against the current which so often bears the Japanese wrecks to the continent, by a mode of involuntary transport in which some writers find the original cause of the inhabitaney of our country in prehistoric times. Since Rezanof was so unceremoniously treated in his attempt to open the ports of Japan to the Russian Fur Company is not a long while; but so great has been the change in the character of Japanese hospitality that Professor Morse begins his volume¹ by urging

¹ *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings.* By EDWARD S. MORSE. With illustrations by the author. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

Western writers to take down the traits of Japanese civilization before its outward aspects perish through the impact of our own ideas and institutions. He himself sets the example by giving us a treatise mainly on Japanese carpentry, on how they build their houses; and by diagrams and very clear explanations he succeeds in affording even the unprofessional mind a conception of the art and its products. Now a Japanese house is not similar to an American one, as we are told with wearisome repetition. Professor Morse apparently regards it as a better thing, and his work is devoted almost as much to downright denunciation of our own carpenters and furnishers as to praise of their far-off cousins in the craft. It seems that from structures of "chips, paper, and straw," as one not inconsiderable class of these edifices is lucidly described, the architecture of the Japanese rises to much greater things, and sometimes achieves a shadow of a three-story dwelling. The absence of mantel and fireplace, of tables, chairs, and windows, and similar familiar objects is amply made up for by the presence of refinement, taste, and flower-pots, the convenience of its being possible to take out the sides of the house and the partitions, and the delights of little gardens in the rear, in which dwarf trees, oddly shaped stones, flowers, and streams are artistically treated. The treatise, as a whole, is too professional for the ordinary reader, and is rather to be recommended to the curious architect. After a serious attempt to see the extraordinary advantages of Japanese house-building over that of the Occidental nations, we confess that they do not seem sufficient to justify the crusade which Professor Morse preaches. The things which delight him are due to elements of simplicity, decoration, and climatic conditions which our complexity of wants, tastes, and natural necessities would not allow of. He seems to think that it would be as easy a matter

to borrow from the Japanese as it was for our ancestors to appropriate classical architecture. In its own country, it is clear, the old methods and arrangements are yielding in the houses of the upper classes to the influence of the Europeans. It may be that our race is lacking in fineness, subtlety, and in that softness of touch which is looked upon in these pages as a test of essential culture; but, in the main, it is the color-sense which distinguishes the Japanese, and if we are to learn from them at all it should be indirectly by the reaction of their color-art upon our eyes; any other appropriation of their work would be a slavish imitation. The superiority of the Japanese to the English, even in the matter of house-carpentry, is, we still think, something to be proved. In our finish there is, of course, room for improvement, and in our common furnishing; but ideals of workmanship and the refinement of a simple and severe taste are not so far off from us as the antipodes, and perhaps a more disciplined historic sense of the life of Occidental nations both in crafts and in fine art might have made the author's wholesale depreciation of his own race more temperate.

But if Professor Morse had a surprise in store for us for which we were, so to speak, unprepared, there is nothing of such doubtful entertainment in Mr. Lowell's volume,¹ on the neighboring country of Korea. Here is *terra incognita*. That Professor Morse, whose acquaintance with things in the Orient is so exhaustive, is obliged to refer to this work as his sole source of information in respect to the Korean house is a striking mark of its novelty. So little of the accessible world remains undescribed, and the difficulties and dangers of penetrating into unknown regions are usually so great, that Mr. Lowell is to be congratulated on his good fortune in

finding a new land of such interest, in the capacity of a guest of the state, to whom observation was made easy. Instead of the ordinary fatigues and anxieties, he had apparently nothing worse to endure than dinner-parties, and there were no foes to resist except the *geishas*, with the soft blandishments of their broken Japanese. At the very beginning of his narrative one notices that something besides the land and the people is unusual, namely, the narrator himself; and as one reads on he discovers in his author a rare combination of qualities, a threefold strain, poetic, scientific, and human, running at the will of an exceptionally active intelligence. The work is not a diary, or a view of externals, into one or the other of which descriptions most books of travel fall. It is constructed not without care as a whole; and, to begin with, an atmosphere is first diffused over the plains and mountains, and what in literary criticism is called its sentiment is given at once, quite simply and effectively. A desolate, sad, and lonely land it was, and yet with the color which invests Oriental things like a spell: and this landscape touch is essential to the effect of the whole, for it emboldens at once that leading and significant trait of the Eastern peoples, in whose spirits nature takes the place of humanity as the object of contemplation; and the ever-present sense of this distinction between them and us is necessary, if one would have any sympathetic understanding of their art or thought. In the same way, though more obviously, the author continues, in unfolding his narrative, to emphasize the differentiating general principles which underlie Eastern civilization, and account for those oddities in detail which make antipodal life appear, as he says, "like a photographic negative of our own civilization." We are told, of course, of the familiar reversals of our

¹ *Chosŏn*. The Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By PERCIVAL LOWELL. Illus-

trated from photographs by the author. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

habits and customs: how, for example, blind men only are allowed out after dark, and the teacups are put under the saucers instead of on them, and so through the long catalogue of opposites. But the main thing which is aimed at is not the piecemeal information involved in these or any similar congeries of fact incorporated into the text. The author wishes to know, most of all, the reason and binding principles of these things, and desires that his reader should have this knowledge, too, so far as he can enlighten him. This is the scientific spirit to which we have referred, showing itself not merely in the explanation of physical phenomena of climate or in the technical interest exhibited in Korean mathematics, but thoroughly and, so to speak, structurally in the volume. The result is a philosophy as well as a description of Korean life, in the course of which ethnological and linguistic problems rise to the surface, but without interrupting the flow of a vivid and entertaining narrative, of which the changefulness is perhaps the most striking characteristic.

It goes without saying that in acquainting the reader, both by word and plentiful photographic views, with a country and city that have practically never been seen and written of by any of English race before, Mr. Lowell has novelties to record. A certain general resemblance with institutions and habits Chinese or Japanese was to be expected, but Korea has much that is its own; and this, even when most strange to the European mind, has been closely apprehended and put upon these pages with the touch of life. The artistic sensibility by virtue of which the visible garb of nature and humanity has been depicted in both its glow and its earthly stain, and the poetic sentiment which has interpreted this sight of the far East to the feeling of a Westerner, lend charm to the study as a whole, and the ever speculating and reasoning mind that

lies behind the eye gives a certain intellectual weight to it; but its humanity, the last quality which we mentioned as distinguishing this volume, is its most agreeable feature. It is not merely that the natives and their queer ways are tolerated by their visitor; there is evidently a sympathy, a real perception and acknowledgment of the pervasive human bond, which is a mood of mind rarely to be observed in a cultivated man actually in contact with an alien race. This temper, the sign of a true assimilation and conversion of knowledge into the energy of life, makes the volume peculiarly pleasurable, while it partly accounts for the author's success as an observer.

But enough has been said to show our appreciation of the spirit and workmanship of a book, of which the blemishes are due only to the excess of individuality; its value, both in the way of information and entertainment, does not need any *imprimatur*.

It is with some hesitation that we have decided to admit Mr. Froude's work¹ among our geographical tales; but if he is more the politician than the traveler in his journey, he marks the end of an era in the Pacific. He takes us to the Southern Ocean, to Australia and New Zealand; and his thoughts are principally concerned with a new stage of civic development there. The age of the discoveries is over, and that of the settlement in the south, at least, is far on its course; now Mr. Froude appears on the scene to urge a beginning of the last and crowning work,—the confederation of the islands under England's primacy, and the consequent strengthening of the vast and scattered empire which English trade and enterprise have called into being. Mr. Froude seems to have taken the voyage to help on this movement and he was mainly

¹ *Oceana; or, England and her Colonies*. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

interested in interviewing the colonists on their feeling in regard to it. He found the usual loyalty to the home-country coupled with the equally omnipresent desire not to be interfered with by the authorities in Downing Street. This branch of the subject, the future of the great Pacific islands, is too large and vague to be treated in these paragraphs; and it may be left to those who are more directly interested in it. The state of society in Australia and New Zealand is all that concerns us, and unfortunately the volume gives us practically no light on this point. Seldom, indeed, has it been our fortune to meet with a book by a man of reputation which, judged by itself alone, displays more incompetency either to see, or to take pains, or to be accurate, in matters of fact. The author serves as a very perfect type of the British traveler of the old style, not yet extinct. His superiority to the colonists — which cannot be said to be assumed, for it is unconscious — is a superb exhibition of that sort of insolence which offends the Irish at the Castle and all non-Anglicans in every part of the world. It reduces all things colonial below the level of that scrutinizing eyeglass in the most amusing impartiality; it reaches its climax of absurdity, perhaps, in the assumption, made in a chance and entirely offhand manner, that brains for the colonists must come from London. Mr. Froude has occasion, from time to time, to note the existence of a man of capacity there, but he does this with a touch of surprise, and he draws sad auguries for the next age, when the home-bred stock — that is, the colonists born in England — shall be dead, and those who saw the light in the country itself come to be the majority. He saw for the most part only official and high life, and was as well taken care of as an Eastern capitalist on an inspection tour over the West. One searches his pages in vain for anything except the plea for

federation (which on the whole he unintentionally makes ridiculous before he gets through with it) and the philippic, after the Carlyle receipt, against all modern ideas, and in particular popular liberty in politics and the right of private judgment in religion. The chapters are much more melancholy than were Carlyle's, and the bull-dog growl of the master seems to degenerate at times into a sort of second-hand whine from the disciple. Such characteristics one might pass by unmentioned, were it not for the unabashed arrogance with which Mr. Froude announces his views and what he is pleased to accept as facts, as if his opinion were the final consummation of all things. In not a few instances his statements are ridiculously ignorant, and his flings at men and things petulant with the triviality of old age. It is needless to attend to his rampant old Toryism at this late date; but if any one is curious, perhaps the pages on California, and the inferences made from the Palace Hotel and kindred phenomena in regard to the morals of the coast, will be as interesting reading as an American can find in the book. But we, desiring not to exceed our limits of the Pacific, will take space only to acquaint our readers with a curious fact from the central portion of that ocean, which may be regarded as a sign of hope for the future of that vast new world. Mr. Froude reports, on the authority of an Englishman who has lived long in Samoa and translated the Bible into the native language, that "the natives had bought thirty thousand copies at two dollars apiece, with gilt edges. . . . Fifteen hundred pounds he had been able to remit annually from this source to the parent society." This fact is our last surprise. It seems that the missionary cause in Samoa is actually a source of income to London; in the end — who knows? — the selling of Bibles to savages may be more profitable to the British than the old trade in rum!

WALDSTEIN'S ART OF PHEIDIAS.

It is rare that a book upon a subject so remote as archæology has an interest for any other than special students, and this is notably the case when, like Dr. Waldstein's volume,¹ it is substantially made up of monographs upon particular problems. These essays aim to define more closely the science of archæology, to free it from other allied branches, and particularly from classical literature, and to unfold its methods; and the body of the work consists of practical illustrations of the operation of one of these methods, namely, the comparative study of style. To illustrate from a better known region of investigation, this method is similar to that by which English literary students attempt to name the authorship of Elizabethan plays, or to tell in any single play what portion is by Shakespeare, what by Greene, or Peele, or Fletcher; in applying it to the sculpture of the Greeks, both the technique and the spirit of the different schools must be discriminated and attended to. Dr. Waldstein's most striking successes, as shown here, are his discovery of a Lapith head in the Louvre, and his exact ascription of it to a metope in the Elgin marbles, fortunately one of the best in the collection; his identifying three terra-cotta plaques (of which the antiquity must be regarded as doubtful) as either "first-states," or copies of the central portion of the Parthenon frieze; and his proof that the so-called Apollo of the Omphalos is an athlete, and probably after Pythagoras of Rhegium. But other conclusions and arguments throughout his work, though less in the seeming, are in reality quite as excellent illustrations of the justice and usefulness of his mode of approaching the very treacher-

ous subject of the Greek monuments. To appreciate these labors, and perhaps to be interested in them at all, requires some previous knowledge of the Parthenon and the other lesser and more various remains in sculpture, vases, and coins; but if in any one's culture Greek art stands, as Shakespeare does, one of the permanent and unchangeable elements, unremoved as a mountain height, though not always gazed upon or ascended, then these essays are as notable as any event that is prominent in a year's intellectual life. To such readers, none too many, the volume is indispensable; and to the others, with whom we are concerned, there are elements of interest in its pages, one or two of which will be alluded to, because Dr. Waldstein is much more than an archæologist, being in truth a thinker of penetration, grasp, and power. No one, however, who is not accustomed to deal with ideas as respectfully as with facts will find him a congenial companion even for the few minutes of this passing notice.

One does not read far before he is impressed with the extraordinary closeness with which Dr. Waldstein distinguishes the traits wherein Greek civilization differed from our own, and the justness with which he accents such of those differences as fall within his scope. Naturally he is most careful at the start to dwell upon the plastic nature of the Greeks, using the adjective in a German sense, foreign to our language, to indicate the mental habit of a reliance upon images in thought rather than upon verbal formulas, as we do in our more abstract culture. The distinction may be expressed in more general terms by saying that our culture as a people rests upon literature, on the printed word,

¹ *Essays on the Art of Pheidias*. By CHARLES WALDSTEIN, M. A., Ph. D. Cambridge: Univer-

sity Press. New York: The Century Company. 1885.

while that of the Greeks based itself rather upon observation, on the thing seen. The divergence of intellectual mood thus induced between ancient and modern is profound, and affects the whole of thought life. In reflecting upon this classical trait, however, something is to be guarded against. It is well known that at the present time the illiterate, generally speaking, think in images, and that this power or habit of visualization, sometimes thought to be characteristic of the poet, be it observed, usually falls into disuse in proportion to the increase and continuity of exclusively literary culture in the individual, until the point is reached at which a man thinks without having a single image definitely projected upon the mind's eye; his mental processes are, in fact, as colorless and formless as algebraic calculations. Mr. Galton's experiments in this matter are still fresh in our memories. Now it is not to be inferred that this was always the case, nor indeed that the intellect of highest development may not in the past, at least, have habitually thought in images, as the unlettered do to-day; and in Greece it appears that the picture language of the mind, as one may call it, held a place more important than with us, and perhaps equivalent to our own idea language. The Greek, as every one knows, peopled the earth with presiding geniuses, of more or less exalted rank, from Oread and Naiad to the great Zeus of Olympus. These forms we call imaginary, and to our thought they are always tenuous; the point to be remembered is that, when the Greek spoke of Athene, an image came before his mind, and one not hypothetical and consciously symbolical, like Liberty with her cap, but definite, real, and awful, like the statue on the pediment or in the temple. The Greek mind leant on these images as our mind does on the alphabet in all mental life; hence the poetry and the art of the age had a certain ease and naturalness, an intimacy with the

spirit of the race, not equaled in the work of later times, except possibly in Italy. Dr. Waldstein points out — and we believe he is the first to do so — that the most striking expression of this intellectual necessity, inherent in Greek culture, is the doctrine of Platonic ideas. To the moderns, however tolerant we may be, there seems always a childishness, a grotesque quality, when seen in relation to Plato's splendid and rich endowment, in the continual insistence in his philosophy on the "ideas" of the table and the flute, — the table without any definite number of legs, the flute without any particular quality of sound; and the case is not much helped, although one perceives, as Schopenhauer shows, that the doctrine is essentially accurate in truth, and wholly intelligible, since it is merely the modern statement of the subjectivity of time and space put conversely. Notwithstanding these admissions, our minds still find the Platonic ideas awkward to deal with. But that Plato, at the end of his abstrusest speculations, and at the threshold of one of the greatest generalizations of the human intellect, fell back upon the image-forming faculty, and insisted on particularizing the universal by means of a mystery or fiction of thought, is a crowning proof of the pervasiveness and inner mastery of the plastic spirit in the culture of his civilization.

This trait of the Greeks has been dwelt on, in the present instance, less for itself than for its bearing on the idealism of the art of Pheidias, of which the marbles of the Parthenon are the great examples. Of course Dr. Waldstein, who knows the value of this supreme achievement of the idealistic temperament in man, is himself an idealist, and when he has occasion to analyze the monuments treats at more or less length of the theory of idealism. He distinguishes at once the two kinds of physical representation, the portrait and the type, and affirms an analogous dif-

ference in representations of the spirit that animates the stone, the man as he is and the man as he ought to be. He observes, too, that the Greeks were fortunately supplied with subjects of sculpture in which both the physical and spiritual perfection of man were proper elements, and, indeed, requisite; namely, the heroes and the gods. The higher life was the theme of their art in its greatest excellence, not as a possible but as an actual existence. This of itself was a valuable help to them, for centres of imagination were thus determined for them and given a certain external validity; whereas among the moderns art is felt to be in its essence a mode of subjective creation, having no reality except in thought. The resulting sense of uncertainty, the weakened faith in such emanations of man's brain, almost inevitable for the contemporary poet or artist, is one cause of the recoil of our imagination from the ideal, and of the attraction of realism for our writers, and perhaps of our content with a literature and art that will have fact for its province. "Let us have facts," is the cry; "of truth — that is, the relation of facts — who can be certain? Let us represent men as they are; of men as they ought to be who has any observation?" And even within these limits of the new school it is said, furthermore, that attention is to be paid to the individual; not to man as he is, but to this man, Tom, Dick, or Harry, as he is. The type is too general to be depicted, too far removed from actual seeing, too much an abstraction of the mind. It is plain that at the root of the difficulty felt by the realists who theorize in this way lies the conviction that the further the literary or any other representative art gets from the special fact, trait, or passion in its particular manifestation, the more vague, doubtful, pale, rubbed-out, — in a word, the more generalized, — it becomes, and hence loses sharpness, vigor, and illuiveness. One

thinks that to represent a temperate man typically would be nowadays as tame as to describe an allegoric figure and name it Temperance. But with the Greek the case was clearly quite otherwise. There was no loss of individualization in the type, whether of physical or of spiritual perfection. This Theseus or that Hermes is ideal; both are generalized from men, but they suffer no loss of vitality thereby. The idealism of Athens did not fade out in abstraction, but embodied the permanent elements of harmonious beauty in body and spirit, in forms "more real than living man." The habit of thinking in images, or with fixed associations of images, with general notions, was one reason for this success, undoubtedly; but before we conclude that the literary and rationalizing culture of our day forbids us to hope for a similar blending of the type with individuality, let us remember that as with Pheidias, so with Shakespeare: Hamlet is at once the type and the man. The poet born cannot turn aside, on this hand, into science, as the realists do; nor, on that hand, into philosophy, as the allegorists do. To him that ideal art alone is possible in which the two are united in the expression of permanent and universal truth through selected facts.

Nevertheless, it may be urged, the Greeks passed rapidly from the idealistic to the realistic stage. And in connection with this one observes the happiness with which Dr. Waldstein identifies the elements of likeness between the Greeks and the moderns, just as he opposes their differences to each other. The most admirable example of his skill in this is in one of the essays which are removed to the appendix, apparently only because they are not upon Pheidias. It is an inquiry into the æsthetical qualities of the Hermes of Praxiteles, and in the course of it he delineates the characteristics of the age of Praxiteles, and parallels them with the traits of the time just subsequent to the French

Revolution. In doing this he incidentally describes the common spirit in Shelley, De Musset, and other representatives of an art, not of the noblest, but not of the worst either, of the interval after the great age, yet before the marked decadence. It may be said that the English never had an age of the Pheidian kind; in European culture that is to be sought, if at all, in mediæval art. The Praxitelean age, however, was reproduced in essence in the first generation of our romantic period. Dr. Waldstein's passage is too long to quote, and fewer words will not be sufficient to set the matter forth clearly. A certain pathos, felt in view both of the world and of one's self, is perhaps its dominant quality, and with it goes a sophistication, a self-consciousness, a reflectiveness, a slight yet not complete abstraction of the spirit from the object before it, illustrated by the expression of the head of Hermes in relation to the infant Dionysus on his arm. It is the mood of one whose spontaneous joy has been disturbed forever by thought. In such work one sees that the objective character of art, as it was in Pheidias, is yielding to a new impulse; that the hold of the imagination on the divine and the eternal is slowly relaxing. At last, idealism went out in Greece, and, either in the shape of the portrait statues, or of such sculptures as those of Pergamon, realism came in to be the be-all and also the end-all of art.

Why was it, one asks, that the plastic nature of the Greeks did not preserve them, if the image-making faculty did in fact count so much in their development? How did they come to lose the ideal forms that sprang to the mind of Pheidias when he thought of beauty and virtue? One cannot say that idealism failed, for its triumph in the Parthenon marbles marks the highest point ever reached by the human imagination in embodying its vision. It died out, and one says in explanation that the atten-

tion given to technique at last led to a disregard of the idea; or that the mere ability to reproduce details exactly was a temptation to apply art to deceptive imitation of the seen instead of to an illusive expression of the unseen; or that the age had lost the great ideas themselves, the perception of beauty and virtue, the belief in them and honor for them, and hence necessarily declined upon the things of this world, — that is, upon what is seen by the bodily eye rather than in the realm of thought and spiritual insight: and of these explanations perhaps one is as true as another, for they are all descriptions, from different standpoints, of what actually occurred. It is impossible, however, that in view of this history, and of the similar course in the development of mediæval painting, one should not ask himself whether the rise and defense of realism among us means that literature is to follow in the same track, and die, as sculpture and painting died, until a new age shall set the wheel turning again; for if the history of the arts teaches anything, it is that the ages of idealism are the ages of power, and those of realism the premonition and stiffening of death.

The space at our disposal does not allow any longer examination of this or many other kindred matters, of intellectual or æsthetic concern, which are suggested by Dr. Waldstein's pages. Most interesting, for example, is his discussion of the peculiarities of the Greeks which made polychromy in their sculpture, and the use of ivory and gold for their most prized works, endurable to their senses, highly refined as they unquestionably were, while to us it is most likely that such methods and materials would be at first, if not finally, distasteful.

There are other passages on equally general problems; but it is incumbent on us to warn the reader once more that the volume is primarily scientific and

technical, and assumes a very considerable acquaintance with several departments of archæology and a cultivated interest in special problems, such as the

composition of the pedimental groups and the names of the figures in them, or the subject of the centre of the Parthenon frieze.

LONGFELLOW.

THE qualities which render Longfellow's art delightful have passed over into the popular conception of his personality; and it is a great satisfaction to find, now that his letters and diaries have been published, how truthful and generally accurate this popular conception has been. Mr. Samuel Longfellow, in editing his brother's life,¹ has wisely chosen to restrict his labor for the most part to the selection of illustrative passages from the diary which the poet kept and the letters which passed between him and his most constant correspondents. We have no reason to suppose that this selection has been made upon any other principle than that of presenting the most interesting and most characteristic features of a long and varied career; it would scarcely have been possible, in the range of this material, to conceal any marked trait of the poet, and therefore we have a right to believe that in these two abundant volumes we have a faithful and adequate portrait of Longfellow.

We repeat that it is a satisfaction to find this record tally so well with the popular apprehension of the poet's life. There are no rude contradictions, no ugly disclosures; those traits which we knew, whether personally acquainted with him or not, are presented in deeper, more abiding lines; some fresh and happy revelations are made, in harmony with the general conception, but not before so distinctly asserted; occasional

commentaries on his work offer themselves. But on the whole we may say that we know Longfellow better and more intimately; not that we know a different man from what we had imagined, or that we are obliged to reconstruct and modify the image already clearly formed.

It is singular, when one stops to consider, how entirely the popular conception of Longfellow has sprung from his art, and how little it owes to external testimony. He shrank from publicity, and though he was the recipient of numberless visitors, and accepted with patience the burdens which his fame imposed upon him, there was a charmed circle within which he dwelt, and beyond whose line none passed except the very few who would be the last to disclose any of the knowledge which they thus obtained. The occasions on which he took part in any public exercises were so rare as to intensify his privacy; and this retirement was a note of his character, not the result of any deliberate choice or policy. "Was to have gone to the Franklin birthday banquet in the Port," he writes in his diary; "but sent the carriage away, hearing that I was expected to reply to a toast in honor of 'the poets of Cambridge.'" But no one who was present can forget the occasion of his little speech in Sanders Theatre, in Cambridge. The hall was filled with an audience of school-children, and such of their elders as

¹ *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.*

Edited by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

could find admittance, met to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge. The chair made from the spreading chestnut-tree, which the children had given him, stood upon the platform, as a pleasant, silent response from the poet. He himself was among the guests grouped about the speakers of the day. Suddenly there was a hush of expectation. The governor was to have spoken, but was not present. The mayor, who was presiding, leaned over and spoke to Mr. Longfellow, and rose to say that the poet had consented to speak to the children. The quiet voice with which, standing where he had been sitting, he uttered the few graceful sentences that rose to his lips was the expression of a nature acting spontaneously and naturally, undisturbed by circumstance, yet moved by a force of sentiment which was set in motion by the spectacle before him.

There are but slight witnesses to the external course of his life to be found in Longfellow's prose or verse. In one of his letters to Mr. Greene, when *Hyperion* had just been printed, he says, "*The feelings of the book are true; the events of the story mostly fictitious. The heroine, of course, bears a resemblance to the lady, without being an exact portrait. There is no betrayal of confidence, no real scene described. Hyperion is the name of the book, not of the hero. It merely indicates that here is the life of one who in his feelings and purposes is a 'son of Heaven and Earth,' and who, though obscured by clouds, yet 'moves on high.' Further than this the name has nothing to do with the book, and in fact is mentioned only once in the course of it. I expect to be mightily abused. People will say that I am the hero of my own romance, and compare myself to the sun, to Hyperion Apollo. This is not so. I wish only to embody certain feelings which are mine, not to magnify myself.*" It is common enough for readers to in-

sist upon a close correspondence between a poet's impersonations and his personal experiences, and in the case of Longfellow they have refused to accept any but the most literal rendering of *Hyperion* and of a few of his poems. Nor is it impossible to trace the lines of his life, now and then, in his verse; especially is it easy to recognize his companionship. Still, the revelation which Longfellow's poetry makes is of that inner experience more important to understand than any mere external circumstance, and it is because of the freedom and fullness of this revelation that we are able to say, we knew the poet from his poetry before we were able, from these volumes, to see how perfectly this inner life was in harmony with the outer shell in which it was formed.

Here may be observed a difference between Longfellow and Hawthorne. Both were men of seclusion; both were instinctively artists. The evidence concerning both may be said to be all in; we have their works, their private journals, and we have external testimony regarding them. But Hawthorne has been brought very much closer to men, in his personal relations, through the publication of his life; there have been laid open almost unknown tracts of his nature. His books, for all their apparently confidential air, never really told very much of the man. Longfellow, on the other hand, concealed himself behind a veil so thin that while it was a perfect protection to his own consciousness it was a transparent medium for the public. His journals and letters make this clear, and only translate into the language of fact what we may already be said to have read in the language of symbol.

It belonged to both of these men to be intimate chiefly with themselves. But Hawthorne cultivated this intimacy, and by long habit made his journals hold a very important place in his mental and spiritual life. Longfellow, less

of a recluse, was surrounded by other intimate friends than himself, and his diary, while apparently regular, was by no means so necessary a confidante as was the case with Hawthorne. It was less the record of his spiritual life, though often interesting in this view, and more the transcript of his thoughts about his occupation, and the memorandum book of literary and personal judgment. The short, frequent entries attest the method of his life, and indicate also the large absorption in work and friends which forbade too close an attention to his own moods. His letters reflect his intimate thought less directly; they are free, generous gifts of himself. They do not spring, as some letters of literary men do, from a naive interest in his own performances; they always suppose the recipient, and show how gracefully and unaffectedly the writer entered into the life of others.

The value of these memoirs as a commentary upon the genius of Longfellow is chiefly, as has been intimated, in the opportunity they afford for a view of the poet's career, *ab intra* rather than *ab extra*. There is only a slight display of the impression made upon the world of the successive works, hardly any sign of the enthusiasm which they created beyond the inner circle of the poet's friends, and even less indication of the rebound upon his own consciousness. What we are permitted to see is something of the spirit in which he worked, the methods which he used, and above all, the relation of his art to his daily life. By means of the jottings in his diary and the letters to his friends, we are able to watch from a favored position the steady unfolding of his genius.

In this way we become possessed of an important clue. The student of his works has easily perceived that there was a harmonious development of Longfellow's nature from the outset, that the artistic power manifested in his maturity

was present in elementary form in his earlier poems; but only now do we discover that Longfellow was one of those rare natures that perceive their destiny with perfect distinctness from the time when consciousness makes them distinct persons. He knew as well in the last year of his college life that he was meant for literature as he did in the last year of his worldly life. He saw with clearness of poetic vision the meaning of his endowment, and with that fine confidence in his destiny which is faith in the unseen he steered for port. Mr. Greene, in his well-known dedicatory letter, prefixed to his life of General Greene, and quoted in these volumes, records the impression made upon him when Longfellow, at twenty-one years of age, unfolded his plans of life, and showed the deep cisterns from which he had already learned to draw. One wishes that the friend had kept for the world a *précis* of that conversation. But we get a glimpse of the determining spirit when we read the letters which Longfellow wrote to his father from Brunswick, in his eighteenth year.

"The fact is," he writes, after detailing his immediate plans, — "and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not, — the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in this, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of theology, law, or medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'noth-

ing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.' Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has, at any rate, given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits; and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law. Here, then, seems to be the starting-point; and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose everything. . . . Let me reside one year at Cambridge; let me study *belles-lettres*; and after that time it will not require a spirit of prophecy to predict with some degree of certainty what kind of a figure I could make in the literary world."

This was the eager outlook of a young man who uses some of the conventional phrases of youth, but there is an unmistakably genuine ring to the expression of faith in his calling, and the resolution which he showed in the next few years, when he was qualifying himself ostensibly for the post of professor, but quite consciously for the larger field of literature, disclosed a strong nature, not afflicted by petty doubts. The spirit which the young man displayed, when the college authorities at Bowdoin showed a disposition to recede from the promises which they had made him, brings out an interesting side of his character, and surprises one a little by its early indication of that consciousness of dignity which in later life found other forms of expression.

In one of his letters, written when leaving college, he intimates that if his father insists upon his adopting a profession, he may accept the law. "I can be a lawyer," he says; "this will support my real existence, literature an

ideal one." As it turned out, he was able to earn his living by a pursuit which was more directly akin to literature. For about twenty-five years he was bound by the exacting duties of a professorship, first at Bowdoin, afterward at Harvard. We are a little surprised that the editor has not more distinctly marked the period when the professor laid aside his gown. Longfellow himself makes this entry in his diary:—

"September 12, 1854. Yesterday I got from President Walker a note, with copy of the vote of the corporation, accepting my resignation, and expressing regrets at my retirement. I am now free! But there is a good deal of sadness in the feeling of separating one's self from one's former life."

To be sure, this was the formal separation only. The real cessation of college work had taken place a few months earlier. But in the diary of the closing years of his connection with the college there are many signs of a growing weariness and a desire to be relieved of irksome duties, and we think it would be possible to make from the record of this quarter century an interesting study of the relation which Longfellow's academic life bore to his art. In a rough way, his function as a professor seems always to have been subordinate in his own consciousness, but never to have been slighted. More than that, his literary faculty distinctly reinforced his professorial power. He apparently brought to his work in the college no special love of teaching, nor, so far as we can see, any special gift of exegesis; he brought something, however, that was rare in his position and of great value, — a deep love of literature, namely, and that unacademic attitude toward his work which was a liberalizing power.

Nor, on the other hand, can we say that his work in the college was of serious disadvantage to him as a man of letters. It is probable that he found in poetry a relief from the routine of his

life, and that the business which compelled him gave a certain stability to his course, making it possible for him to keep poetry always like a pure flame leading him forward. At any rate, it is to be observed that during these twenty-five years, naturally the most fruitful in a poet's life, he wrote the poems which fixed his place on Parnassus. It was just at the turning-point that he wrote *Hfiawatha*, but he had already written *Evangeline*, and those poems of hope and confidence which he called to himself psalms, though he used that title finally for only one of them.

It was during this quarter century, also, that he formed those friendships which give a beauty and nobility to the record of his social life. Most of the men who were nearest to him died before him, — Felton, Sumner, Hawthorne, Agassiz, — and he embalmed their memories in translucent verse. Yet we are ready to say that we would give up the lines on Sumner, if we had to choose between them and the glowing, impassioned words in diary and letters in which he speaks of and to his friend. It is by these passages that one looks deep into Longfellow's heart. They help us to perceive the still depths of his convictions on great moral themes, and the strong hold which national life had upon his thought. One might see this, indeed, in the closing lines of the *Building of the Ship*, but it is good to have the inspiration of a poet confirmed by the same poet's unguarded prose.

In speaking of his academic life we have been drawn forward to the period of his fuller development. The preparation which he made for that life by travel and study was also a very distinct preparation for his literary career, and has, in this regard, the stronger claim upon our notice. The resolution and self-knowledge which determined him in the choice of a career were evident also in the use he made of the opportunities given him in Europe. He

laid then the foundation of that familiar acquaintance with the localities of legend and song and literary art which gave to all his work, so far as it was allusive of art, a lightness of touch, a confidence and an affectionateness of handling. It is to be observed that his letters during both his earlier journeys have a directness and freedom not always apparent in the two volumes *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*, which contained the first results of his study and experience. The young man's hand grew firmer as he went deeper into European life, and his letters, especially to his younger correspondents, are fresh, joyous, and unaffected. The style is indeed better than in his formal prose. There is a distinct literary air in *Hyperion* which is agreeably absent from the letters, although the diaries contain occasional tropes which read like tentative experiments in literary form. The slight sketches which are given might well have been left out. They are not numerous enough to serve as real illustrations, and they do not indicate any special faculty. We must also express some regret that the editor did not, when selecting passages from the diary, suppress some of the more private and intimate confessions of the sixteenth chapter. At a later period the poet writes in his diary: "How brief this chronicle is, even of my outward life! — and of my inner life, not a word. If one were only sure that one's journal would never be seen by any one, and never get into print, how different the case would be! But death picks the locks of all portfolios, and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble after." The reserve which Mr. Longfellow showed in all his later life was broken into in the peculiarly trying time of his journey in Switzerland and the Tyrol. He seems to have found it hard to write then to friends, but to have unburdened his mind in his journal; and although one cannot but be interested in the reve-

lation which it makes of his agitated mind, one instinctively shrinks from so intimate a knowledge. How wisely the editor has treated the great calamity which overtook the poet in 1861, stating the facts simply and swiftly! Then, the diary and letters, though alluding to the event, leave it uncommented on. This was the mood of the older man, but it was the mood also in which we think he would have wished the record of his earlier grief preserved.

That Longfellow was charged with sentiment is illustrated in a hundred incidental ways throughout these volumes, but it is equally clear that he shrank from making it the conduit of his personal experience. Dramatically, he used sentiment freely; personally, he was chary of displaying it. It is interesting to note how he insisted upon it as a quality in religion. He was a steady church-goer, and his comments in his diary upon the sermons which he heard are frequently to the effect that if a sermon was mainly logical, and lacked unction, it failed of excellence. "Chandler Robbins preaches: a good discourse on the gospel and with unction, without which a sermon is not a sermon." It is when one reads the strong expression of his feeling for Sumner, and sees the unfading impression which the tragedy of his own life made upon him, that one discovers how far below this surface of sentiment flowed the deep current of his emotional nature.

The record of Longfellow's European life is filled with marks of his studiousness and of his sense of a literary vocation. Equally interesting in this regard is the narrative of his life in the Craigie house as it flows forth in verse and prose, and is set before the reader in its daily lines through the medium of the diary. Apparently the editor has selected the most interesting and salient passages from the regular journal of the poet, rather than taken certain portions from specific entries. At any rate,

the impression given is of a somewhat faithfully kept diary, in which the incidents of each day are briefly noted. We are able to see pretty clearly how the poet passed his time, what books he read, what company he kept, how he set about his poems, what his plans were. Occasionally there is a shrewd bit of criticism or comment, but for the most part the entries are simple memoranda.

How full of interest is this stretch of twenty years! One is aware of a fine, fit temperature in which the poet works: his domestic life serene and yet stimulating, for his wife's companionship was intellectual as well as affectionate; his converse with friends full of the best wine; his fame growing with steady advance; the world coming to him with its homage, as he sits in his study looking westward, or paces his broad piazzas. Under these conditions the poet sends forth his songs, rejoicing in them, steadfast to his ideal, and unvexed by the anxieties which fret so many artists. We are told that he disliked everything violent, and that this hatred of noise was a trait of his character from earliest days. It is easy to believe it, for it is impossible to read these volumes without being made aware of an atmosphere created by the poet himself. There was no mere avoidance of disturbing elements, nor was his serenity the result of favoring conditions; his nature asserted itself in a resolute compulsion of conditions,—

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

His methods of composition are not very fully declared, yet what can be told of a poet's ways of work? One may be curious to know whether he uses scraps of paper, or is particular as to his stationery; whether he cons his lines until they are perfected, and then sets them down, or fishes them, with frequent blots, out of his inkstand; whether he works methodically, or by fits and starts; whether his rule is *nulla*

dies sine linea, or stans in uno pede; whether he works in his garden or in his study. But after all, though one sees the alchemist surrounded by his vials and retorts, one misses the exact moment when the base metal is transmuted into gold. We see enough of Longfellow's modes to know that he worked with swiftness, and felt in some of his shorter lyrics the glow which runs through the veins as a molten thought flows into rich and beauteous form. The fac-simile of the manuscript of *Excelsior* offers an admirable opportunity for studying the poet's mood as he wrote that famous poem, and it discloses that interesting combination of poetic fire and scholarly thought so characteristic of Longfellow. The fire burned steadily and did not go out, though he wrote and rewrote, erased, studied, and finished. The little sentence at the close of the first draft, "Half past three o'clock, morning. Now to bed," is a curious disclosure of the poet's triumphant, excited, and half-exhausted frame, at the end of his poetic vigil.

The sensitiveness to varying phases of nature which appears in Longfellow's poems recurs to one as he reads the frequent notes, in diary and letters, of the welcome which the poet gave the spring, the spirit with which he encountered the winter. It was his custom to walk before sunrise. "Resumed my morning walks," he says one 9th of January, "after the long snow blockade. Was out by half past six, the moon shining; in the east just an explosion of light through broken clouds." And again: "A vigorous, cold day. Ah, how cold it is! My walk before sunrise I keep up very conscientiously, and because I really enjoy the fresh air. But to-day the wind scourged my ears sharply. These extremes of climate make me feel melancholy. Even when not cold myself, I cannot help thinking how many others are so." In another place he writes, "I get very tired of the rou-

tine of this life. The bright autumn weather draws me away from study, and the brown branches of the leafless trees are more beautiful than books. We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided." This last entry lets a little light into the poet's temperament. That calm sweetness of spirit which is so apparent in Longfellow was an acquisition as well as an endowment. He deliberately chose and refrained according to a law in his members, and took clear cognizance of his nature and its tendencies.

In a word, he was a sane man. There was a notable sanity about all his mode of life, and his attitude toward books and nature and men. It was the positive which attracted him, the achievement in literature, the large, seasonable gifts of the outer world, the men and women themselves who were behind the deeds and words which made them known. The books which he read, as noted in his journals, were the generous books; he wanted the best wine of thought, and he avoided criticism. "What is the use," he exclaims, "of writing books about books! — excepting so far as to give information to those who cannot get the books themselves." He basked in sunshine; he watched the sky, and was alive to the great sights and sounds and to all the tender influences of the seasons. "June is our month," he writes; "oh, perfect days, after the dreary, restless rain! The lilacs perfume the air. The horse-chestnuts light the landscape with their great taper-like blossoms." "A delicious day. Sat all the morning on a promontory covered with wild roses, looking seaward, with F. What a delightful morning!" In his intercourse with men this sanity appeared in the power which he showed of preserving his own individuality in the midst of constant pres-

sure from all sides ; he gave of himself freely to his intimate friends, as these volumes disclose, but he dwelt, nevertheless, in a charmed circle, beyond the lines of which men could not penetrate. Praise did not make him arrogant or vain ; criticism, though it sometimes wounded him, did not deflect him from his course. It is rare that one in our time has been the centre of so much admiration, and still rarer that one has preserved in the midst of it all that integrity of nature which knows only the voice within. Yet we are touched quite as much by that patience and charity which the poet displayed when paying the penalty of his fame in receiving and answering the countless demands made by bores of all kinds. Mr. Norton says, "One day I ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of the persecutions of one of the worst of the class, who to lack of modesty added lack of honesty, — a wretched creature; and when I had done, he looked at me with an amused expression, and half deprecatingly replied, 'But, Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?'" As early as 1856 he mentions in his diary that he has lying on his table more than sixty requests for autographs, and with his methodical habits this was probably not a long accumulation. Occasionally he bursts out with impatience at the imposition. "I am plagued to death," he writes, "with letters from all sorts of people, — of course about their own affairs ; no hesitation, no reserve, no consideration or delicacy. What people!" And his consternation takes a humorous turn as he considers the massive impertinence of a certain count who had been introduced to him : —

"15th. I was weak enough to ask the count to dine with us ; and he came, and stayed all the afternoon, and to tea, and did not go away till eleven at night. We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us. He has a fifty-ogre power of devouring time. Woe worth

the day when Felton introduced him to me !

"16th. 'The terrible count' called this morning before sunrise to leave a note on an unimportant subject, signed 'The homeless G.' I was breakfasting by candle-light. Luckily, he did not demand admission.

"18th. Before I was dressed, this morning, a ring at the door-bell. It was the count again, come to know if I had received his note. The aspect of things grows serious. These early hours are precious. If they too are invaded, what will become of me ?

"26th. After dinner *il terribile conte* came in ; and the smokers turned my study into a village tavern with cigars and politics, much to my annoyance. The count stayed till ten o'clock, and expatiated amply on the corruption of European society, — like an old rake who has lost all faith in virtue."

The humor which constantly peeps out of the brief entries in his diary was a delightful element in the poet's nature ; an additional mark, if one needed it, of that sanity which seems to us the deepest note of this large nature. A sanity which could stand prosperity and not give way under the severest attack of adversity, — this was the poet's sure foundation, and the art built upon it lasts because of this property which has thoroughly possessed it.

It would seem as if the editor, moving leisurely through the years, was overtaken when he had reached 1868 by the discovery that he had reached the proper mechanical limit of his work. The reader, who has sauntered with a delightful sense of ease up to this point, is suddenly hurried forward through the remaining years. It is true, undoubtedly, that the records and correspondence are less abundant during the closing fifteen years, yet one is somewhat disturbed by the violent lack of proportion. Nothing is said of certain half-editorial work which the poet undertook in those years,

and scarcely a glimpse is given of that beautiful old age which made Longfellow's presence a benediction to the world about him.

Of the mechanical execution of the work, high praise can be given, except that the index is exceedingly defective. A full index, where there is such a mass of fragmentary matter, is very desirable, and it is a pity that there should not have been added a chronological bibliography.

The work, however, is so great a gift to literature and literary history that we cannot spend much time in pointing out these obvious defects. It is too early to make a full survey of the immense importance to American literature of the work done by half a dozen great men in the middle of this century. This body

of prose and verse is constituting the solid foundation upon which other structures are to rise; the humanity which it holds is entering into the life of the country, and no material invention, or scientific discovery, or institutional prosperity, or accumulation of wealth, will so powerfully affect the spiritual well-being of the nation for generations to come. The reason lies deep in the lives of the men who have wrought, independently, at laying this foundation; and the rich record of one of these lives, now so fully made the possession of the people, is of inestimable value. To the young man of letters it will be an inspiration and a star of hope; to the rank and file of readers it will give new dignity to the literary calling and a loftier conception of literature itself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"Up to forty," says the adage, "a man seeks pleasure; after forty he shuns pain." However this may be as to exact ages, there can be no doubt that, as we get on in life, we come to value things not merely as they promise some increment of positive enjoyment, but as they fortify the spirit against positive suffering. In one's relations to literature, for instance, certain books acquire a greater and greater value in that they provide a harbor of refuge when the mind's barometer begins to fall, and one's moods are overcast and threatening.

There really are three pretty distinct classes of books having this peculiar value; and it becomes, at times, a nice question of spiritual practice which of the three sorts of remedy is to be, as the old doctors used to say, "exhibited."

To begin with, there is a class of writings that are good for nothing else but *pour passer le temps*. For this pur-

pose, however (and it may happen to be, in certain crises, the most important purpose in the world to us), they are invaluable. They have precisely the opposite effect to that which the author of *Friends in Council* attributes to tobacco. The lighted pipe, he says, serves to arrest and make tangible the passing moment. It applies the air-brake to the wheels of Time, and enables us to discern the distinct outlines of that Present which otherwise — so rapidly and incessantly does it rush from being Future to having become Past — can scarcely be said to exist for us at all. It does that which the Autocrat used to imagine as being done to the whizzing mind-machinery, — sticks a lever in among the cogs, and brings them, for once, to a stand-still. Now the kind of literature of which I speak has, I say, the precisely opposite effect. It so quickens the flight of time as to obliterate the pres-

ent moment, with all its "gain-giving," its remorse, its too acute memory of personal mortification, its thickening Brocken shadow of one's own unprofitableness, of whatever sort. Such books, as if to help us make doubly sure of escaping the clutches of Faust's evil one, go to the other extreme from the utterance that was to signal his diabolic seizure, "Stay, fleeting moment, thou art so fair!" and say, instead, "Fly, lagging moments, ye are so foul!" Perhaps no one is so constantly merry as not to need, on occasion, such pass-the-times. Each will have his own volumes for such a purpose, according to temperament and taste. To one, the book of travel will be the most effective. To another, the chain of a plot interest is necessary to hold the mind away from its own infelicities; and the novel of adventure, like Reade's, or Black's, or Clarke Russell's, or the novel of caricature, like Dickens's, will be best. To another, it will be some volume of the old ballads or romances, or Chaucer, or the lighter plays of Shakespeare. To still another, the very best distraction will be some work of natural science, potent to draw the mind away not only from its own cares and moods, but from the whole region of human complexities, into the colorless air of material things, that "toil not, neither do they spin;" that "neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" that are as remote from the pain of excessive joy as from that of excessive woe. But perhaps the best resource for the average man is to be found in the light literature of the French; especially if one does not know the tongue so perfectly as to destroy the additional interest that always comes from making one's way in a foreign language, where a little excitement of conjecture attends the accurate valuation of here and there a word. The novels of the elder Dumas, for example, — how lightly they fillip the slow-jogging hours of a dull evening, and with what aban-

don one may *lie back*, so to speak, on the virile author's secure mastery of the planetary and cometary orbits of his always impossible but never improbable characters! The Elizabethan dramatists are great for this purpose of rescuing a man from himself. It is but to take five steps to the bookcase, to single out and open a volume, and *presto, change!* We are in a world that has this, among its other great advantages over our own: that the reader cannot possibly encounter himself as one of its habitants. There are times, after some exhausting mental effort, for instance, — as the writing of three pages beyond our proper stent, or the delivery of a lecture in a hall where one could not be heard back of about the third row of benches, or the reception of a call from some Intellectual Young Person who became paralytically fastened to the door-knob, — when one is left very much in the condition of Grandfather Smallweed after his discharge of the pillow at his fireside companion. At such times, all that one requires is to be shaken up and taken out of himself for a change of view; it hardly matters in what direction. Then Shakespeare is one's most priceless friend.

A second species of books of refuge is that sort which fortify us against our "bad quarter-hours," by bracing up our own moral tone, or our philosophical heroism. They are not so much remedies for the present attack, perhaps, as preventives of such in the future. They are the books which make a man ashamed of caring too much whether he be happy or not; which present anew the higher aims and better estimates of life. Such are the ruminations of the old Stoics, and Sartor Resartus, and the Conduct of Life, and Wordsworth, and the later poetry of Longfellow, and the great autobiographies.

But there is still a third class, in some respects the most valuable of all. I mean the books that by their mere largeness

of scope make all our own haps and mishaps, and states of mind or of fortune, dwindle to insignificance. Their voice appeals every case from *die kleine* to *die grosse welt*. Their motives and judgments are no longer those of our *lehrjahre*, but those of our *wanderjahre*. If, in French literature, Dumas represents the pass-the-time species, George Sand may be taken as representative of this self-obliterating species. Such also is Turgeneff, and such is Goethe. Of our English writers, George Eliot belongs to this class, and Landor, and the great historians, and Browning, and, again, Shakespeare in his deeper dramas. For all these are writers who see the world so large, and feel life so deep and full, that from their plane we watch only the rolling globe, and see not at all our own little diminished speck of a personality.

— We hear of people's seeking by public advertisement for a suitable partner in marriage, but who ever heard of any one's advertising for a friend? Yet why not? Every one, it is likely, has in mind some more or less vague ideal of the absolutely perfect comrade. May he not be supposed to exist somewhere, and to be in the habit of reading a daily newspaper or a monthly magazine? Go to! let us seek him, then, by appropriate advertisement. Something in this wise would it run? "WANTED, a *Friend*! The undersigned, having existed in comparative solitude long enough to experience a pretty keen desire for 'some one to whom to say, "How sweet is solitude!"' and having as yet met no one who exactly satisfies his idea, would beg hereby to announce his need. The applicant must be rather old, in order to be fitted to give advice — a limited amount of it — wisely; and at the same time rather young, in order to receive it in liberal quantity and in a meek frame of mind. He must be of medium height, intellectually, and in the enjoyment of robust spiritual health. A written guar-

antee must be given of freedom from all contagious defects of character. He must be a thoroughly disillusioned and 'advanced' person, and yet be able to sympathize with any little illusions or superstitions of the subscriber. His heart must be full of love for men in the abstract, but entirely devoid, as yet, of affection for any particular one of them. He should, however, be able to exhibit satisfactory scars of early love-affairs, and a more or less scorched aspect of spirit from some previous period of *welt-schmerz*. Thus he will be ready to shed furtive tears at any pathetic fragments of autobiography the subscriber may mingle in his conversation. He will also be expected to look unutterable things when his own past in general is alluded to, but never to mention any of it in tiresome detail. His memory must be enriched with portions of the subscriber's writings, which he will quote on frequent occasions with a happy spontaneity; and he must hold the unbiased opinion that his friend is the greatest violin amateur, marine painter, poet, polo player, and master of English prose style of our own or any other time. He must be on similar intimate terms with several other equally, or almost equally, important personages, whose private affairs he will communicate, and whom he will backbite to the subscriber in an entertaining manner. The applicant must undertake that, when they dine together at restaurants, he will never order the viands, in return for which concession he will from time to time be permitted to pay the bill. In walking on public streets, the applicant will carry his face well turned round and his ears pricked up toward the subscriber, so as to hear him easily without forcing him to deviate from the fixed carriage of his own head, so necessary to his conception of himself as a masterful and positive character. The same rule will be adhered to in conversing together in the cars, especially when the subscriber

chooses to keep his own face turned away toward the window, and still to continue speaking in his ordinary low and dignified tone of voice. The applicant must have inherited or acquired a fondness for hearing manuscript read, and will never commit the indiscretion of attempting to read any of his own. For this and other good reasons, — N. B., — no person of the literary class need apply."

— We know very well why we like a blush rose with the dew on it, or a new moon in a yellow sky, but who can sit down and say in precise terms why he likes one sonnet, and not another? I do not speak of the matter of Italian form, of responsive rhymes, major and minor divisions, and such like externals; but comparing two sonnets that may be equally correct, and both of them possessed of beauty and interesting ideas, why do we find one a delight, and the other (not to be euphuistic) a bore? I have an accomplished friend who writes a very pretty sonnet, — at least, it looks so when held off just beyond the limit of clear vision for the given size of type: there is a handsome architectural solidity about the square set-in spaces to the left, terminating below in the double three-step staircase outline of the *sestette*; and to the right the lines end along a piquant bastion zigzag of salient and reëntrant angles. But when I undertake to read through one of these elegant productions, I notice that I never know at the end what it was all about at the beginning. Another accomplished friend of mine occasionally writes a sonnet, and it makes my heart beat. A year afterward, or ten years, it is as if I had heard a cry in a lonely place at night.

The Love Sonnets of Proteus (by Wilfrid Blunt, it appears) have for some of us this charm of which I speak. It has even seemed to me that in some evasive way they are like the sonnets of Shakespeare; and I set myself the other

day to discover, if possible, the secret of this vague impression. It certainly does not lie wholly in their form, though there is in some cases a similarity in this respect. No one will need to be reminded that the verse form with which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" is not allowed by the purists to be a sonnet form, strictly so called, at all; consisting, as it does, of three alternately rhyming quatrains followed by a couplet, or letting a letter represent each new rhyme, *abab, cdcd, efef, gg*. Some of the Proteus sonnets have this structure, except that they approach one step nearer the strict sonnet form in having the first two quatrains linked together by a common rhyme, thus: *abab bcbc dede ff*. The following is an example: —

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

"There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast, or fish, or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her
cry.

Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must
die?"

Sometimes the first two quatrains are doubly interwoven by making both rhymes common, as in the following example, where the feminine rhyme of the third quatrain helps to give a Shakespearean flavor of form: —

TO JULIET.

"Do you remember how I laughed at you
In the Beaulieu woods, and how I made my
peace?"

It was your thirtieth birthday, and you threw
Stones like a schoolgirl at the chestnut-trees.
The heavens were light above us, and the breeze.
Your Corydon and all the merry crew
Had wandered to a distance, — busier bees
Than we, who cared not where the hazels grew.
We were alone at last. I had been teasing
You with the burden of years left behind.
You were too fair to find my wit displeasing,

And I too tender to be less than kind.
 Your pebbles struck me. 'Wretch!' I cried.
 The word
 Entered our hearts that instant like a sword."

And since I do not quote these examples merely, or even chiefly, for the sake of remarking on their structure, let me give the next sonnet, which is in continuation:—

"Thrice happy fools! What wisdom shall we learn

In this world or the next, if next there be,
 More deep, more full, more worthy our concern,
 Than that first word of folly taught us? We
 Had suddenly grown silent. I could see
 Your cheek had lost a little of its hue,
 And your lips trembled, and beseechingly
 Your blue eyes turned to mine, and well I knew
 Your woman's instinct had divined my speech,
 The meaning of a word so lightly spoken.
 The word was a confession, clear to each,
 A pledge as plain and as distinct a token
 As that of Peter at his Master's knees,
 'Thou knowest that I love thee more than
 these.'"

Frequently a more orthodox sonnet structure is employed, as in the following, where the *octave* has but two rhymes, and the *sestette* three:—

TO JULIET, WHO WOULD COMFORT HIM.

"I did not ask your pity, dear. Your zeal
 I know. It cannot cure me of my woes.
 And you, in your sweet happiness, who knows,
 Deserve it rather I should pity feel
 For what the coming years from you conceal.
 I did but cry, thou dear Samaritan,
 Out of my bitterness of soul. Each man
 Hath his own sorrow treading on his heel,
 Ready to strike him, and must keep his shield
 To his own back. Fate's arrows thickly fly,
 And, if they strike not now, will strike at even.
 And so I ask no pity. On life's field
 The wounded crawl together, but their cry
 'Is not to one another, but to Heaven.'"

To One on her Waste of Time has the Shakespearean form (except for the linking of two quatrains) and also a Shakespearean *motif*. It begins,—

"Why practice, love, this small economy
 Of your heart's favors?"

and ends,—

"Alas, what matter, when our heads are gray,
 Whether we loved or did not love to-day?"

In trying to explain the charm of these sonnets, as well as their indefinable suggestion of the elder poet's lyrical

work, a certain number of obvious qualities come to mind at once. Like Shakespeare, Proteus seems to possess a very complete and vivid vision. He knows at every instant—and therefore the reader knows—just what he is talking about. He sees—and therefore the reader sees—with perfect distinctness every form, color, quality of any sort, of which he speaks. There is no going out and searching for effective words; the effective *things* are there, and force themselves upon sight and utterance.

Again, these poems are not only definitely of something, but they are definitely to some one. They are nearly all personal, and uttered as if standing face to face with their object, either in memory or in actual presence. The poet sees his mistress as, years before, she

"stood listening to me thus
 With heaving bosom. There a rose lay curled.
 It was the reddest rose in all the world."

Or he addresses to her what one feels is a veritable letter, that might have postmark and precise date:—

TO ONE WHO WOULD REMAIN FRIENDS.

"What is this prate of friendship? Kings dis-
 crowned

Go forth, not citizens, but outlawed men.
 If love has ceased to give a loyal sound,
 Let there at least be silence. . . .

As I have lived in love I still will live,
 Or die, if needs must, and without reprieve,
 Your lover yet, and kingdom less a king."

Seldom are these sonnets made up of monologue, and never of vague ejaculation. The other party to the dialogue, if she is silent, is always present.

Furthermore, as in the case of the master poet, this mono-dialogue is carried on in a kind of public privacy, or oblivion of all listeners. Not a word seems said for the sake of being overheard by the third (or three thousandth) person. It recalls the true Elizabethan view of a copy of verses as a thing to pass only from the poet to his mistress, or "among his private friends."

And again, the dialogue is between

persons who are not friends by virtue of any superficial relations. These poems are all what François Coppée would call *intimités*. They pass between persons who have no longer any illusions with regard to each other, or whose illusions have taken that profound secondary form of fancying themselves no longer to exist. As may easily happen between two such intimates, apart from listeners, the confessions and recollections are in both poets extremely frank. But there is no vestige of that mere brutality masquerading as frankness which marks the pseudo-realistic school of writers.

Both these series of sonnets, again, have the dry light of maturity upon them. Life has written between the lines. The poems of experience and the poems of inexperience, — what a gulf is dug by that distinction between the books we like to keep and the books we yearn to give away!

But is not the chief charm, after all, in the sonnets that most delight us, their richness in ideas, — ideas, too, that have demanded expression, and not been sought for the sake of expression? In reading the ordinary casual sonnet of our prolific day, one often gets the impression that the whole fourteen lines were laboriously constructed about some slender nucleus, found with joy after long groping in emptiness for the wherewithal to produce a poem. Sometimes we see a tolerably prosperous sonnet, whose whole matter Shakespeare would have tossed into any three words in the middle of a line. There comes to mind, in point, a neat sonnet of Charles (Tennynson) Turner's, worth quoting besides for its picturesque lightness: —

THE SPARROW AND THE DEWDROP.

"When to the birds their morning meal I threw,
Beside one perky candidate for bread
There flashed and winked a tiny drop of dew.
But while I gazed I lost them, — both had fled;
His careless tread had struck the blade-hung
tear,
And all its silent beauty fell away,

And left, sole relic of the twinkling sphere,
A sparrow's dabbled foot upon a spray.
Bold bird! that didst efface a lovely thing
Before a poet's eyes! I've half a mind,
Could I but single thee from out thy kind,
To mulct thee in a crumb; a crumb to thee
Is not more sweet than that fair drop to me.
Fie on thy little foot and thrumming wing!"

All very pretty, but is there more than a good line's worth of matter in it? The poet might have thrown it off somewhere in a simile: —

As when a bird-wing blots a dewy star;
or, —

As when a sparrow's wing-tip suddenly
Jostles, and spills, a dewdrop's pulsing star.

When some friend is quietly improvising at the piano, of a summer evening, we all know very well the moment when the idea ceases to lead the fingers, and the fingers begin to lead the idea. The same point in the evolution of a sonnet is always recognizable, when it occurs; and it occurs not unfrequently somewhere about the middle of the second or third line! If in society every one waited till he had something interesting to say before saying anything, I suppose it might make painful lulls in conversation; but in the field of sonneteering, would it not be, on the whole, a mercy?

— We were much interested a while ago in reading the articles in *The Atlantic* by Mr. White and Mr. Proctor on the *h* malady. We have observed the symptoms of this disease with attention ever since the day of our first landing in England, when the old pew-opener, who was showing us the Crusader monuments in a certain chapel, remarked sadly, "The present Lady H'Oglander 'as no heirs" (hairs), and we were left a moment in bewildered wonder as to why the esteemed lady did not wear a wig, down to the last thrilling tale of our London landlord, which was sure to be about "my master, Sir 'Arry H'Orr, or my wife's mistress, Lady 'Arriet H'Elton." In proper names it seems almost impossible for the true cockney to hit the right

pronunciation of the *h*. We remember a certain H'Emma 'Ursey, who always spoke of her brothers 'Enry, H'Albert, and H'Arthur. Indeed, each member of this unfortunate family was endowed with a Christian name beginning with a vowel or the letter *h*.

It is quite true, as Mr. White asserts, that an Englishman does not notice the dropping of the *h*. A lady, whose name is in the Peerage, once said to us, "No one who could be called a lady drops her *h*'s," while at that very time, and for the three previous months, an Englishwoman had sat opposite us at table whose *h*'s were often lost, and whom our friend could not have helped admitting was a lady.

One day, in a village school, in the south of England, we were asked to hear the children read. One of the party praised the performance, but regretted that the children misused the *h*. "Now, children, 'ave a care to your *h*'s," began the mistress. "Read again. You, 'Enry, begin. 'Is 'orse 'ad hurt 'imself badly.'" It was useless to correct the children in the face of this example, and it seemed impossible for them to detect the difference between 'orse and horse.

Once when we were dining with a London gentleman of no mean literary reputation, a linguist and philologist, some absurd blunder of the butler's *h*'s left us all laughing, and brought up the subject of the absence of this fault in America. We asked our host what his opinion was as to the rise and growth of this malady. He replied without hesitation that he believed it to have been introduced by the Huguenots, who took refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This theory we have never seen advanced in print, but it is not unreasonable. Most

of the Huguenots were silk weavers, or adopted some such trade, to which certain privileges had been granted by Queen Elizabeth. They settled in market-towns, as in Canterbury, where they were allowed to set up their looms in the crypt of the cathedral, and where their church still exists. From these centres the uncertainty of the pronunciation of the *h* radiated slowly, and among the trading classes with whom the French would be most closely thrown. Thus the greater part of the early emigrants to America had already crossed the ocean before the malady became general. Gradually, country cousins, visiting in the market-towns where it was spreading, took it, with the newest modes and fashions, to their homes. All agree that the malady never spread much in the northern counties, nor into Cornwall, but is found most pronounced in the counties bordering on the Channel, where, naturally, the French emigrants would easiest find footing.

That the Huguenots were uncertain in their *h*'s can hardly be doubted when one considers the host of words in French having the *h* mute where it is sounded in English, such as *habit*, *harpe*, *hérésie*, *hésitation*, *histoire*, *honnête*, and the like.

There has lately come under our notice what might be called a sporadic case of the *h* malady, which we wish some one would satisfactorily explain. In the southern valleys of the Tyrol, the natives, when speaking German, add an *h* where none exists, as in *h'Erzbischof*, *h'Ofen*, etc. The common speech in this neighborhood is Frenchified Italian. Is it possible that this dates no further back than the time of Napoleon I., who drew large numbers of conscripts from these valleys?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century, studies from the lives of Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson, by the author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta family*. (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York.) Mrs. Charles sees in these heroes an answer to the faint-hearted cry that England has lost or is losing her Christian faith, and accordingly has undertaken to tell their stories in brief form for the encouragement of those who wish to believe that there is an undying power in Christianity. — Leslie Stephen's admirable *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan & Co.) has reached Volume V., which brings the work down to Bottisham. The biographies in this volume are more compactly written than those of the previous issues, and do not exceed the limits of just proportion. It is to be hoped that the editor will live to complete his vast undertaking — and the reviewer to review it. — Amiel's *Journal*, with an Introduction and Notes by Mrs. Humphrey Ward (Macmillan & Co.), is an admirable translation of a notable book. For an interesting account of Henri-Frédéric Amiel and a notice of the *Journal Intime*, see *The Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1884. — If Mr. Ropes gave us a rose-colored portrait in his *Napoleon the First*, Professor Seeley in his *The First Napoleon* (Roberts Brothers) offers us a silhouette as black as printer's ink could make it. Each work has its limitations: together they form a very valuable addition to the large library of books dealing with the career of the great enigma. — Macmillan & Co. are issuing a neat uniform edition of John Morley's writings in eight volumes, the first three of which give us Voltaire and Rousseau. — A new number of the *Famous Women series* (Roberts) is *Rachel*, by Nina H. Kennard. It is a sympathetic sketch, and Mrs. Kennard was fortunate in being able to draw from several lively French reminiscences as well as from Rachel's own letters. — *Lives of Greek Statesmen*, second series, *Ephialtes-Hermokrates*, by the Rev. Sir Geo. W. Cox. (Harpers.) A third volume is still to appear, the present covering the period from the close of the struggle with Persia to the catastrophe of the Athenian armament at Syracuse. Grecian history resolves itself so easily into the deeds of leaders that the biographic method is a very happy one. — A new number of *English Worthies* (Appleton) is *Marlborough*, by George Saintsbury. Mr. Saintsbury does not make himself a partisan, but attempts to deal out even-handed justice to a character that excites great repugnance in the minds of most who know his career. In doing this, he berates the age soundly, and his plea is in effect that Marlborough was no worse than his contemporaries.

History. McClellan's Last Service to the Republic, together with a tribute to his memory, by George Ticknor Curtis. (Appleton.) A republication of articles contributed to the *North American Review*, in which Mr. Curtis undertakes to

set forth in brief, vigorous form that dramatic part of McClellan's career which culminated at Antietam. He has added a personal tribute which he wrote just after McClellan's death. The little book is valuable as affording a starting-point for students in what will always be an intensely interesting historical problem. — *The Story of the Jews*, by James K. Hosmer (Putnams), is a most interesting narrative, which is very far removed from a paraphrase of the Old Testament, since most of the volume is given to a sketch of the Jewish people from the fall of Jerusalem to the present day. Mr. Hosmer has been stirred by his subject to something very like eloquence, and fortunately has not concerned himself to ask the age of his audience. — Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, has contributed to the papers of the American Historical Association a somewhat meagre one on *The Louisiana Purchase* in its influence upon the American system. (Putnams.) The treatment is somewhat sketchy, and not as suggestive of lines of historic research as we could wish. — A further number of the same series is *Lucy M. Salmon's History of the Appointing Power of the President*, a carefully studied work, of interest chiefly to students in political science. — *A History of Modern Europe from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks to the treaty of Berlin, 1878*, by Richard Lodge (Harpers), one of *The Student's series* of history. A volume of nearly eight hundred pages of small type, well indexed; a full chronological table precedes the work. — In *Epochs of Ancient History* (Scribners) the latest volume is *The Spartan and Theban Supremacies*, by Charles Sankey. The period covered is the transition from the glories of the Athenian empire to the degradation of the Macedonian conquest; and the story is told with vigor and spirit. — *The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States* is an address by J. G. Rosengarten (Lippincott), which traces the subject in a sketchy way from the old French war through the war for the Union. — *The Olden Time series* is the title given to a collection of gleanings chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem, selected and arranged, with brief comments, by Henry M. Brooks. (Ticknor.) The first number is devoted to curiosities of the Old Lottery. A modest beginning of what may prove to be an entertaining and instructive series. The compiler does not obtrude his own views, but performs the very useful function of making a good scrap-book. — *The Fight for Missouri*, from the election of Lincoln to the death of Lyon, by Thomas L. Snead. (Scribners.) A curious book, since it is the work of an ex-Confederate who yet seems in his conclusions to lean to the side of his adversaries, as if what they fought for was best worth fighting for. It is generous in its estimates of the leaders on both sides, and is written with spirit and power. — *The Story of Chaldea from the earliest times to the rise of Assyria*, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin, is the latest in the series of *The*

Story of the Nations. (Putnams.) An introduction occupying about a third of the volume treats of the archæological researches upon which the history is based, and the history itself is in effect a general introduction to the study of ancient history.

Fiction. The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau forms the third volume of Roberts Brothers' admirable series of translations from Balzac's novels. Among the Scènes de la Vie Parisienne there are few things more powerful and pathetic than the story of César Birotteau. It is, to our thinking, Balzac's masterpiece. The typography and binding of these books are exceptionally neat. — The Mill Mystery, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.) A blood-curdling little story; the curdling begins in the first chapter. The reader who knows what kind of a book he has got hold of stows away in his mind the letter which is mentioned in the second sentence, and says to himself, Be sure you don't forget that letter, and is rewarded when two thirds through the book. — A Conventional Bohemian, by Edmund Pendleton. (Appleton.) A novel of American society on the European plan. — Zeph, a posthumous story, by Helen Jackson. (Roberts.) This unfinished tale is more in the manner of Mrs. Jackson's earlier fiction than of Ramona. — Jacob Schuyler's Millions. (Appleton.) A tale of a somewhat old-fashioned sort, not very close to nature, but told with a certain skill and force. — For Maimies [sic] Sake, by Grant Allen. (Appleton.) Mr. Allen makes a desperate effort to imagine a state of society in which morals have only a historical interest. He seems to have said to himself, Let me see; how would a girl act who had been brought up entirely without the limits of Christian training, but within the limits of modern society? He reaches certain momentous conclusions, but he never, from first to last, forgets that she puts up her mouth to be kissed. This she does at every possible opportunity. The book is a foolish piece of work, and Mr. Allen ought to have known it when he finished writing. As a satire upon a possible agnostic society it is worthless, and as anything else it is weak and tawdry as well. — The Boss Girl, a Christmas story, and other sketches, by James Whitcomb Riley. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.) A volume of short sketches and poems, drawn from life, by a writer who has been well charged with Dickens. There is a certain freedom about the writing which commends the book, but it is a rather unformed piece of work. — Domesticus, a tale of the Imperial city, by William Allen Butler. (Scribners.) An allegory of New York life, with reference to social and domestic circumstance. It is hard to see how one is likely to take the trouble to be edified, when he must also take a great deal of trouble to be amused. — Two College Girls, by Helen Dawes Brown. (Ticknor.) Vassar is responsible for this book, and one may by means of it get a glimpse into the interior of a girls' college. The book is written with feminine delicacy, and if not especially strong is at any rate honest and wholesome. — The Pomfret Mystery, a novel of incident, by Arthur Dudley Vinton. (J. S. Ogilvie

& Co., New York.) A detective story. — Donovan, a modern Englishman, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) A somewhat feminine view of masculine difficulties. — In the Golden Days, by Edna Lyall. (Harpers.) An attempt at making a picture of England two hundred years ago, with Algernon Sydney as one of the characters. We do not quite see how the book differs from a historical novel, although the writer disclaims that title. — A Cardinal Sin, by Hugh Conway, and The History of a Week, by L. B. Walford, are recent numbers of the Leisure Hour series. (Holt.) — Inquirendo Island, by Hudor Genone (Putnams), is a semi-satirical novel of confessedly impossible scenes. It is a little hard to see what the satirist is girding at, and he is not very entertaining by the way. — Snow-Bound at Eagle's, by Bret Harte (Houghton), contains one of those gravely improbable situations which give Mr. Harte opportunity for strong contrasts. — The Aliens, by Henry F. Keenan (Appleton), has its time before the telegraph, and its general locality the United States before it came under Irish rule. There is plenty of go about the book, and the author is nearly as excited as his characters. — We Two, by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is a reprint of an English novel, in which current phases of faith come under discussion. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy series are: A Man of Honor, by J. S. Winter; Stories of Provence, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by S. L. Lee; Fortune's Wheel, by Alex. Innes Shand; Mauleverer's Millions, by T. Wemyss Reid; The Last of the Macallisters, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, a book which we think ought to have had a chance in more permanent form; Cavalry Life, or sketches and stories in barracks and out, by J. S. Winter. — Roberts Brothers have begun the publication of a handsome uniform edition of George Meredith's novels, to be complete in nine volumes. The series opens with The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. — The Bostonians, by Henry James (Macmillan), and Mr. Howells's Indian Summer (Ticknor) are the two notable novels of the month. — Tolstoi's Anna Karénina, translated by Mr. N. H. Dole (Crowell & Co.), is certain to meet with warm welcome from the lovers of Russian fiction. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library contain Mrs. Oliphant's A Country Gentleman, already known to readers of The Atlantic; War and Peace, a historical novel, by Count Léon Tolstoi; A Girton Girl, by Mrs. Annie Edwardes; Aunt Parker, by B. L. Farjeon; Until the Day Breaks, by Emily Spender; Griselda, by the author of The Garden of Eden.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Autobiography of the Best Abused Man in the World, by M. B. (Griffith, Farran & Co., London.) An unnecessary brochure of twenty pages or so, in which the writer attempts to set forth Byron's personal history as if in his own words. — The Glassey of Time, in the first age, divinely handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincolnes Inue, Gent. (J. B. Alden, New York.) This reprint of a curious work, which is held to be one of the suggesters of Paradise Lost, is due to the interest taken in the matter by one of the Peytons of Virginia. The poem itself

is interesting as showing the difference, when compared with *Paradise Lost*, between clay and porcelain, between homely, pious literary labor and the transforming power of genius. If Milton found this brick, he left it marble. — The Correspondent, by James Wood Davidson (Appleton), is a capital little book, intended to correct slovenly habits in regard to the forms of letters. It does not concern itself with the matter of the letter or note, but with the address, signature, etc. Herein one may know how he ought to address a duke, a mayor, a minister, or other dignitary, and how he ought to sign himself. It is odd how many questions are answered by such a book. The compiler shows good judgment and good taste in his decisions. — *The Life and Genius of Goethe* (Ticknor) is a collection of the lectures given last summer at the Concord School of Philosophy. It is edited by F. B. Sanborn. — *Edge Tools of Speech*, selected and arranged by Maturin M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) A volume of quotations arranged topically. The quotations are short and often epigrammatic. — *Iconoclasm and Whitewash*, and other papers, by Irving Browne. (James Osborne Wright, New York.) An entertaining collection of essays, by a lover of books and humorist. The titles of the other papers are Bibliomania, Shakespearean Criticism, and Gravestones, aesthetically and ethically considered. In the Shakespearean article there is an amusing recovery of Mr. Curdle's paper on the deceased husband of Juliet's nurse. — *Poetry as a Representative Art*, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnam.) Professor Raymond is a deep-sea explorer, who scrapes the bottom of the ocean and determines the contour lines which are beyond sight. It is not certain, however, that his reader will get a comprehensive or even clear notion of the ocean itself. In truth, there is a great deal of minute, formal, and circumlocutory discussion of the poetic art, which wearies without helping one to any real insight. At the same time, a study undertaken with so thorough an intention can scarcely fail to yield much that is interesting and profitable. — *A History of German Literature*, by W. Scherer, translated from the third German edition by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare, edited by F. Max Müller, in two volumes. (Scribners.) About half of the work is taken up with Herder, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. The treatment is that of a scholar who is yet thoroughly interested in the subject matter of the literature of which he is relating the history, and this work is likely to be long the standard one. — Cassell & Co., of London and New York, have begun the issue of Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley. The books thus far published are standard works already well known to the public; they are brought out in paper form at ten cents each upon cheap paper, with small type, ill-printed. The excellence of the selection and the cheapness of the price are cardinal virtues, and it is a pity that the other virtues cannot also be cultivated, but perhaps that is asking too much. The series appears as a weekly, and at this date seven numbers have been published, and we have seen Silvio Pellico's *My Ten Years' Imprisonment*, Byron's *Childe Harold*, Franklin's

Autobiography, Walton's *Complete Angler*, Sheridan's *The Rivals and School for Scandal*, and Bishop Latimer's *Sermons on the Card*. — *The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces*, by Frederic Harrison (Macmillan & Co.), is a *recueil* of papers originally contributed to English and American periodicals. The most notable of these essays, which are chiefly critical, is one on the Histories of the French Revolution; the least satisfactory is that which gives the collection its title. Mr. Harrison's scorn of lovers of rare and curious editions unfits him for adequately treating a certain part of his subject. In our choice of books we should skip Mr. Harrison's present volume. — *Letters to Dead Authors*, by Andrew Lang (Scribners), is a collection of familiar epistles that will probably remain unanswered, except by the critics. Mr. Lang's wit and scholarship show to advantage in the working out of his ingenious idea. — *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and other writings in prose and verse, by Charles Lamb, with introduction and notes by Alfred Ainger (Armstrong & Son), contains a number of papers originally collected by the late J. E. Babson, to whom the English editor handsomely acknowledges his obligations.

Public Affairs and Political Science. Ericsson's *Destroyer and Submarine Gun* is the title of the thirty-first number of *Questions of the Day* (Putnam), in which Lieut. W. H. Jaques, of the navy, considers the value of these contributions to naval warfare, and illustrates the subject by many incidental references to submarine artillery in general. — *Popular Government*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine. (Holt.) Four essays which treat of the Prospects of Popular Government, The Nature of Democracy, The Age of Progress, and The Constitution of the United States. The attitude of the author is that of a critic, and he points out very clearly certain historical positions. At the same time we suspect he is influenced by the air which he breathes. One bred in the atmosphere of the United States might, on the other hand, be equally in danger of a too hopeful view. Sir Henry says that no one but an Englishman can understand the American Constitution, but he might have added, what his readers are likely to, that even all Englishmen do not understand it as a practical instrument. It seems to us that Dicey sees the subject more clearly than Maine. — *The History of Bimetallism in the United States*, by J. Laurence Laughlin (Appleton), is what its title declares it to be, an historical account, and not an argument; but the history itself, by its facts, resolves itself into an argument. — *The Economic Fact-Book and Free-Traders' Guide*, edited by R. R. Bowker (The New York Free Trade Club, New York), is a sort of American Almanac for Free Traders. Here they have the facts read in the light of their favorite doctrine. — *In Three Years of Arctic Service* (Scribners), Lieutenant Greeley gives us one of the most interesting records of Northern explorations ever written. We shall hereafter examine the narrative in detail. The work is published by subscription.

Theology and Philosophy. Lectures upon the Doctrines of the New Church, by Rev. John Wor-

cester. (Massachusetts New-Church Union, Boston.) These lectures are designed to interpret Swedenborg to minds trained in the habits of thought of to-day. The author is probably not aware how his interpretation itself is expressed in a form which will be unintelligible to many minds. — Under this head may perhaps be placed *A Troubled Heart*, and how it was comforted at last. (Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.) No author's name is given, but the writer has literary skill of a certain sort, and in the autobiographical form discloses the process by which he was transformed from a traditional Protestant to a devout Roman Catholic. Certainly his early nurture was not very helpful to an emotional nature, and not very strengthening to the rational side which seems to have needed strengthening. The passage finally from a sensuous admiration to an unquestioning reception of whatever he was asked to believe was complete. But then a kind of questioning which insists upon an honest and reasonable answer never seems to have been a habit of the convert's mind; a troubled heart he may have had, but not a specially troubled mind. We have no disposition to cavil at such an experience, but there is a robustness of faith which is of greater value in this hard-pushed world. This author, apparently, was looking for a place in which to hide; most men need to know how they can keep their footing where they are. — *Die Religion der Moral* is a translation into German from a work by William Mackintire Salter, of Chicago. It is published in Leipzig and Berlin, but may also be had of Koelling, Klappenbach, and Kenkel, of Chicago. The author is a leader in the Society for Ethical Culture, and may be placed, we think, with Dr. Felix Adler. — *Every Day Religion*, by James Freeman Clarke. (Ticknor.) A volume of twenty-nine sermons without texts, presented in the plain, forcible, and often pungent style in which this author is wont to express himself on moral and religious themes. — *Tulloch's Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*, already referred to, appears in Harper's Handy series. — *Outlines of Psychology*, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by George T. Ladd. (Ginn.) One of a series of outlines which form a welcome addition to the student's library. "It is not likely," says Professor Ladd, "that any other compend of truths touching the science of mind, at once so brief and so comprehensive, is to be found in all the literature of the subject." — *Evolution versus Involution*, a popular exposition of the doctrine of true evolution, a refutation of the theories of Herbert Spencer, and a vindication of theism, by Arze Z. Rred. (James Pott & Co., New York.) The writer, who apparently uses an anagram of his name, is a physician, and undertakes to turn the weapons of evolution against a materialistic interpretation of the doctrine. — *God's Revelations of Himself to Men*, as successively made in the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations, and in the Messianic Kingdom, by Samuel J. Andrews. (Scribners.) A thoughtful and devout study of the Bible with reference

to the development of the central idea of incarnation of deity. Mr. Andrews's careful *Life of our Lord* predisposes one to find in him a cautious and logical exegete. — *The Doctrine of Endless Punishment*, by W. G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) Professor Shedd had already discussed the rational argument in support of this doctrine, in the *North American Review*; he now adds the biblical argument and a history of the doctrine. It is the misfortune of a discussion like this that it seems to narrow the conception of God. It is not, perhaps, Professor Shedd's fault but his misfortune that the only presentation of the Divine Being in his book appears to be that of a remorseless judge. — *Scientific Theism*, by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Little, Brown & Co.) The expansion of a lecture given in the *Concord School of Philosophy*. "For a quarter of a century," Dr. Abbot says, "it has been my growing conviction that the solution of all the problems named [of Theism, Atheism, and Pantheism] can only be accomplished by the principle of the Objectivity of Relations together with its correlative and derivative principle of the Perceptive Understanding." — *Mechanics and Faith, a Study of Spiritual Truth in Nature*, by Charles Talbot Porter. (Putnam's.) The author, believing in the adaptation of mechanical science to meet the fallacies of materialism, sets himself the task of showing the essential unity of truth in mechanical terms and truth in spiritual terms.

Religious and Devotional. *The Women Friends of Jesus*, a course of popular lectures based upon the lives and characters of the holy women of gospel history, by Henry C. McCook, D. D. (Fords.) In rendering the Scripture narratives into familiar, colloquial form, Dr. McCook has allowed himself to make use also of tradition, and has endeavored to make the lessons apply to present conditions of society. The book is rather wordy, but perhaps that is due to the form which was adopted.

Sociology. *A Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston*, together with legal suggestions, etc., prepared for the Associated Charities. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) A useful hand-book, well indexed. It is a good deal to get Want and Help classified; one is really amazed at the amount of organization which this book intimates, and struck with the variety of incidental information concerning the interior life of Boston. — *Letters from a Chinney-Corner*, a plea for pure homes and sincere relations between men and women. (Fergus Printing Company, Chicago.) The thoughtful words of a woman, which start questions rather than answer them. Still, such contributions indicate the knowledge of evil and the determination to cure it. — *Class Interests, their relations to each other and to government. A study of wrongs and remedies, to ascertain what the people should do for themselves.* (Appleton.) The writer has a generous sympathy with the unorganized many, and clearly perceives that the stirring questions of the day are not to be answered in the terms of a scientific political economy. His words are worth attention.